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Two true Kilkenny cats that spit & bit so.

THE
CAT-FIGHT;

A
MOCK HEROIC POEM.

SUPPORTED WITH COPIOUS EXTRACTS

FROM

LV
ANCIENT AND MODERN

CLASSIC AUTHORS.

MEANT AS ILLUSTRATIVE, THOUGH SOME (NOT SO IMMEDIATELY
RELATIVE) PRESSED IN BY MEDIUM OF THEIR INTRINSIC
MERIT; MAKING SOMETHING LIKE WHAT HAS
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TEXT, AND WIDE EXTENDED
MEADOW OF NOTES.

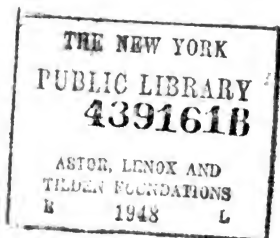
BY DOCTOR EBENEZER MACK, C

19
Author of "Anatomy in Rhyme," &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIVE ENGRAVINGS, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY D. C. JOHNSTON, OF PHILADELPHIA, AUTHOR, FROM RE-
COLLECTION, OF "MATHEWS AT HOME, IN LA
DILIGENCE, POLLY PACKET," &c.

NEW-YORK:—SOLD AT 350 WATER-STREET.

1824.
MRS



Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-ninth day of June in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, **Dr. E. MACK**, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

"The Cat-Fight; a Mock Heroic Poem. Supported with copious extracts from ancient and modern Classic Authors. Meant as illustrative, though some (not so immediately relative) pressed in by medium of their intrinsic merit; making something like what has been termed a narrow rivulet of text and wide extended meadow of notes. by Dr. Ebenezer Mack, Author of *Anatomy in Rhyme*, &c. Illustrated with five Engravings, designed and executed by D. C. Johnston, of Philadelphia, Author from recollection of "*Mathews at home, in la Diligence, Polly Packet*," &c.

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned;" and also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical, and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York

INTRODUCTION.

SOME idea of the approbation this POEM is capable of inspiring, may be formed, by the circumstance, that except by the induction of extracts into Almanacs and other ephemeral works, it has gone forth scarce any other way than orally, or in manuscript—yet has taken such a spread as to become a part of the Mental Recreations in most of the convivial and other social circles in many of the cities and opulent towns on both sides of the Atlantic; repeated by geniuses, and to audiences of the first consideration. One gentleman in particular has scarce failed a day these seven years without reciting an extract of it, or being importuned to do so. to parties of from five to five hundred; and from the domestic firesides to the public halls, assembly-rooms. and hotels; at entertainments, dinners, balls, and assemblies, dedicated in honour of the great diplomatic and heroic characters, and great national days of the United States. Received—with what enthusiastic applause, need not here be mentioned; as many to whom this will be presented have witnessed, and will judge for themselves.

And now, of the million who have been thus amused, at home and abroad—of the few, very few, who had known or have sought out the author, it has been frequently and confidently suggested, that a subscription would soon realize a sum adequate to the expense of an elegant publication, and in some measure remunerate for exertions. Thus stimulated, it was contemplated to publish this work, with Notes, critical and explicative, with quotations from Classics referred or alluded to—viz:

Seven Copies Feb 5, 1948

From Pollonius Rhodius—of Jason's expedition in the good ship Argo, from Greece to Colchis, in quest of the golden fleece, with his heroes and demi-gods; and Orpheus, inspiring with song "to thirst of glory and heroic deeds."

From "Tasso's Jerusalem"—the Crusades of the Christian powers for several ages, all combined in arms against the Heathens sacrilegiously inhabiting the Holy Land—spilling and swigging blood, through love of God, (the God of Peace) and throwing into the band of Providence and lap of Charity, widows, orphans, and mendicants, to the elegiac chaunt of Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand.

From Camoens—the divine Camoens' *Lusiad*—the voyage of Gama, the Portuguese admiral, to, and his discovery of, the Indies, the golden Indies—rich in gems, diamonds, and Oriental pearl—of value and honour immense to his nation; yet less so than the Poem that celebrated their acquisition.

And from Claudian's *Theomachy*, the battle of the tremendous giants and dreadful gods, armed with lightning and mountains, devastating the order and harmony of beauty, and imputed as the cause of the fallen and depraved state of the universe.

From these Poets the excerpts to be copious, embracing a number of entire episodes, as well as detachable, distinct, and sublime parts from their main plots, well calculated and arranged for those in school or out, who are fond of acquiring elegant, but unhackneyed pieces by heart. But from those more familiar to the generality of readers, as Homer, Virgil, Milton, Pope, and Dryden, no more to be copied than barely to explain.

If any one or two should subscribe what would be the additional expense, the main scenes, as the commencement of the combat, the rising and uprisen, actuating, exterminating, and ineffable rage of the battle; the gradually diminishing, disappearing, and final disappearance; and the apparent nonentity of the physical and cogitative sections of the combatants, to be elucidated

with adumbrations, done by hands the most pre-eminently happy in the graphic art.

But this matter (although the notes in some points fall short of what was proposed) has been determined affirmatively in favour of the pictures, and of every thing else—in the *DISINTERESTED* advancement, by a *single individual*, of not only the *expense of the plates*, but of the *WHOLE WORK*. Such as it is, “would it were better,” we are now introducing to the tremendous ordeal of the public.

And now as the Tiger-in-little, ycliped Cat, is the subject of the great O’Kain’s declamation, and the basis on which our whole fabric rests ; as also, the better to avoid or parry the fastidious accusations of singularity—the three following pieces are given, precursory to the main affair. We plead precedency.

Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat, drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes.—GRAY.

’Twas on a lofty vase’s side,
Where China’s gayest art had died
The azure flow’rs that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin’d,
Gaz’d on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar’d ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard.
The velvet of her paws !
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and em’rald eyes,
She saw, and purr’d applause.

Still had she gaz’d ; bud ’midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream ;
Their scaly armour’s Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray’d a golden gleam.

Nor did some rash adventure do him up,
 Like Ammon's son, with glory drunk, and wine;
 Nor uninvited would with Pluto sup,
 As did bold *Cat-o* and rash *Cat-aline*.

Nor was the fatal dart abruptly thrown,
 As from a *Cat-apult*, abrupt and quick ;
 Gradual he fell—and sure some graven stone
 Shall tell how true he died a *Cat-holic*.

Yet oft at midnight *Cat-erwauls* I hear,
 While to the moon their flames thy mates disclose ;
 Lur'd by my *Cat-call* to thy hallowed bier,
 Shall mew their *Juliets* and their *Romeos*.

And stalking round thy grave in funeral pall,
 While their black torches shed their glimmering flames ;
 On thee Grimalkin Tabby Tom they call,
 Invoking all thy *Cat-alogue* of names.

Due classic rites shall sooth thy purring ghost,
 Nine victim rats, nine nestlings from the tree ;
 Sop'd in bohea, both votive *Cat-es* and toast,
 With due libations, *Cat-er'd* cream for thee.

Whatever form thy manes shall assume,
 Whether, ennobled now a tiger rise,
 Or creep transform'd a mouse about the room,
 Or in some antic nun thy soul disguise.

Whate'er thy lot, now eterniz'd thy name,
 Shall live embalm'd in monody like mine ;
 And even from Charon thou shalt homage claim,
 Thus by my verse endear'd to Proserpine.

MORAL.

'Twixt life and death, what close con-*Cat-enation*.
 Just like a bond and mortgage of a Jew ;
 The payment coupled with the obligation,
 How *Cat-egorical* the *Cat-chpole* too.

The forfeit up—no bail—alas !—alas !
 The *Cat*-aplastic aid awhile to lend ;
 Stern Radamanthus serves his capias,
 And, *Cat*-erpillar like, with worms we end.

The Young Cat.

Wanton drole, whose harmless play
 Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
 When drawn the evening fire about,
 Sit aged Crone, and thoughtless Lout,
 And child upon his three-foot stool,
 Waiting till his supper cool ;
 And maid whose cheek outblossoms the rose.
 As bright the blazing faggot glows,
 Who, bending to the friendly light,
 Plies her task with busy sleight ;
 Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
 Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
 With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,
 The housewife's spindle whirling round,
 Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
 Its shadow throws, by urchin sly,
 Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
 Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
 Upon the futile, faithless thing.
 Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
 Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
 As oft beyond thy curving side
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
 Till from thy centre starting far,
 Thou sidelong rear'st with rump in air.
 Erected stiff, and gait awry,
 Like Madam in her tantrums high :
 Though ne'er a Madam of them all,
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
 More varied trick and whim displays,
 To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

Doth power in measured verses dwell,
 All thy vagaries wild to tell ?
 Ah no ! the start, the jet, the bound,
 The giddy scamper round and round,
 With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
 And many a whirling somerset,
 (Permitted be the modern Muse
 Expression technical to use)
 These mock the deffest rhymester's skill,
 But poor in art, though rich in will.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
 To thee is but a clumsy wight,
 Who every limb and sinew strains
 To do what costs thee little pains,
 For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
 Requites him oft with plaudits loud ;
 But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
 Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay ;
 For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
 With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
 While many a stroke of fondness glides
 Along thy back and tabby sides.
 Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
 And loudly sings thy busy pur ;
 As, timing well the equal sound,
 Thy busy feet bepat the ground,
 And all their harmless claws disclose,
 Like prickles of an early rose :
 While softly from thy whiskered cheek
 Thy half-closed eyes peep mild and meek.

But, not alone by cottage fire
 Do rustics rude thy feats admire ;
 The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
 The widest range of human lore,
 Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
 Through airy heights of poesy,
 Pausing, smiles with altered air
 To see thee climb his elbow chair,

Or, struggling on the mat below,
 Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
 The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
 Who in the still but cheerless shade
 Of home unsocial, spends her age,
 And rarely turned a lettered page ;
 Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
 The rounded cork or paper ball,
 Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
 The ends of ravell'd skein to catch.
 But lets thee have thy wayward will,
 Perplexing oft her sober skill.
 Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
 In lonely tower or prison pent,
 Reviews the wit of former days,
 And loathes the world and all its ways ;
 What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
 Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
 Feels as thou gambol'st round his seat,
 His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
 And smiles, a link in thee to find
 That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless puss,
 The magic power to charm us thus ?
 Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
 And rapid movements, we descry,
 While we at ease, secure from ill,
 The chimney corner snugly fill,
 A lion, darting on the prey,
 A tiger, at his ruthless play ?
 Or, is it that in thee we trace,
 With all thy varied wanton grace,
 An emblem view'd with kindred eye,
 Of tricky, restless infancy ?
 Ah ! many a lightly sportive child,
 Who hath, like thee, our wits beguill'd,
 To dull and sober manhood grown,
 With strange recoil our hearts disown.

Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
 When thou becom'st a cat demure,
 Pull many a cuff and angry word,
 Chid roughly from the tempting board:
 And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
 So oft our favoured playmate been,
 Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
 When time hath spoil'd thee of our love;
 Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,
 A comely, careful mousing cat,
 Whose dish is, for the public good,
 Replenish'd oft with sav'ry food.

Nor when thy span of life is past,
 Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,
 But gently borne on good man's spade,
 Beneath the decent sod be laid,
 And children show, with glist'ning eyes,
 The place where poor old Pussy lies.

THE
CAT-FIGHT.

JEMMY O'KAIN, [1] and PAT M'HONE were cronies,
And sturdy warriors to their very tongues' ends ;

Note from Jemmy O'Kain.

[1] It will be allowed by all critics, that this poetical effusion, although not divided into Books, or Cantos, is of an *epic* cast ; it is proper, therefore, to determine, *in limine*, who may be considered as the hero of it. That neither of the combatants, whose encounter forms the grand *Cat-astrophe* of the story, can be entitled to that pre-eminence, is very clear, as neither of them excelled the other in point of skill, valour, or success in battle. Between them, there was no survivorship in the field of honour : fate had ordained the utter annihilation of both (by a singular process it must be confessed) at the same moment, and even Jove was unable to decide which should be victorious. We may therefore with great propriety, reject all pretensions on behalf of either, and place the wreath of epic immortality upon the brows of James O'Kain, whom the author has first introduced to our acquaintance. Notwithstanding the opinion that Pat M'Hone was equally redoubted "in slaying of the slain," it will be easy to perceive, that in all the requisites for "cutting a figure" in this world, he was but a secondary personage, a "shadow of a shade," in comparison with O'Kain ; and admitting that both "were sturdy warriors to their very tongues' ends," it will still be allowed that O'Kain was an overmatch for him in this war of words. M'Hone, it is true, begins the encounter with a pretty brisk fire ; but let the reader mark how immediately he is silenced, when O'Kain opens his battery upon him : how the latter dazzles

As hath in Greek, or Hebrew song, been sung since
The days of Nimrod[2]—some say Pat M'Hone is

and astounds him, "crazes his brain" with the glittering array of his historical, classical, poetical, and mythological lore, and finally, how he gives the *coup de grace* to his faculties, when he develops the nature and result of the affray which took place "upon the Mole"—in other words, *when he lets the cats out of the bag*. It is moreover an item in favour of O'Kain's pretensions, that he was personally present on this hard-fought field—he "boldly stood, and saw it all"—as pregnant an expression as the modest "*quorum pars magna fui*" of Æneas. And let it not be charged against him, that he has made an unbecoming boast of his own manhood, in witnessing such a conflict, since "there is not," as Bottom says, "a more fearful wild fowl living than your lion," and if the reader has but half as much skill in natural history as that renowned Athenian had, he must know that generically speaking, *your cat* is only a smaller species of the same order of wild fowl.

But, to be more serious. To those who properly understand, and have a relish for the eccentricities of the Irish character, O'Kain's manner of telling his story must afford a treat. It will tickle them, inwardly; which is, after all, the best test of a good story, whether it be read, or listened to. Although the author has perhaps gone to the very verge of nature, in the character which we are to gather of O'Kain from his own words, he has not in truth overstepped it. It may be difficult indeed for one whose intercourse with the natives of Ireland has been limited, to view it in any other light than that of a caricature, but such a supposition will not do justice either to the abilities of the author, or to the native genius of the people, of whom he has put before us a specimen.

That the Irish, as a people, are brave, generous, and eloquent, is pretty generally acknowledged. Indeed, it may be said, they have forced the world into this admission, by having manifested those qualities in an eminent degree, under circumstances of hardship and prejudice, which were never combined to weigh down the people of any other Christian nation. Oppressed by that government, of which

The most redoubted—others think O’Kain
Should equal crowns and diadems obtain ;
His true compeer in slaying of the slain. [3]

Ireland is unfortunately a dependency, her sons, by their talents alone, have in many instances forced the oppressors of their native country to be her debtors. Ungracious as the obligation may be for England, she is nevertheless beholden to that people, for the ablest men, who have led her armies and directed her councils in the present age—at least she thought them so. At the bar, in the pulpit, in every walk of literature, Ireland has produced a greater number of eminent men, in proportion to her population, (to say nothing of political disqualifications,) than any other country upon earth ; and there is hardly a civilized country in which her sons have not distinguished themselves, and that, by the mere force of talent, unaided by friends or fortune. If any one should doubt, or be at a loss to discover the causes of this faculty of attaining distinction, let him go through Ireland, and mix with her inhabitants—he will find the elements of it pervading every class of society, in a greater or less degree ; and if he be a philanthropist, he will deplore the degraded state of that people, upon whom Nature has bestowed her choicest gifts.

It has been charged against the Irish, that they are addicted to boasting, and in a certain sense this may be true ; but it is not that vain, ridiculous, and unmeaning boasting, which in one nation has been termed *gasconading*, and in another, *rhodomontade*. There is nothing palpable or disgusting in it—it is in fact no more than that spirit of exaggeration, which is natural to all mankind, but which the chastening severities of education, and the formalities of society, teach men to repress. It is the offspring of courage, patriotism, and open-heartedness ; imagination is its nurse, and eloquence its companion and conductor ; and however much a display of it may disparage a man’s judgment in the opinion of cold-hearted, calculating, and suspicious people, a liberal and unprejudiced observer of mankind may easily discover its affinity to some of the most estimable qualities of our nature.

Admitting, however, this propensity in the Irish to exag-

You'd die to see how fierce these sons of Mars
 Would look, as they proceed to wordy wars ;

geration, and also that they have generally a passion for the marvellous, they only tend to heighten the relish of their conversation, and, mixed up with other characteristic traits which the Irish possess, to make them a more agreeable and gifted people. To persons, naturally eloquent, inventive, witty, and communicative, those inclinations of the mind furnish additional resources for animated and striking descriptions. If the Irish draw rather largely upon them when a story can be embellished by it, it must be admitted that they do it with peculiar cleverness. There is so much appearance of probability in an Irishman's manner of relating a fiction ; he seems at the time to have such entire faith in it himself, that the listener is often thrown off his guard, and if he be of a credulous turn of mind, (which by the by most Irish listeners are) he becomes too seriously engrossed with the strange and apparently improbable things which he hears, to doubt them : his interest in the narrative is wrought up to so high a pitch, and his desire of knowing the end and result becomes so strong, that he has neither the wish nor the ability to examine and detect the impossibilities of the story as it proceeds. It is evident that the author has laid hold of those characteristic traits, (we mean a talent for high colouring and a fondness for the marvellous,) to give the stamp of nationality to O'Kain. They manifest themselves in every sentence uttered by him, and constitute in fact the principal merit and source of entertainment in this production. The mass of learning which is strung together in it, is of itself a fund of amusement ; but the great relish consists in the easy, voluble, and at the same time, effective manner, in which O'Kain introduces it, and makes it applicable to the ultimate object of his narrative. Nothing could be better conceived to awaken the interest and excite the curiosity of such an auditor as we must suppose M'Hone to have been, than the course O'Kain pursued.

[2] " Since the days of Nimrod," &c.

Authors have taken a great deal of pains to find Nimrod in profane history. Some have supposed him to be the same as Belus, the founder of the Babylonish empire ; others

With nought in hand, but full or emptied noggins,
Giving to old belligerent powers new floggings ;

take him to be Ninus, the first Assyrian monarch. Some think him to be Zhoak, a Persian king of the first dynasty. The Jewish Rabbies assert him to be the same with Amraphel, the king of Thinder, mentioned by Moses. Milton speaks of him as a tyrant and usurper—

Who, not content

With fair equality, fraternal state,
Shall arrogate dominion undeserv'd,
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth ;
Hunting, (and men, not beasts, shall be his game,)
With war and hostile snares such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous ;
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of heaven,
Or from heaven claiming second sov'reignty ;
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize ;
Marching from Eden toward the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven,
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame ;
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct heaven's towers, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raze
Quite out their native language, and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown ;
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders ; each to other calls
Not understood ; till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm : great laughter was in heaven,

2*

And now their wrath combin'd ; first thus M'Hone,
 Striding o'er slaughter'd Knights and Squires went on,
 " Give me," says Pat, " the man who nobly dares
 To fight for glory, death, or honour'd scars :

And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
 And hear the din : thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work—Confusion named.

[3] Here it will be observed, that not only the author's eye, but his parsimonious scissors, or scalpel, are upon the goods of others, snipping or amputating therefrom small parcels for the illegitimate purpose of enriching, ornamenting, and embellishing his own chattels. And now, as it has been pretty well established, that

" Woes love a train, and tread each other's heels,"

and, moreover, the culpable are susceptible of deriving appalling apprehensions from every vibration of every shaking leaf, the author feels himself under the action of shivering forebodings, that the observation above mentioned will be followed by others, in such numerous and quick succession, that negations, or an attempt to extenuate, would prove but useless efforts toward gaining a favourable verdict of the presiding judges—his readers. Under these considerations, the delinquent has no hesitation (with due contrition) in throwing himself upon their clemency : yet looking with confidence for a favourable issue—when he engages to expiate, by *bringing*, in his own *proper* person, and laying at their feet the whole, or a part of every bundle or package, from the which he ever did or shall either beg, borrow, or otherwise take a single shred or scrap, for the aforesaid purpose. As, for instance, (without any further attempts to smooth the brow of disapprobation by figures and flourishes) in the present case—

" Sooth'd by the sound, the king grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes,
 And thrice he slew the slain."

Here the whole of this divine Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, by the immortal translator of Virgil's whole works would appear, but that it has been so often transcribed already.

Where front to front appears the martial train ;
 Legions on legions spread the fated plain :
 French, English, Russians, Prussians, bite the ground,
 The earth rebellows, and the skies resound ;
 And breast to breast, the dauntless hosts advance
 The glittering falchion, and the shining lance ;
 The kneaded sand is mix'd with smoking gore,
 And dreadful heroes sink to rise no more.
 Such was Marengo[4]—such the dire affray—

[4] These battles of Marengo and Austerlitz are among the prodigious events of war, brought about by the subject of the following Oration, so universally admired, published, and read :—

Funeral Eulogy, pronounced at St. Helena, over the tomb of Napoleon, May 9, 1821, by Marshal Bertrand.

The most extraordinary man, the most exalted genius, that ever appeared on the theatre of the world, is no more ! The mortal remains of the Conqueror of Europe, for fifteen years the dictator of its laws, humbly repose at the door of a cottage.—On the most terrific rock of the shores of Africa, far from the beautiful country to which he owed his prosperity and glory, Napoleon, the greatest captain of ancient or modern times, and recently the most powerful Monarch of the earth, has breathed his last. The parched earth that covers his ashes cannot be watered by the tears of his son. His friends are unable to strew flowers upon the tomb of him to whom they owed all their greatness, and *our* tears alone [taking the hands of Montholon and Marchand] are perhaps the only ones which Frenchmen will shed over his grave. Who is this outlaw, who thus expires in the prime of life, in barbarous exile ? Who ? It is the Saviour and Legislator of France—the restorer of monarchies shaken, of religion desolate, of the social compact dissolved. It is the Hero of Lodi, of Arcola, of the Pyramids, of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Wagram. It is the generous conqueror of the Austrians, of the Prussians, of the Russians, and of a hun-

Such was"—"O stop," says Jemmy, "stop Mahone—
Why you fight all, and I fight none.

dred other nations, who have never ceased to admire him. It is, in fine, the same Napoleon from whom all the Sovereigns of Europe have sued for friendship and alliance.

Let us take a rapid glance at his immortal career. We see every where the intrepid soldier, the consummate general, the firm and enlightened statesman. Whether his fortune be good or bad, we find him always above it. Hardly emerged from youth, Napoleon, yet a simple officer of Artillery, commenced his career in arms under the walls of Toulon. He astonished his superiors by the rectitude of his judgment, and by the able dispositions he gave to his batteries. He routed from that important place, those enemies, masters of the sea, who had held it by treachery. Napoleon powerfully contributed to the success of the siege, and gave a pre-sage of what he would one day be. Soon afterward, at the head of the army of Italy, he made his debut, by beating the Austrians at Montenetto, and by putting them to flight wherever he met them. It was in vain that they entrenched themselves at the bridge of Lodi. The young hero, surrounded by the standards of liberty, which even the Austrian thunders seemed to respect, forced that terrible passage at the head of the grenadiers of the Republic, and for the fifth time, in less than one month, put to route the Imperial troops. Ten other battles gained immediately after, by the Young Napoleon, rendered France completely mistress of Italy, and that fine country received a new organization, under the protection of her deliverer.

The genius of Napoleon developed itself in this glorious campaign. He is already more than a disciplined and fortunate general: at the age of twenty-six, he is the first captain of the age, the regenerator of Italy, and revered by her people as the greatest of men.

A foreign shore immediately after received him and his brave companions in arms. He became conqueror of Egypt, wrested that fertile country from the dominion of the Mamelukes, destroyed the English East India commerce, and opened a new route to the industry of France. Europe and Asia were leagued against him. The Turks became the allies of



You're too long winded in your way—
I've got a word or two to say,

England, to prostrate that portentous expedition. Less than one month, nevertheless, was sufficient for the genius of Napoleon to subdue Egypt and Syria. A handful of French soldiers re seized the Pyramids, and the banks of astonished Aboukir witnessed their valour and that of their leader. But while Napoleon and his immortal demi-brigades beat the Turks and English, the Mamelukes and Arabs, France was distracted by internal factions. Austria took advantage of the favourable moment to recommence the war. Italy was again invaded by the Imperial troops, and even the frontiers of France, were menaced. No sooner did Napoleon hear of the misfortunes of his country, than he quitted Egypt, penetrated the fleets of England, and arrived in France, where he was received as her deliverer. A few days only were necessary to dethrone anarchy, and establish a firmer government, of which the people declared him the head. Honoured with the title of First Consul of the French Republic, Napoleon collected in haste some divisions of young conscripts, traversed the Alps amid snows and precipices, and darted with the rapidity of an eagle upon a victorious army, intoxicated with success. He attacked them and gave them battle in the fields of Marengo. It was at Marengo that the First Consul displayed all the tactics of a great Captain, repairing thereby ten times the losses which the superior numbers of his enemies cost his army: and it was only by preserving the greatest *sang froid*, and the most profound unconcern, that he wrested victory from the Austrians, and changed their success into a complete defeat. Italy a second time delivered, and a most glorious peace for France, were the exalted trophies of that memorable battle. Having no more wars to sustain upon the continent, Napoleon occupied himself incessantly with the interior organization of France, established order in the finances, abolished all the abuses which existed in the administration, and digested those immortal codes of law on which he founded the happiness of the people. France, grateful for such signal blessings, decreed him the title of Emperor. It was then that the French Eagles, incessantly pressing the British Lion, would

Of an affray,
That chanc'd one day.

have reduced him to the last extremity, if the corrupting gold of England had not averted the mortal stroke, by instigating in the North a new war against France.

It was here that commenced those glorious campaigns of Germany, of Prussia, and of Poland, that shed such lustre on the soldiers of France. A few months were sufficient for the Emperor to annihilate armies which his enemies had formed with the utmost difficulty, and to invade their States and Capitals. The fields of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Eylau, of Friedland, of Ratisbon. of Esling, of Wagram, will be eternally celebrated in the destinies of France. In less than three years, the French armies, always conducted by Napoleon, twice conquered Austria, invaded Prussia, and halted only on the confines of Poland. Never was the military glory of France at a higher pitch. Never had any people more confidence in their sovereign. He seemed to be the man destined for them by Heaven. He held in chains, for fifteen years, the fickleness of fortune. He had learnt how to command her. Under his reign, each year was more and more prolific in great and glorious events, which in other times ages would hardly have accomplished. He always knew how to excite admiration anew, when exhausted by a long series of prodigies.

The great destroyer, War, seemed to give new life to France. The genius of Napoleon was not confined to the field of battle. At Vienna, at Berlin, at Tilsit, he established those immense works which alone would have been the glory of any other monarch.

The perfect tranquillity which France enjoyed, caused her interior commerce to flourish; the banks of the Seine became the country of the sciences and the fine arts; agriculture doubled its products. On all sides, new ports, new roads, new canals, rendered communication more easy, and exchanges more active. Industry reached such a degree of perfection, that in no branch did there remain a rival nation. The finances were in the most prosperous condition, for the subjugated people showered upon us subsidies. Misery no

Why now I'll tell you, Pat M'Hone,
That all the battles you have shown,

longer weighed down the people. All breathed happiness and content. A hundred monuments attest the glory of France, and the grandeur of the hero who governed her.

Such was the state of this vast empire during nearly fifteen years. It is in vain that some seek to represent her as having always been plunged in misfortunes and troubles. Never was France greater, richer, happier, than during this memorable period.

But Napoleon, great as he was, was but a man. He was not perfect. He committed serious faults, and fortune became untrue to him. The elements leagued with his enemies, and the plains of Moscow became the tomb of the finest and most intrepid army that ever existed. Napoleon, astonished, measured the extent of his losses, and without stopping to deplore, he hastened to repair them. In a short time, he again appeared, and formidable. The fields of Lutzen and of Bautzen saw him again a conqueror, and full of confidence. Fatal confidence, which permitted him not to foresee that his allies would abandon him, when abandoned by fortune ! And how could he imagine that Princes, to whom he had given kingdoms, forgetting his favours, would have turned traitors ?

The fatal battles of Leipsic were the result of that disastrous desertion * * *. He found only enemies, where he had stationed friends.

Forced to become the defender of the French territory, with the wreck of his army, he astonished twenty times his innumerable enemies. It was in that grand, but unfortunate campaign, that Napoleon displayed all his science, and his inexhaustible activity. Each day victorious in combat, he devoted each night in preparations to engage, the following day, upon some other point. Quadrupling his forces, by his masterly manœuvres, he presented on all sides his old soldiers, and among them all, he showed himself. Harrassing incessantly armies always complete, defeating them at Champ Aubert, at Montmirail, at Montereau, the result of that admirable campaign would have been fatal to the allies, if Paris had not been so precipitately surrendered.

All in a scale, put all together,
Would not preponderate a feather ;

The enemies of Napoleon, masters of a part of France, and encamped in his capital, yet dreaded him. The French, whom they thought they well knew, appeared too formidable under such a head. Henceforth they had no security. They exacted the abdication of the Emperor. Napoleon believing that the happiness of France demanded this great sacrifice on his part, signed his abdication and his exile, with less repugnance than he would have signed a dishonourable peace.

A few tried friends, and some old Generals, followed him to the rocks of the Island of Elba. There they admired the composure and resignation of him whose name alone was yet of immense weight in the politics of Europe. Napoleon watched over that Europe, to which his abdication should have given tranquility. He judged, by the operations of the Congress of Vienna, that tranquility was illusory. He saw France divided, and about to become a prey to her own children. He trembled for her. He believed that his return would prevent the miseries which he foresaw, and without calculating dangers, he landed at the very place which had received him on his return from Egypt. There can be no doubt that the opinion of the French was still favourable towards him ; for he encountered no obstacle in the execution of the most gigantic project ever conceived by man. In twenty days, the Exile of the Island of Elba completely traversed France, followed by a single battalion ; and the 20th of March witnessed his elevation to a throne erected by himself. Never did a dethroned sovereign re-possession himself of the reins of government in a manner so astonishing.

But Napoleon had accomplished all this, without the permission of the Congress of Vienna. The powerful monarchs and able diplomatists assembled in that city, could not witness such an outrage, without indignation against him who was guilty of it. They set up the cry of usurpation, and their innumerable bayonets were directed anew against Napoleon.

Elated with his new success, and recalling those who had served him in leading the French, Napoleon believed that he could force his enemies to attend to themselves, and not

Your fights, Mahone, are nothing, as is
The shadow of a shade that passes :

interfere with the internal affairs of France. He believed himself able to sustain a contest thus unequal. He made the most admirable dispositions, and in two months the French army was trebled. Impatient to engage those who rejected every proposition for peace, he put his forces in motion to attack two united armies, one of which alone outnumbered his own. He obtained in the onset brilliant advantages. One successful battle more would have changed the face of Europe. But Waterloo came to destroy his projects and his hopes. Napoleon, unable to meet death in that fatal battle, bid adieu for ever to that France, which to him was so dear, and terminated his political life, by confiding himself to the generosity of his enemies.

Such has been the short, but astonishing career of Napoleon! What military name, what statesman's glory, ancient or modern, has resounded with an éclat so resplendent? Transport ourselves into futurity, view this hero as posterity will one day view him, and his greatness appears scarcely less than fabulous; they will hardly be made to believe that a single man could, in so short a time, gain two hundred battles, conquer a hundred nations, change the form of thirty states, unite Italy into a single kingdom, give to his subjects the wisest laws, open a hundred new roads, and as many ports, build an hundred admirable monuments.—Fortunately these codes, these roads, these ports, and these monuments remain.

Having thus hastily sketched the life of the warrior and the statesman, permit me to notice the private man.

Napoleon, for ever engaged, and applying himself incessantly, was not therefore the less affable or agreeable in private life. An excellent son, and good brother, a tender husband, and affectionate father; he divided his good fortune with all his family. He never forgot those he considered his true friends, and rarely those who had devoted themselves to France. He was great and magnificent in his rewards. Nevertheless, he never permitted the treasures of the state to be lavished by courtiers.

Long habituated to command fortune, his great soul was

Yea, less than nothing, even as
A puff of hydrogenous gas,[5]

yet disciplined to reverses.—Treated as the greatest of criminals, and the worst of men, by those to whom he voluntarily delivered himself; deprived of the wife of his bosom, and his only child; he saw torn from him, from time to time, the small number of his friends who had been permitted to accompany him to St. Helena. Having no communication whatever with Europe, seeing himself almost blotted from creation, Napoleon had courage to sustain all his miseries; his soul seemed to be always firmer, always greater. Attacked at last with the malady which was to carry him to the tomb, he saw the approach of death, with a resignation and stoicism of which he only was capable. His sufferings drew from him not one complaint—not a single sigh. France and his son filled his whole soul. He talked of them incessantly, until destiny severed the thread of life.—He lived a hero; he died a martyr.

Ancient Rome would have erected a Pantheon expressly to contain his ashes; and we—we are obliged to deposite them at the threshold of a cabin!

Would that the tears and tender remembrance of his friends could assuage, at least, the injustice and hatred of his enemies.

[5] This distich is taken from the eccentric Phesenton's Work, published in England some twenty years ago, under the name of a figurative personage, representing the alarmed fraternity of doctors, on the introduction of Perkins's Tractors into Great-Britain, and patronised by societies formed for the purpose of disseminating their use. This alarmed Genus of Practitioners, is ycliped Christopher Caustic; the Poem is entitled "*Terrible Tractoration.*"

FROM garret high, with cobwebs hung,
The poorest wight that ever sung,
Most gentle Sirs, I come before ye,
To tell a lamentable story.

Compared to one where I have been,
And these two looking eyes have seen.

What makes my sorry case the sadder,
I once stood high on fortune's ladder ;
From whence contrive the fickle jilt did,
That your petitioner should be tilted.

And soon the unconscionable flirt,
Will wield me fairly in the dirt ;
Unless, perchance, these pithy lays,
Procure me pence, as well as praise.

Already doom'd to hard quill-driving,
'Gainst spectr'd poverty still striving,
Whene'er I doze, from vigil's pale,
Dame fancy locks me up in jail.

Necessity, though I am no wit,
Compels me now to turn a poet ;
Not born, but made by transmutation,
And chymic process, called—starvation.

Though poet's trade of all that I know,
Requires the least of ready rhino,
I find a deficit of cash is
An obstacle to cutting dashes.

For gods and goddesses who traffic
In cantos, odes, and lays seraphic ;
Who erst Arcadian whistle blew sharp,
Or now attune Apollo's Jew's-harp,

Have sworn they will not loan me gratis.
Their jingling sing-song apparatus ;
Nor teach me how or where to chime in
My tintinabulum of rhyming.

What then occurs—a lucky hit,
I've found a substitute for wit ;

I'm just like you, admire a battle,
Where horse and foot,

On Homer's pinions mounted high,
I'll drink Pierian puddle dry.

Beddoes, bless the good doctor, has
Sent me a bag-full of his gas ;
Which, snuff'd the nose up, makes wit brighter,
And eke a dunce an airy writer.

With which a brother bard inflated,
Was so stupendously elated,
He tower'd like Garnesie's balloon,
Nor stopp'd like half-wits at the moon.

But scarce had breath'd three times, before he
Was hous'd in heaven's high upper story,
Where mortals none but poets enter,
Above where Mah'met's ass dar'd venture.

Strange things he saw, and those who know him,
Have said that in his Epic Poem,
To be complete within a year hence,
They'll make a terrible appearance.

And now, to set my verse a-going,
Like Joan of Arc sublimely flowing,
I'll follow Southey's bold example,
And snuff a sconce-full for a sample.

Good Sir, enough—enough already ;
No more, for heaven's sake, steady, steady :
Confound your stuff, why how you sweat me,
I'd rather swallow all Mount Ætna.

How swiftly turns this giddy world round,
Like tortur'd top by truant twirl'd round :
While Nature's capers wild amaze me,
The beldame's crack'd or Causpe crazy.

Must all go to't ;
Both men and cattle ;

I'm larger grown from head to tail,
'Than mammoth, elephant, or whale ;
Now feel a tangible extension,
Of semi-infinite dimension.

Inflated with supreme intensity,
I fill three-quarters of immensity ;
Should Phœbus come this way, no doubt
But I could blow his candle out.

This earth's a little dirty planet,
And I'll no longer help to man it ;
But off will flutter in a tangent,
And make a harum-scarum range on't.

Stand ye appall'd, quake, quiver, quail,
For so I stride a comet's tail ;
If my deserts you fail t' acknowledge,
I'll drive it plump against your college.

But if your Æsculapian band,
Approach my highness, cap in hand,
And show great tokens of humility,
I'll treat your world with due civility.

As Doctor Young foretold—right soon,
I'll make your earth another moon ;
And Phœbus then, an arrant ass,
May turn his poaies out to grass.

But now, alas ! a wicked wag,
Has pull'd away the gaseous bag ;
From heaven, where thron'd with Jove, I sat,
• I'm fall'n, fall'n, fall'n down flat, flat.

Thus as the ancient story goes,
When o'er Avernus flew the crows,

And trumpets sound, drums beat, and great guns rattle ;
 And streaming veins and dying groans,
 And mangled limbs, and splinter'd bones.

They were so stench'd that in a minute,
 They giddy grew, and tumbled in it.

And so a blade, who is too handy,
 To help himself to wine or brandy ;
 He first gets higher, then gets lower,
 Then tumbles dead-drunk on the floor.

Such would have been my sad case, if
 I'd taken half another tiff ;
 And even now I cannot swear
 I'm not as mad as a march hare.

How these confounded gases serve us,
 But Beddoes says that I am nervous ;
 And that this oxyd gas of nitre,
 Is bad for such a nervous writer.

Indeed sir doctor very odd it is,
 That you should deal in such commodities,
 Which drives a man beside his wits,
 And women to hysteric fits.

Now since this 'wildering gas inflation
 Is not the thing for inspiration,
 I'll take a glass of cordial gin,
 Ere my sad story I begin.

And then proceed with courage stout,
 From hard-bound brains to hammer out
 My case, forlorn in doleful ditty,
 To melt your worships' hearts to pity.

Sirs, I have been in high condition,
 A right respectable physician,
 And pass'd with men of shrude discerning,
 For wight of most prodigious learning.

True, there's your battle of Marengo,
From which ten thousand souls took wing to

For I could quote with flippancy ease,
Grave Galen, and Hippocrates ;
Brown, Cullen, Sydenham, and such men,
Besides a score of learned Dutchmen.

In all disorders was so clever,
From toothach up to yellow fever,
That I by learned men was reckon'd
Don Æsculapius the second.

No cause to me was problematic,
Pains, topical or symptomatic,
From aching head to gouty toes,
The hidden cause I could disclose.

Minute examiner of Nature,
And most sagacious operator,
I could discern, prescribe, apply,
And cure disease in louse's eye.

To insect small as e'er one sees,
Floating in torrid summer breeze ;
Altho' to less than nothing verging,
Could give a vomit or a purging.

I had a curious little lancet,
Your worships could not help but fancy it ;
By which I show'd with skill surprising,
The whole art of flea-bottomising.

And with it oft inoculated,
At which friend Jenner 'll be elated,
Flies, fleas, and gnats with cow-pox matter,
And not a soul took small-pox a'ter.

Could take a microscopic mite,
Invisible to human sight,

The shades of hell,
The lengthened list to swell,
Of mighty heroes, who in battle fell.

Ad infinitum could divide it,
For times unnumber'd have I try'd it.

With optic glass of great utility,
Could make the essence of nihility ;
To cut a most enormous figure,
As big as St. Paul's church or bigger.

A soldier in my glass's focus,
Without the aid of hocus-pocus,
Briareus-like, terrific stands,
With fifty heads and hundred hands.

A fish-boat seems a grand flotilla,
To frighten Addington or Billy,
Appears a dreadful French invasion,
T' annihilate the British nation.

Could tell, and never be mistaken,
What future oaks were in an acorn ;
And even calculate at pleasure
The cubic inches they would measure.

Discover'd worlds within the pale
Of tip-end of a tadpole's tail ;
And took possession of the same,
In my good friend Sir Joseph's name.

And soon shall publish by subscription,
A topographical description
Of worlds aforesaid, which shall go forth
In foolscap, folio, gilt, and so forth.

Could tell how far a careless fly
Might chance to turn this world awry,
If flitting round in giddy circuit,
With leg or wing he kick or jerk it.

[Continued in subsequent Notes.]

Your skirmish too, at Austerlitz,
 Where many a soul was cut to bits,
 And headlong sent
 To realms below, in the event.

The plains of Abram too could tell,
 Quebec her walls might testify,[6]

[6] For the induction of the second Song, prolonging his *unrivalled* lays who sang the first, (with the points of attraction in those walls and plains,) see subsequent Notes.

In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat,
 Britannia sat wasted with care ;
 She wept for her Wolfe, and exclaim'd against fate.
 And gave herself up to despair.

The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around.
 With the feats of her favourite son ;
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
 Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The Sire of the Gods from his crystalline throne,
 Beheld the disconsolate dame ;
 And mov'd with her tears, he sent Mercury down,
 And those were the tidings that came.

Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear,
 For thy Wolfe so deservingly lov'd ;
 Your tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
 For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The sons of the East, the proud giants of old,
 Have crept from their darksome abodes ;
 And this is the news, as in heaven it was told.
 They were marching to war with the gods.

A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
 And this was their final decree :
 That Wolfe should be call'd to the armies above,
 And the charge was deliver'd to me.

Of heirs of glory there who fell,
Nor shrunk when honour bid them die.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
He begg'd for a moment's delay ;
He cried, O forbear—let me victory hear,
And then thy commands I'll obey.

With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn ;
Lest the fondness he bore for his own native shore,
Should tempt him again to return.

[*From the "Castle in the Air to the Little Corner of the World."*]

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built ;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sun-beams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes, in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansions around ;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottos and fountains and orange-tree groves ;
I had all that enchantment has told ;
I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves,
I had mountains of carol and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and roll'd,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay ;
And when I look'd out in the morning, behold !
My castle was carried away.

It pass'd over rivers, valleys, and groves,
The world it was all in my view ;
I thought of my friends, of their fates and their loves,
And often, full often of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That Nature in silence had made ;

And Bunker's-Hill—but name it not—

Ah ! Bunker's-Hill,[7] that fatal spot.

And then,

Again :

Vinegar-Hill, yet name it not ;

Vinegar-Hill, that fatal spot.[8]

The place it was small—but was sweetly serene,
And chequered with sunshine and shade.

I gaz'd and I envied with painful good will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air ;
When all of a sudden my castle stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky, it came fluttering down,
And plac'd me exactly in view ;
When who should I meet in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain ;
And the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my castle again.

[7] The particulars of this remarkable contest are written in the subsequent notes.

[8] This was a place where the Insurgents had made their head-quarters for some time, and were not dislodged, but by the result of a hard-fought battle, according to the account of the English themselves, as is shown by a letter from Gen. Lake to Castlereagh, of the 22d of June, 1798.

“ Sir—I have the honour to acquaint you, that the enemy's camp upon Vinegar-Hill, was attacked this morning, at seven o'clock, and carried in about an hour and a half. The relative importance of this very strong position, with our operations against Wexford, made it necessary to combine our attacks, so as to ensure success. A column under Gene-

Some causes too in former days,

Have by the law of arms been try'd;

As wanton Helen's[9] crim. con. case,

That swell'd Scamander's clotted tide.

als Johnston and Eustace, was drawn from Ross, and began the attack upon the town of Enness, situate upon the right bank of the Slaney, close under Vinegar-Hill, upon the right, and rather upon the rear of it." [Here follows a list of British officers who fell in the action.]

[9] Helen, the most celebrated beauty of her age, sprang from one of the eggs which Leda, the wife of Tyndarus, brought forth, after her amour with Jupiter metamorphosed into a swan. Her beauty was so admired, even in infancy, that Theseus, with his friend Pirithous, carried her away before she had attained her tenth year, and concealed her at Amphidnæ; but her brothers, Castor and Pollux, recovered her, and she returned unpolluted to Sparta. This violence offered to her virtue augmented her fame, and her hand was eagerly solicited by many of the young Princes of Greece. At length all the suitors agreed by oath to abide by the uninfluenced choice which Helen herself should make; and also to unite in order to defend her, if any attempt was made to force her from her husband. Helen then fixed upon Menelaus, and married him. Hermione was the early fruit of this union. After this, Paris, son of Priam, came to Lacedæmon, on pretence of sacrificing to Apollo. He was kindly received by Menelaus, but shamefully in his absence in Crete, corrupted the fidelity of his wife, Helen, and persuaded her to follow him to Troy. At his return, Menelaus, highly sensible of the injury, assembled the Grecian Princes, and reminded them of their solemn promises. They resolved to make war against the Trojans, but previously sent Ambassadors to Priam, to demand the restoration of Helen; but received no satisfactory answer. Soon after their return, their combined forces assembled, and sailed for the coast of Asia. Authors have differed much with respect to her conduct while at Troy. After the death of Paris, she married Deiphobus, whom she betrayed in order to ingratiate herself with Me-

The Latins fir'd by martial law ;
 And Trojans stopp'd each other's breath ; [10]

Menelaus. She returned to Sparta with Menelaus, who pardoned all her errors. Some assert that she had willingly followed Paris, and that she warmly supported the cause of the Trojans ; while others believe that she secretly favoured the cause of the Greeks, always sighed after her husband, and cursed the day in which she had proved faithless to his bed. Homer represents her as in the last instance. After she had been some years at Sparta, Menelaus died, and she was driven from Peloponnessus by Megapenthes and Nicosiratus, the illegitimate sons of her husband. She returned to Rhodes, where Polyxo, a native of Argos, who reigned over the country, caused her to be tied to a tree and strangled. Herodotus mentions a tradition, that Paris, on his return from Sparta, was driven on the coast of Egypt, where Helen was detained by Proteus, king of the country, in consequence of his ingratitude to Menelaus. Helen was honoured after death as a goddess ; and the Spartans built her a temple at Therapne, which had power of giving beauty to all the deformed women that entered it. *Homer, Apollod. Herodot. &c.*

[10] Although it is not according to our plan to dwell upon subjects so universally known and read as that which the *Æneid* comprises, in giving an account of the settlement of Æneas in Latium, where he and the cidevant inhabitants of Troy went after the destruction of that ill-fated city : Virgil, after many vicissitudes, in the seventh Book, brings his hero to Latium, his destined port, on the banks of the golden Tyber, where he concludes a treaty with the king of the country ; which is soon broken by the interference of Juno, who stimulates Turnus to war. The auxiliaries of the enemy are enumerated, which is the contents of one of the sections of our Chapter of Catalogues ; and in the eighth book Æneas is assisted by Evander, and receives a shield, wrought by Vulcan, and presented by Venus, on which is pictured the future glories and triumphs of the Romans. It forms a section (which it is hoped will be thought a beautiful one) in our Chapter of Shields. In the ninth book is given the account

Till they well nigh had burst the maw
 Insatiable of death.

of tremendous battles between the rival nations, resulting in (as mentioned) the "*well nigh bursting the maw insatiable of death*;" and what is more pleasingly interesting to the reader—the Episode of the immortal friendship and valour of *Nisus and Euryalus*; in which theme the author, for the only time in his whole work, forgets, and is for the moment, "*Virgil, the Mantuan Swain*," instead of the poet—i. e. the only time he speaks of himself: Camoens did so once, in words which, it is thought, will be bedewed by the tears of ages.

*The Poet's account of the Nocturnal Enterprise of
 Nisus and Euryalus.*

Mnestheus and brave Serestus walk the round,
 Commission'd by their absent prince to share,
 The common danger, and divide the care;
 The soldiers draw their lots, and as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the wall.
 Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advanc'd,
 To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus chanc'd;
 His father Hyrtacus, of noble blood,
 His mother was a huntress of the wood:
 And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
 His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:
 But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.
 Beside him stood Euryalus his friend,
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
 No fairer face nor sweeter air could boast;
 Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun,
 One was their care, and their delight was one;
 One common hazard in the war they shar'd,
 And now were both by choice upon the guard,
 Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
 A generous ardour boils within my breast;
 Eager of action—enemy to rest;
 This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
 To leave a memorable name behind;

Gama, [11] the great and brave,
 With his adventurous fleet,

Thou seest the foe secure—how faintly shine,
 Those scatter'd fires—the most in sleep supine,
 Along the ground, an easy conquest lie,
 The wakeful few the fuming flagon ply ;
 All hush'd around. Now hear what I resolve :
 A thought unripe—and scarcely yet revolve.
 Our absent prince both camp and council mourn,
 By message both would hasten his return :
 If they confer what I demand on thee,
 For fame is recompense enough for me,
 Methinks beneath yon hill I have espied,
 A way that safely will my passage guide.”
 Euryalus stood listening while he spoke,
 With love of praise and noble envy struck,
 Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind.
 “ All this alone, and leaving me behind ?
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd ?
 Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the field ?
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms—
 Born in a siege, and bred among alarms.
 Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
 Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.
 The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
 And think it over-sold to purchase fame.”

Then Nisus thus : “ Alas ! thy tender years
 Would minister new matter to my fears.
 So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
 Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
 Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust,)
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance—as many chances are,
 And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—
 If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life : I would not perish all.
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date :
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,

Rude Æolus and Neptune fought,
 In wind and wave,
 And beat ;

To bear my mangled body from the foe,
 Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
 Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny.
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O ! let not me the widow's tears renew ;
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue—
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When every weary matron staid behind.”
 To this, Euryalus : “ You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
 No more delays ! but haste !” With that, he wakes
 The nodding watch : each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
 To find the council at the royal tent.
 All creatures else forgot their daily care,
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share ;
 Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
 In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief,
 Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
 Remote from clamour, and secure from foes ;
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
 Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
 Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
 And beg admission, eager to be heard—
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
 Ascanius bids them be conducted in,
 Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then Nisus thus : “ Ye fathers, lend your ears ;
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
 The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
 Neglect their watch ; the fires but thinly shine ;
 And where the smoke in cloudy vapour flies,
 Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,

And thus the golden Indus got
 And bought,
 And laid them at his monarch's feet.

Betwixt two paths which at the gate divide,
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
 Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may :
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way :
 For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between ;
 And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."'
 He ceas'd : and old Aletes took the word.
 " Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."
 Then into tears of joy the father broke :
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took ;
 Panted and paus'd ; and thus again he spoke :
 " Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 In recompense of such desert decree ?
 The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
 The gods and your own conscious worth will give.
 The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,
 And young Ascanius, till his manhood, owe."
 " And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"
 Ascanius adds, " by the great deities,
 By my dear country, by my household gods,
 By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
 Adjure you both—(on you my fortune stands :
 That and my faith I plight into your hands)—
 Make me but happy in his safe return,
 Whose wanted presence I can only mourn ;
 Your common gift shall two large goblets be
 Of silver, wrought with curious imagery.
 And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
 My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd ;

There's Captain Jason [12] had some pulls,
And solemn bothers with his boat ;

And, more, two tripods, cast in antique mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold :
Beside a costly bowl engrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victors shall obtain—
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That Nisus ! and his arms and nodding crest,
And shields from chance exempt, shall be thy share ;
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair.
All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care :
And last a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine allied,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth ! Be wholly mine :
Take full possession : all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend :
My life's companion, and my bosom friend—
My peace shall be committed to thy care ;
And, to thy conduct, my concerns in war."

Then thus the young Euryalus replied :
" Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth :
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain :)—
Of Priam's royal race my mother came—
And sure the best that ever bore the name—
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
And in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right-hand, and conscious night, I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort ; fill my vacant place—
(Permit me to presume so great a grace ;)

That savour'd more of war than peace;
 Ere he had yoke'd the flaming bulls,
 Or cut the fiery dragon's throat,

Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.

That hope alone will fortify my breast

Against the worst of fortunes and of fears."

He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.

Then thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see

That image of his filial piety :

" So great beginnings, in so green an age,

Exact the faith which I again engage.

Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim

Creüsa had, and only want the name.

Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,

'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.

Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear

(My father us'd it,) what, returning here

Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,

That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share."

He said, and, weeping while he spoke the word,

From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,

Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,

And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade.

This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend

A lion's hide, his body to defend ;

And good Aletes furnished him, beside,

With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait

Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate

With pray'rs and vows. Above the rest appears

Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,

And messages committed to their care,

Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd ; then took their way

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay ;

To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.

They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain

Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.

Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore :

And gain'd the golden fleece :
The fleece he from the Colchias tore :

Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight ;
“ Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers ; and I stand prepar'd :
There lies our way : be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage through the sleeping foe.”
Softly he spoke : then, striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay ;
His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath—
A king and prophet, by king Turnus lov'd :
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew ; then spies
Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses ; last invades their lord ;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword ;
The gasping head flies off ; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
He slew, and then Sarranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the famy god from out his breast :
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play—
More lucky, had it lasted till the day.
The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
And tears the peaceful flocks : with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys :
But on the ignoble crowd his fury flew :
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhœtus slew.

And in the good ship Argo bore ;
 With lov'd Medea, home to Greece.

Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
 But Rhætus wakeful, and observing all,
 Behind a spacious jar he sunk for fear :
 The fatal iron found and reach'd him there ;
 For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
 And, reeking, thence return'd, in crimson dy'd.
 The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood ;
 The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now, where Messapus quarter'd they arrive.
 The fires were fainting there, and just alive :
 The warrior horses, tied in order, fed.
 Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said :
 " Our eager thirst of blood may both betray ;
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day.
 Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more my friend :
 Here let our glutt'd execution end.
 A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made."
 The bold Euryalus, though loath, obey'd.
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
 A precious load : but these they leave behind.
 Yet fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey,
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
 The girded belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
 This present Cædicus the rich bestow'd
 On Remulus when friendship first they vow'd,
 And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties :
 He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize ;
 Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,
 He fell ; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
 These glitt'ring spoils, (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits, but suits in vain.
 Messapus's helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before they spied
 Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.

In heaven it was a sore contest,[13]

Deserving note,

"Twixt Mich. and Satan, who can doubt it ?

The queen a legion to king Turnus sent :

But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,

And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.

They saw the pair ; for, through the doubtful shade,

His shining helm Euryalus betray'd.

On which the moon with full reflection play'd.

" 'Tis not for nought," cried Volscens from the crowd.

" These men go there : " then rais'd his voice aloud :

" Stand ! stand ! why thus in arms ? and whither bent ?

From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent ? "

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight

To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.

The speedy horse all passages belay,

And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way :

And watch each entrance of the winding wood.

Black was the forest : thick with beach it stood,

Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn :

Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,

And fear, misled the younger from his way.

But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,

And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,

And Alban plains (from Alba's name so call'd,)

Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd ;

Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,

And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around.

" Ah wretch ! " he cry'd—" where have I left behind

Th' unhappy youth ? where shall I hope to find ?

Or what way take ? " Again he ventures back,

And treads the mazes of his former track.

He winds the wood, and, listening, hears the noise

Of trampling coursers, and the riders' voice.

The sound approach'd ; and suddenly he view'd

The foes enclosing, and his friend pursu'd,

Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain

The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.

When Satan was but second best ;
 And Milton wrote,
 And sung ten thousand staves about it.

What should he next attempt ? what arms employ,
 What fruitless force, to free the captive boy ?
 Or desp'rate should he rush, and lose his life,
 With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife ?
 Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook ;
 And casting on the moon a mournful look,
 " Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night !
 Fair queen !" he said, " direct my dart aright,
 If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
 Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,
 Or I increas'd them with my silvan foils,
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,
 Give me to scatter these." Then from his car
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
 The deadly weapon hissing from the grove,
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove ;
 Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
 And in his body left the broken wood.
 He staggers round : his eyeballs roll in death ;
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
 All stand amaz'd :—a second jav'lin flies
 With equal strength, and quivers through the skies.
 This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
 And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
 Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
 Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,
 Nor knew to fix revenge : " But thou," he cries,
 " Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies
 With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,
 That cruel sight the lover could not bear ;
 But from his covert rush'd in open view,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew ;
 " Me ! me !" he cry'd—" turn all your swords alone
 On me—the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
 He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth—
 Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth !
 His only crime (if friendship can offend)
 Is too much love to his unhappy friend,"

Sung how Archangels, on celestial plains,
In malice, at Archangels rush'd so mad on ;

Too late he speaks :—the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth : the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd—
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.
Volscens he seeks ; on him alone he bends ;
Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight,
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might,
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazon broke.
Dying, he slew ; and stagg'ring on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain ;
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends ! for, if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
And spread where'er the Roman eagle flies !

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd.
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Sarranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found :
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround :
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread :
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd ;
When early Turnus wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.

They must have shot or mash'd each other's brains
Out—But that Milton's airy soldiers had none.

His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd,
And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
This done—to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears—a ghastly sight !
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls :
They line their trenches, and they man their walls.
In front extended to the left they stood :
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.
But, casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well they knew,
Though then disguis'd in death and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame through the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears.
An icy cold benumbs her limbs : she shakes :
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts : she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
“ Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus appears !
Thus looks the prop of my declining years !
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed ?
Ah ! how unlike the living is the dead !
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone !
Not one kind kiss from a departing son !
No look, no last adieu, before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent !
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey !
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
To call about his corpse his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains nor nightly labour spare.

Whose deeds with such enchanting strains he sung,
 That had his music at their battles rung ;
 Michael's uplifted stroke might yet have hung,

Where shall I find his corpse ? what earth sustains
 His trunk dismember'd and his cold remains ?
 For this, alas ! I left my needful ease,
 Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas !
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts :
 Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my wo,
 And send me thunder-struck to shades below !"

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,
 Unman their courage, and augment their fears :
 Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
 But Actor and Idæus jointly sent,
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.
 And now the trumpets terribly, from far,
 With rattling clangour, rouse the sleepy war,
 The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds ;
 And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
 The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
 And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.

[11] "*Gama, the great and brave,*" &c.—See page 39.

Says Mr. Mickle, translator of the *Luciad*, (from which the reader is entertained with some extracts in the present, and more in the subsequent Notes)—" If a concatenation of events, centered in one great action events which gave birth to the present commercial system of the world—This, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman."

In contradistinction to the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, the *Paradise Lost* has been called the *Epic Poem of Religion*. In the same manner, may the *Luciad* be called the *Epic Poem of Commerce*. *Gama* the hero discovered the Eastern, as did Columbus the Western world.

And soothing rage an armistice have brought on ;
Nor belching engines, nor upturn hills thought on.

Description of the Isle of Love—Sacred to Venus, Flora, and Pomona—where Gama and his companions were entertained, on their returning from the Indies to their native shore,

“ As when a traveller bates at noon—tho’ bent
On speed.”

Give way ye lofty billows, low subside,
Smooth as the level plain your swelling pride ;
Lo, Venus comes! Oh, soft ye surges sleep,
Smooth be the bosom of the azure deep.
Lo! Venus comes, and in her virgin train,
She brings the healing balm of love-sick pain ;
White as her swans, and stately, as they rear
Their snowy crest, when o’er the lake they steer.
Slow moving on, behold the fleet appears,
And o’er the distant billow onward steers,
The beauteous Nereids, flush’d in all their charms,
While Venus fills the heart with soft alarms.
Right to the Isle she led the willing train,
And all her arts her balmy lips explain ;
The fearful langour of the asking eye,
The lovely blush of yielding modesty ;
The grieving look, the sigh, the favouring smile ;
And all the endearments of the open will ;
She taught the Nymph—in willing breast that heav’d,
To hear her love, her love her Nymphs receiv’d.
As now triumphant to their native shore,
Thro’ the wide deep the joyful navy bore ;
Earnest the pilot’s eye sought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various wat’ry way ;
Sought cape or isle, from whence their boat might bring
The healthful bounty of the crystal spring.
When sudden all in native pride array’d,
The Isle of Love its glowing breast display’d,
O’er the green bosom of the dewy lawn,
Soft blazing flow’d the silver of the dawn ;

Before man's foot hereon could claim a standing,
There had a combat round this grain of sand been ;

The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,
Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the hero's view,
The floating isle fair *Æidata* drew ;
Soon as the floating verdure caught their sight.
She fix'd unmov'd the island of delight.
So when in child-birth of her *Jove*-sprung load,
The *Sylvan* goddess and the bower god,
In friendly pity of *Latona's* woes,
Amid the waves the *Delian* Island rose.
And now led smoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
Right to the Isle of Joy the vessels glide :
'The bay they enter, where on every hand,
Around them clasps the flower-enamell'd land.
A safe retreat, where not a blast may shake
Its fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake ;
With purple shells transfus'd as marble veins,
The yellow sands celestial *Venus* stains.
With graceful pride three hills of softest green,
Rear their fair bosoms o'er the *sylvan* scene ;
Their sides embroider'd, boast the rich array
Of flow'ry shrubs, in all the pride of May.
'The purple lotus and the snowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flower every slope adorn,
From the green summits of the leafy hills,
Descend with murmuring leaps three limpid rills.
Beneath the rose-trees loitering slow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er some rock their crystal pride :
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade ;
Now from the darkling grove beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver stream,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below,
'The vermil apples tremble on the bough ;
Where o'er the yellow sands the waters sleep,
The primrose banks, inverted dew-drops weep

It was a tough-tug—when no less than gods,
And earth-born giants having fell at odds,[14]

Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream.
The silver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and varying every riv'let strays,
Till closing now their long meandering ways ;
Where in a smiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a crystal stream the waters blend.
Fring'd was the border with a wood-land shade,
In every leaf of various green array'd ;
Each yellow ting'd, each yellow tint between,
The dark ash verdure and the silvery green.
The trees now bending forward, slowly shake
Their lofty honours o'er the crystal lake ;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire,
With coy reserve, and now again admire
Their various liveries by the summer dress'd,
Smooth, gloss'd, and soften'd in the mirror's breast ;
So by her glass the wishful virgin stays,
And oft retiring, steals the lingering gaze.
A thousand boughs aloft to heaven display
Their fragrant apples, shining to the day ;
The orange here perfumes the buxom air,
And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.
Near to the ground each spreading bough descends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends ;
The fragrant lemon scents the cool grove,
Fair as when ripening for the days of love.
The virgin's breast the gentle swell avow,
So the twin fruitage swell on every bough ;
Wild forest trees the mountain's sides array'd,
With curling foliage and romantic shade.
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear,
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant, here
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bow'rs belov'd by beauty's Queen.
To Jove the oak his wide-spread branches rears.
And nigh to heaven the high-bred cedar bears ;
Where thro' the glade appears the cavern'd rocks,
The lofty pine-tree waves her sable locks :

Would needs with lightning, hills, and mountains arm
 Themselves, to work each other's deadly harm ;

Sacred to Cybele, the whispering pine
 Loves the wild grottos where the white cliffs shine ;
 Here lowers the cypress, preacher to the wise,
 Less'ning from earth her spiral honours rise :
 Till as a spearpoint rear'd, the topmost spray,
 Points to the Eden of eternal day.
 Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine,
 In fond embraces gives her arms to twine :
 The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs,
 The green here glistens, here the purple glows :
 For here the genial seasons of the year
 Dance hand in hand—no place for winter here :
 His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,
 United sway the smiling seasons held.
 Around the swelling fruits of deep'ning red,
 Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread :
 Between the bursting buds of lucid green,
 The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen ;
 For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows,
 In cultur'd garden free—uncultur'd flows,
 The flavour sweeter and the hue more fair,
 Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care ;
 The cherry here, in shining crimson glows ;
 And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,
 The bending boughs the mulberry o'erload,
 The bending boughs caress by Zephyr's nod ;
 The generous peach that strengthens in exile,
 Far from his native earth, the Persian soil,
 The velvet peach of softest glossy blue,
 Hangs by the pomegranate of orange hue,
 Whose open heart a brighter red displays,
 Than that which sparkles in the ruby's blaze.
 Here trembling with their weight, the branches bear
 Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear :
 For thee, fair fruit, the songsters of the grove,
 With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
 Ah ! If ambitious, thou wilt own the care,
 To grace the feast of heroes and the fair,

And hurling forth this ammunition missile,
 Made one another's jumping block-heads whistle,

Soft let the leaves with graceful umbrage hide,
 The green-ting'd orange of the mellow side ;
 A thousand flowers of white and glowing red,
 Far o'er the shadowy vale their carpets spread
 Of fairer tapestry and richer bloom,
 Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom ;
 As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
 O'er every woodland walk the embroidery shone ;
 Here o'er the wat'ry mirror's lucid bed,
 Narcissus self-enamour'd hangs his head,
 And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
 The love-mark'd flower of slain Adonis rears
 Its purple head, prophetic of the reign,
 When lost Adonis shall revive again,
 At strife appears the lawn and purpled skies,
 Which from each other stole the beauteous dyes :
 The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,
 Aurora steals the blushes of the rose :
 The rose displays the blushes that adorn
 The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.
 Zephyr and Flora, emulous, conspire
 To breathe the graces o'er the field's attire ;
 The one gives healthy freshness to the hue,
 Fairer than e'er creative fancy drew :
 Pale as the hopeless love-sick maid they die ;
 The modest violet from the curious eye,
 The modest violet turns her gentle head,
 And by the thorn weeps o'er her lovely bed ;
 Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn,
 The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn ;
 Low from the bough reclines the damask rose,
 And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows :
 Fresh in the dew, far o'er the painted dales,
 Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales.
 The hyacinth betrays the doleful Ai,
 And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh ;
 Still on its bloom the mournful flowers retain
 The lovely blue that died the stripling's vein.

And roughen'd up the once smooth face of nature.
Hence see Vesuvius with his boiling crater:

Pomona, fir'd with rival envy, views
The glaring pride of Flora's darting hues,
Where Flora bids the purple Iris spread,
She hangs the wielding blossom white and red :
Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy snows,
The curling slopes the melon's pride she throws ;
Where by the stream the lily of the vale,
Primrose and cowslip meek perfume the gale,
Beneath the lily and the cowslip's bell,
The scarlet strawberries luxuriant swell :
Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmless beastile crops the flowery field ;
And birds of every note and every wing,
Their loves responsive through the branches sing.
In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,
High pois'd in air the lark his warbling tries ;
The swan slow sailing o'er the crystal lake,
Tunes his melodious note from every brake :
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns :
Pleas'd to behold, his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer :
The hare starts trembling from the thicket shade,
And swiftly circling crosses oft the glade :
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts distil,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill :
The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,
And from the thicket springs the bounding roe ;
To his lov'd nest, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little songster brings
The food, untasted transport fills his breast ;
'Tis Nature's touches, instinct's heaven-like feast.
Thus bower and lawn were deck'd with Eden's flow'rs.
And song and joy imparadis'd the hours.
While o'er the beauteous isle the lovely fair,
Stray thro' the distant glades devoid of care,
From lonely valley and from mountain's grove,
The lovely nymphs renew the strains of love.

Them sheets of lightning must have aim'd two d--d blows,
That lighted his and Ætna's flaming flambeaux :

Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill,
The solemn harp's melodious warblings thrill :
Here from the shadows of the upland grot,
The mellow lute renews the swelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train,
Some gaily ramble o'er the flowery plain,
In feign'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to show ;
Now seeming careless, fearful now and coy,
So taught the Goddess of unutter'd joy ;
And gliding thro' the distant glades, display
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day :
Some, light with glee, in careless freedom take
Their playful revels in the crystal lake ;
One trembling stands no deeper than the knee,
To plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee,
Another sudden o'er her laves the tide,
In pearly drops, the wishful waters glide ;
Reluctant dropping from her breasts of snow,
Beneath the wave another seems to glow ;
The amorous waves her bosom fondly kiss'd,
And rose and fell, as panting on her breast ;
Another swims along with graceful pride,
Her silver arms the glistening waves divide,
Her shining sides the fondling waters lave,
Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave ;
Her hair of mildest yellow, flows from side
To side—as o'er it plays the wanton tide :
And careless as she turns her thighs of snow,
Their tapering rounds in deeper lustre show.

The Bower of Bliss.—SPENCER.

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereat the Bower of Bliss was situate ;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate ;

So did that streak electric mean a home-blow, tho'
That lighted up the torch of burning Strombolo :

In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or what may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin :
Nought fear'd their force that sortilage to win,
But wisdom's powre and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin :
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of pretious yvory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit ;
And therein all the famous historie
Of Jason and Medea was ywrit ;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,
The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
First thro' the Euxian seas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemed waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent :
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermell-like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent ;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled,
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Crüesa wed.

All this and more might in this goodly gate
Be read ; that ever open stood to all

Thus far their fiery weapons have effected,
To show how earth for hell might be suspected;

Which thither came ; but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice ;
His looser garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful semblance which he makes us see.
He of this garden had the the governall,
And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine on every side
Strow'd with pleasaunce, whose fair grassie ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early
morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state.
Ne suffer'd storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;
But the mild aire with season moderate,
Gently attemptred and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome
smell.

While countless tokens move in sable train,
To prove our speck of sand is coarse in grain.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
A giant-babe, her selfe for grieve did kill ;
Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore ;
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire ;
Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.

Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare divise,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered ;
Some deep empurpled as the hyacint,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughes, with so rich load opprest.
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
It self doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plèntiously abound,
And none does other happiness envie ;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,

The Islands of the ocean show us where
 Their opaque weapons sous'd from upper air.

The dales for shade, the hills for breathing place,
 The trembling groves, the crystall running by ;
 And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
 The art which wrought it all appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
 That Nature had for wantonness ensude
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;
 So striving each the other to undermine,
 Each did the other's worke more beautify ;
 So differing both in willes, agreed in fine ;
 So all agreed through sweet diversitie,
 This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance that on earth might be
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
 Through every channell running, one might see ;
 Most goodly it with pure imageree
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
 Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whiles others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
 A trayle of ivie in his native hew :
 For the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight that did not well advised view,
 Would surely deem it to be ivie true :
 Lowe his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of crystall seem'd for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streames continually did swell
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,

The Alps on Alps, and rising Andes tell,
Where yet more of their torn up mountains fell ;

The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee ;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height.
That through the waves one might the bottom see.
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.
And all the margent round about was set
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

From Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF ARMIDA.

Now at the mountain's foot the heroes stay'd,
And slept secure beneath a cavern's shade,
But when the sun (eternal fount of day !)
Spread o'er the laughing skies his golden ray ;
At once they rose, at once their course renew'd.
And up the steep ascent the way pursued.
When lo ! a serpent, rushing from his cell,
Oppos'd their passage, horrible and fell !
Aloft his head and squalid breast he held
Bestreak'd with gold ; his neck with anger swell'd ;
Fire fill'd his eyes ; he hid the path beneath ;
And smoke and poison issu'd with his breath.
Now in thick curls his scaly length he wound ;
Now trail'd his opening curls along the ground.
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,
Yet on the heroes press'd with fearless pace.
The Dane his falchion draws, and eager flies
To assail the snake, when sudden Ubald cries :
Forbear ! can arms like these our foes repel ?
And think'st thou thus the monster's rage to quell ?
He said ; and shook the golden wand around ;
The serpent fled, astonish'd at the sound.
The knights proceed ; a lion fierce descends,
And, roaring loud, the dangerous pass defends ;

With other vasty promontorial chains,
That cleave the heavens and chequer earth's domains,

He rolls his fiery eyes, his main he rears,
Wide as a gulf his gaping mouth appears ;
His lashing tail his slumbering wrath awakes :
But when his potent rod the warrior shakes,
Unusual fears the dreadful beast surprise,
Sunk is his rage, he trembles, and he flies !

Still on they pass'd ; but soon a numerous host
Of monsters dire their daring passage cross'd.
In various shapes the ghastly troops appear,
With various yells they rend the startled ear.
Each savage form that roves the burning sands,
From distant Nilus to the Libyan lands,
Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam
Hyrkania's wood, or deep Hircinia's gloom !
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain ;
The powerful wand made all their fury vain.
These dangers past ; the conquering pair ascend ;
Now near the brow their eager steps they bend ;
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows
And slippery ice awhile their course oppose.
But when at length they reach'd the rocky height,
A spacious level opens to their sight,
There youthful spring salutes th' enraptur'd eye,
Unfading verdure, and a gladsome sky ;
Eternal zephyrs through the groves prevail,
And incense breathes in every balmy gale ;
No irksome change th' unvaried climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate snows :
A genial power the tender herbage feeds,
And decks with every sweet the smiling meads ;
Diffuses soft perfumes from every flower,
And clothes with lasting shade each rural bower :
There, rear'd aloft, a stately palace stands,
Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.

The warriors, weary with the steep ascent
More slowly o'er th' enamell'd meadow went ;
Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,
Now paus'd awhile, and now their course pursu'd.

Stretch their blue ridges o'er the distant eye,
And heave their summits to upset the sky.

When sudden, falling from the rocky heights,
A copious stream the traveller's thirst excites ;
From hence a thousand rills dispersing flow,
And trickle through the grassy vale below :
At length, uniting all their different tides,
In verdant banks a gentle river glides,
With murmuring sound a bowery gloom pervades.
And rolls its sable waves through pendant shades :
A cool retreat ! the flowery border shows
A pleasing couch, inviting soft repose.
Behold the fatal spring where laughter dwells,
Dire poison lurking in its secret cells !
Here let us guard our thoughts, our passions rein,
And every loose desire in bonds detain :
A deafen'd ear to dulcet music lend,
Nor dare the Syren's impious lays attend.

The knights advanc'd till, from their narrow bed,
Wide in a lake the running waters spread.
There on the banks a sumptuous table plac'd,
With rare and flavoured cates allur'd the taste.
Two blooming damsels* in the water lave,
And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.

[* All this beautiful passage is imitated, or rather translated, by Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, where Guyon is described with the palmer, entering the bower of bliss.

“ Two naked damsels he therein espy'd,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestled wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their mystic parts from view of any which them ey'd.

— — — — —
“ As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the sea does rear ;
Or as the Cyprian Goddess, newly born
Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear ;
Such seemed they, and so their yellow hair
Crystalline humour dropped down apace.

The hills and mounds, where lakes and ponds have all got
 Into their old beds, were torn up for small shot,

“ With that, the other likewise up arose,
 And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
 Up in one knot, she low adown did loose ;
 Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
 And th' ivory in golden mantle gound ;
 So that fair spectacle from him was reft,
 Yet that which reft it no less fair was found :
 So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.”

Fairy Queen, B. ii. c. 12. st. 65, 67.]

Now round in sport they dash the sprinkling tide ;
 And now with nimble strokes the stream divide :
 Now, sunk at once, they vanish from the eyes ;
 And now again above the surface rise !

The naked wantons, with enticing charms,
 Each warrior's bosom fill'd with soft alarms ;
 Awhile they stay'd their steps, and silent view'd,
 As those their pastime unconcern'd pursu'd,
 Till one erect in open light appear'd,
 And o'er the stream her ivory bosom rear'd ;
 Her upward beauties to the sight reveal'd :
 The rest, beneath, the crystal scarce conceal'd.

As when the morning star, with gentle ray,
 From seas emerging, leads the purple day :
 As when, ascending from the genial flood,
 The queen of love on ocean's bosom stood :
 So seems the damsel, so her locks diffuse
 The pearly liquid in descending dew ;
 Till on th' approaching chiefs she turn'd her eyes,
 Then feign'd with mimic fear, a coy surprise :
 Swift from her head she loos'd, with eager haste,
 The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd ;
 The falling tresses o'er her limbs display'd,
 Wrapt all her beauties in a golden shade !
 Thus hid in locks, and circled by the flood,
 With side-long glance, o'erjoy'd, the knights she view'd.

Great lakes like Huron and the Caspian show,
How deep their huge grenades held root below ;

Her smiles amid her blushes lovelier show ;
Amid her smiles her blushes lovelier glow !
At length she rais'd her voice with melting art,
Whose magic strains might pierce the firmest heart.

O happy strangers ! to whose feet 'tis given
To reach these blissful seats, this earthly heaven :
View here those rapturous scenes so fam'd of old,
When earthly mortals view'd an age of gold.
No longer wear the helm, the falchion wield,
The cumbrous corslet, or the weighty shield ;
Here hang your useless arms amidst the grove,
The warriors now of peace-inspiring love !
Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flowery turf amid the smiling mead.
Then let us lead you to our sovereign's eyes,
From whose diffusing power our blessings rise.
She shall among those few your names receive,
Elected here in endless joys to live.

But first refresh your limbs beneath the tide,
And taste the viands which our cares provide.

She ceas'd ; her lovely partner join'd her prayer,
With looks persuasive, and enticing air.
So, in the scene, the active dancers bound,
And move responsive to the tuneful sound.

In circling form the costly structure rose ;
And deep within the wondrous walls enclose
A beauteous garden, whose delightful scene
Eclips'd the fairest boast of mortal men.
The fiends had bent their skill a pile to raise,
Perplex'd with secret rooms and winding ways ;
And in the centre lay the magic bowers,
Impervious to the search of human powers.

Now through the loftiest gate the warriors pass'd,
(A hundred gates the spacious structure grac'd)
With sculptur'd silver, glorious to behold,
The valves on hinges hung of burnish'd gold !
Surpris'd they saw, excell'd in every part,
The rich materials, by the sculptor's art.

E'er they were rudely jerk'd up from their bedding,
To dart fell blows at the combattants heading :

In all but speech alive the figures rise ;
Nor speech they seem to want to wondering eyes !
In female converse there (inglorious state !)
Alcides midst Mæonia's damsels sate.
'There he who propp'd the stars, and hell subdu'd,
The distaff bore ; while love beside him stood,
And with exulting smiles his conquest view'd.
There Iolè was seen, whose feeble hand
With pride the hero's ponderous club sustain'd :
The lion's hide conceal'd the beauteous dame,
Too rough a covering for so soft a frame !
To this oppos'd, the chiefs a sea beheld ;
Its azure field with frothy billows swell'd.
There, in the midst, two hostile natives ride ;
'Their arms in lightning flash from side to side.
Augustus o'er his Romans here commands :
There Anthony conducts from Eastern lands
His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian bands.
Thou wouldst have thought the Cyclades uptorn,
And hills with hills in horrid conflict borne !
So fierce the shock, when, joining ship with ship,
The navies meet amidst the roaring deep !
Firebrands and javelins fly from foe to foe ;
Unusual slaughter stains the flood below.
Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight)
Behold where Cleopatra takes her flight.
See ! Anthony, of fame forgetful, flies,
No more his hopes to glorious empire rise :
Yet o'er his soul no servile fear prevails ;
Her flight alone impels his yielding sails.
Contending passions all his soul inflame,
Disdain, and rage, and love, and conscious shame ;
While, with alternate gaze, he views from far
Her parting vessel, and the dubious war.
Now Nile receives him on his watery breast ;
There, in his mistress' arms, he sinks to rest ;
There seems, resign'd, the threatening hour to wait,
And soften with her smiles the stroke of fate.

And hit or miss, when having spent their force
In air—came down by land or sea of course.

With storied labours thus the portals grac'd,
The heroes view'd and thence intrepid pass'd,
And now they try'd the labyrinth's winding maze ;
As fam'd Meander moves a thousand ways ;
Now rolls direct, now takes a devious course,
Now seems to seek again his native source ;
The frequent turnings so their eyes deceiv'd :
But soon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd ;
Display'd each various passage to their sight,
And led through paths oblique their steps aright.

The garden then unfolds a beauteous scene,
With flowers adorn'd, and ever-living green.
There silver lakes reflect the beaming day ;
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play :
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,
And groves, and caves, and grottos, strike the eyes.
Art show'd her utmost power, but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held,
It seem'd as nature play'd a sportive part,
And strove to mock the mimic works of art !
By powerful magic breathes the vernal air,
And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear :
Eternal fruits on every branch endure ;
Those swelling from their buds, and these mature.
'There, on one parent stock, the leaves among,
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.
Depending apples here the boughs unfold ;
Those green in youth, these mellow'd into gold.
The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
And curls her tendrils to the genial sky :
'These the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce,
And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.
The joyous birds, conceal'd in every grove,
With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.
Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round ;
The woods and waters yield a murmuring sound ;
When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies ;
But, when they sing, in gentle whispers dies :

Saving, some flighty fragments of the world,
With such gigantic, godly swiftness whirl'd

By turns they sink, by turns their music raise,
And blend, with equal skill, harmonious lays.

Among the rest, with plumes of various dyes,
And purple beak, a beauteous songster flies ;
Wondrous to tell, with human speech endu'd,
He fills with vocal strains the blissful wood :
The birds attentive close their silent wings,
While thus the fair, the soothing charmer sings.

Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose :
When, half inwapt, and half to view reveal'd,
She gives new pleasure from her charms conceal'd.
But when she shows her bosom wide display'd,
How soon her sweets exhale, her beauties fade !
No more she seems the flower so lately lov'd,
By virgins cherish'd, and by youths approv'd !
So, swiftly fleeting with the transient day,
Passes the flower of mortal life away !

In vain the spring returns, the spring no more
Can waining youth to former time restore :
Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,
And, while to love 'tis given, indulge in love !

He ceas'd : th' approving choir with joy renew
Their rapturous music, and their loves pursue.
Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill :
The feather'd nations take their amorous fill.
The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield,
And all the leafy tenants of the field :
The earth and streams one soul appears to move,
All seem impregnate with the seeds of love.

Through these alluring scenes of magic power
The virtuous warriors pass'd, and pass'd secure :
When 'twixt the quivering boughs they cast their sight,
And see the damsel and the Christian knight.
There sate Armida on a flowery bed ;
Her wanton lap sustain'd the hero's head :
Her opening veil her ivory bosom show'd ;
Loose to the fanning breeze her tresses flow'd ;

Off in a tangent ;
 Made such a harem,
 Random scare'em,
 Centrifugal range on't ;

A langour seem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,
 And every feature glow'd with amorous flame.
 The pearly moisture on her beauteous face
 Improv'd the blush, and heighten'd every grace :
 Her wandering eyes confess'd a pleasing fire,
 And shot the trembling beams of soft desire.
 Now, fondly hanging o'er with head declin'd,
 Close to his cheek her lovely cheek she join'd ;
 While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,
 And drank, with eager thirst, new draughts of love.
 Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,
 She kiss'd his vermil lips and swimming eyes ;
 Till from his inmost heart he heav'd a sigh,
 As if to hers his parting soul would fly !

All this the warriors from the shade survey,
 And mark, conceal'd, the lovers' amorous play.
 Dependent from his side (unusual sight !)
 Appear'd a polish'd mirror, beamy bright :
 This in his hand the enamour'd champion rais'd ;
 On this, with smiles, the fair Armida gaz'd.
 She in the glass her form reflected 'spies :
 And he consults the mirror of her eyes :
 One proud to rule, one prouder to obey ;
 He bless'd in her, and she in beauty's sway.
 Ah ! turn those eyes on me (exclaims the knight)
 Those eyes that bless me with their heavenly light !
 For know, the power that every lover warms,
 In this fond breast Armida's image forms.
 Since I, alas ! am scorn'd ! here turn thy sight.
 And view thy native graces with delight :
 Here on that face thy ravish'd looks employ,
 Where springs eternal love, eternal joy !
 Or rather range through yon celestial spheres,
 And view thy likeness in the radiant stars

They lost the centripetal action
Of earth, for Luna's soft attraction :

The lover ceas'd ; the fair Armida smil'd,
And still with wanton toys the time beguil'd.
Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair ;
Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care :
Part, with her hand, in shining curls she roll'd,
And deck'd with azure flowers the waving gold,
Her veil compos'd, with roses sweet she dress'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breast.
Not half so proud, of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock sets to view his glittering train :
Not Iris shows so fair, when dewy skies
Reflect the changeful light with various dies.
But o'er the rest her wond'rous cestus shin'd,
Whose mystic round her tender waist confin'd.
Here unembod'y'd spells th' enchantress mix'd,
By potent arts, and in a girdle fix'd ;
Repulses sweet, soft speech, and gay desires,
And tender scorn that fans the lover's fires ;
Engaging smiles, short sighs of mutual bliss,
The tear of transport, and the melting kiss.
All these she join'd, her powerful work to frame,
And artful temper'd in th' annealing flame.
Now with a kiss, the balmy pledge of love,
She left her knight, and issu'd from the grove.

[12] “ *There's Captain Jason had some pulls,* ” &c.—See p. 42.

Jason, commander of the Argonautæ, a name given to those ancient heroes who went with him on board the ship Argo to Colchis, about seventy-nine years before the taking of Troy, or B. C. 1263. The causes of this expedition arose from the following circumstance :—Athamas, king of Thebes, had married Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, whom he divorced to marry Nephele, by whom he had two children, Phryxus and Helle. As Nephele was subject to certain fits of madness, Athamas repudiated her, and took a second time Ino, by whom he had soon after two sons, Learchus and Melicerta. As the children of Nephele were to succeed to

So took up lodgings at the moon ;
Hence at night's noon,

their father by right of birth, Ino conceived an immortal hatred against them, and she caused the city of Thebes to be visited by a pestilence, by poisoning all the grain which had been sown in the earth. Upon this the oracle was consulted, and as it had been corrupted by means of Ino, the answer was, that Nephele's children should be immolated to the gods. Phryxus was apprised of this, and he immediately embarked with his sister Helle, and fled to the court of Ætes, king of Colchis, one of his near relations. In the voyage Helle died, and Phryxus arrived safe at Colchis, and was received with kindness by the king. The poets have embellished the flight of Phryxus, by supposing that he and Helle fled through the air on a ram which had a golden fleece and wings, and was endowed with the faculties of speech. This ram, as they say, was the offspring of Neptune's amours, under the form of a ram, with the nymph Theophane. As they were going to be sacrificed, the ram took them on his back, and instantly disappeared in the air. On their way Helle was giddy, and fell into that part of the sea which from her was called the Hellespont. When Phryxus came to Colchis, he sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, or, according to others, to Mars, to whom he also dedicated the golden fleece. He soon after married Chalciope the daughter of Ætes ; but his father-in-law envied him the possession of the golden fleece, and therefore to obtain it he murdered him. Some time after this event, when Jason the son of Æson, demanded of his uncle Pelias the crown which he usurped, Pelias said that he would restore it to him, provided he avenged the death of their common relation Phryxus, whom Ætes had basely murdered in Colchis. Jason, who was in the vigour of youth, and of an ambitious soul, cheerfully undertook the expedition, and embarked with all the young princes of Greece in the ship Argo. They stopped at the Island of Lemnos, where they remained two years, and raised a new race of men from the Lemnian women who had murdered their husbands. After they had left Lemnos, they visited Samothrace, where they offered sacrifices to the gods, and thence passed to Troas and to Cyzicum. Here they met

At even your optic glasses end,
If you attend,

with a favourable reception from Cyzicus the king of the country. The night after their departure, they were driven back by a storm again on the coast of Cyzicum, and the inhabitants and the Argonauts, taking each other for enemies, furiously attacked each other. In this unfortunate nocturnal engagement, the slaughter was great; and when morning showed them their irretrievable mistake, their reciprocal lamentations were equally so: the king Cyzicus was among the slain—his queen immediately followed, by a violent death from her own hand. The funeral obsequies and inconsolable grief, is described most pathetically, and given in the notes following the text, in the Chapter of Laments, where the tears of those who weep are turned into perpetual streamlets, as in the case of Niobe, petrified to marble,

“ Where fix’d she stands upon a bleaky hill,
And down her marble cheeks eternal tears distil.”

From Cyzicum they visited Bebrycia, otherwise called Bithynia, where Pollux accepted the challenge of Amycus king of the country, in the combat of the cestus, and slew him. They were driven from Bebrycia by a storm, to Salmydessus, on the coast of Thrace, where they delivered Phineus, king of the place, from the persecution of the Harpies. Phineus directed their course through the Cynean rock or the Symplegades, and they safely entered the Euxine sea. They visited the country of the Mariandinians, where Lycus reigned, and lost two of their companions, Idmon, and Tiphys their pilot. After they had left this coast, they were driven upon the Island of Arecia, where they found the children of Phryxus; whom Ætes their grandfather had sent to Greece to take possession of their father’s kingdom. From this Island they at last arrived safe in Æea, the capital of Colchis. Jason explained the cause of his voyage to Ætes; but the conditions on which he was to recover the golden fleece, were so hard, that the Argonauts must have perished in the attempt, had not Medea, the king’s daughter, fallen in love with their leader. She had a conference with Jason, and after mutual oaths of fidelity in the temple of Hecate, Medea

You'll see how rough the crescent's edge is,
With gaping glens and craggy ledges.

pledged herself to deliver the Argonauts from her father's hard conditions, if Jason married her, and carried her with him to Greece. He was to tame two bulls, which had brazen feet and horns, and which vomited clouds of fire and smoke, and to tie them to a plough made of adamant stone, and to plough a field of ground never before cultivated. After this he was to sow in the plain the teeth of a dragon, from which an armed multitude were to rise up, and to be all destroyed by his hands. This done, he was to kill an ever-watchful dragon, which was at the bottom of the tree, on which the golden fleece was suspended. All these labours were to be performed in one day; and Medea's assistance, whose knowledge of herbs, magic, and potions, was unparalleled, easily extricated Jason from all danger, to the astonishment and terror of his companions, and of Ætes, and the people of Colchis, who had assembled to be spectators of this wonderful action. He tamed the bulls with ease, ploughed the field, sowed the dragon's teeth, and when the armed men sprung from the earth, he threw a stone in the midst of them, and they immediately turned their weapons one against the other, till they all perished. After this he went to the dragon, and by means of enchanted herbs, and a draught which Medea had given him, lulled the monster to sleep, and obtained the golden fleece, and immediately set sail with Medea. He was soon pursued by Absyrtus, the king's son, who came up to them, and was seized and murdered by Jason and Medea. The mangled limbs of Absyrtus were strewed in the way through which Ætes was to pass, that his further pursuit might be stopped. After the murder of Absyrtus they entered the Palus Mæotis, and by pursuing their course toward the left, they came to the Island Peucestes, and to that of Circe. Here Circe informed Jason, that the cause of all his calamities arose from the murder of Absyrtus, of which she refused to expiate him. Soon after, they entered the Mediterranean by the columns of Hercules, and passed the straits of Charybdis and Scylla, where they must have perished, had not Tethys, the mistress of Peleus, one of the Argonauts, delivered them. They were pre-

Says Patrick—twang—
 You craze my brain :
 But James O'Kain,
 Ne'er broke the chain,
 Nor dous'd the strain,
 Of his harangue :

served from the Syrens by the eloquence of Orpheus, and arrived in the island of the Phæacians, where they met the enemy's fleet, which had continued their pursuit by a different course. It was therefore resolved, that Medea should be restored, if she had not been actually married to Jason ; but the wife of Alcinous, the king of the country, being appointed umpire between the Colchians and Argonauts, had the marriage privately consummated by night, and declared that the claims of Ætes to Medea were now void. From Phæacia the Argonauts came to the bay of Ambracia, whence they were driven by a storm upon the coast of Africa, and after many disasters, at last came in sight of the promontory of Melea, in the Peloponnesus, where Jason was purified of the murder of Absyrtus, and soon after arrived safe in Thessaly.

MEDEA'S STRUGGLE, between Life and Death, Love and Honour—Life and Love prevailing, pathetically expressed in her Soliloquy, it is that honour, but not that life, spoken of in these beautiful lines of the Fabulist, addressed to the *Female Sex*.

'Tis true of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life ;
 Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep Sabea's spicy vales.
 Nor all the healing sweets restore
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The traveller, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure.

More than he snarl'd this word or yelp'd it,
If Claudian lied, could I have help'd it?

But Woman no redemption knows ;
The wounds of Honour never close.
Tho' distant every hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide ;
If once her feeble barque recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter follies fly before ;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wanderer from repose :
Then will no offerings atone,
For but one single error—none.

[*But see what Princess Medea says upon the subject.*]

Then pausing thus : “ Ah ! wretched me,” she cries ;
Where e'er I turn what varied sorrows rise ;
Toss'd in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
I glow, I burn, yet bless the pleasing fire.
Oh, had this spirit from its prison fled,
By Dian sent to wander with the dead ;
E'er the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies.
E'er Jason, lovely Jason, met these eyes.
Hell gave the shining mischief, to our cost,
Medea saw him, and Medea lost ;
But why these sorrows—if the powers on high
His death decree'd ? die, wretched Jason, die.
Shall I elude my art, my loves betray ?
Ah, me ! what words shall purge my guilt away ?
But could I yield ? O ! whither must I run,
To find the chief whom virtue bids me shun ?
Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly ?
And yet I must—if Jason bleeds, I die :
Honour farewell—adieu for ever, shame !
Hail, black disgrace ! and branded be my name.
Live, Jason, live—enjoy the vital air ;
Live, thro' my aid, and fly where winds can bear.

And then proceeds,
With smoking steeds,

But when thou fly'st, cords, poisons lend your aid!
That day Medea treads the Stygian shade.
Yet what reproach will after death be cast,
The maids of Colchia will my honour blast;
I hear them cry—see the false Medea, dead,
Thro' guilty passion for a stranger's bed:
Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
Prefer'd a stranger to a father's name.
Oh! may I rather yield this vital breath,
Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death."

Thus would the fair, then, seiz'd with horrid joy,
Drugs, foes to life, and potent to destroy,
A magazine of death—again she pours,
From her swoln eye-lids, tears in shining showers.
With grief insatiate, comfortless she stands,
And opes the casket, but with trembling hands:
A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades.
She stands, deep musing, with a faded brow,
Absorb'd in thought, a monument of wo;
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend.
By thought deep imag'd in her bosom, play
Endearing life, and charm despair away:
Enliv'ning scenes with sweeter light arise,
And every object brightens to her eyes.
Then from her hands the baneful drugs she throws,
Consents to live, recover'd from her woes.

The Monument of Sthenelus, as it appeared to the Argonauts.

Still as their course the daring Greeks pursue,
The monument of Sthenelus they view.
With honours grac'd obtain'd in realms afar,
Returning from the Amazonian war,
On the bleak shore, Alcides at his side,
Pierc'd by a fatal dart, the hero died.

And onward speeds,
Where malice leads,

Slow sail'd they on, for eager to survey,
His kindred warriors on the wat'ry way,
At his request, from her infernal coast,
Pluto's grim Queen releas'd the pensive ghost.
The pensive ghost beheld with eager ken,
From the tall monument, the ship and men :
As arm'd for war the martial phantom seem'd,
Four crests high towering on his helmet beam'd.
With purple rays intolerably bright,
Then soon it sunk beneath the shades of night ;
In mute amazement stood the Grecian host,
But Mopsus counsell'd to appease the ghost.

[13] "*In heaven it was a sore contest,*" &c.—See page 46.

Description of the Battles of Michael and Gabriel, sent
forth against Satan and his Angels.—MILTON.

" So spake the sov'reign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd ; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow ;
At which command the powers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
Indissolubly firm, nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread ; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came, summon'd over Eden, to receive
Their names of thee ; so over many a tract

To the crusades, [15]
 Where crusadeers,
 Those holy blades,

Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide.
 Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last,
 Far in th' horizon to the north appeared
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
 In battailous aspect, and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
 The banded powers of Satan, hasting on
 With furious expedition ; for they ween'd
 That self-same day, by fight or by surprise
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer ; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
 In the mid-way : tho' strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that angel should with angel war,
 And in fierce hoisting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
 Hymning the eternal Father : but the shout
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,
 The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
 Idol of majesty divine, enclosed
 With flaming cherubim and golden shields ;
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length : before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
 Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold :

— — — — —
 ' This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

For threescore years
And ten,

“ So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
 Such ruin intercept ; ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd ; as if on earth
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
 Thus foil'd their mighties ; ours joy filled, and shout.
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battle : whereat Michaël bid sound
 Th' archangel trumpet ; through the vast of Heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the highest : nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
 Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage ; all Heav'n
 Resounded, and, had Earth been then, all Earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder ? when
 Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions ; how much more of pow'r
 Army against army numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;

Were swigging blood,
 Through love of God—
 Amen.

Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
 From his strong hold of Heav'n, high overrul'd
 And limited their might ; though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd
 A numerous host ; in strength each armed hand
 A legion ; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear ; each on himself relied,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory : deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite : for wide was spread
 That war and various ; sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
 The battle hung : till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch foe subdu'd,
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown,
 And visage all inflam'd, first thus began.

Raw head and bloody bones, says James, must then
Have grinn'd his horrid ghastly smile again.

“ They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike pow'r ? for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror ; from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both with next t' Almighty arm
Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once ; nor odds appeared
In might or swift prevention : but the sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd
All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore
The girding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him : but th' eternal substance clos'd.
Not long divisible ; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spi'rits may bleed,

Who stab and take each other's lives—
Saying ' that's for Christ's sake,'

And all his armour stain'd, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war : there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd ; for spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

" Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defied,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd, Adramelech and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight.
Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow

Heaven save us from their pious knives,
For Pat's or my sake.

Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
Seek not the praise of men ; the other sort,
In might though wond'rous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell
For strength, from truth divided and fir
Illaudable, naught merits but disprais
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

“ And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd.
With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strewn, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience ; till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise th' inviolable saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd ;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained.

Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,

Tho', who's afraid ? who fears to fight and die ?
 Who starts at knives, hot shot, and mortar-pieces ?

To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :

“ ‘ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold ;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure, and with open breast
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse :
 But that I doubt ; however, witness Heaven !
 Heav'n, witness thou anon ! while we discharge
 Freely our part : ye who appointed stand,
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear ! ”

“ So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended, when to right and left the front
 Divided, and to either flank retir'd ;
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
 A triple-mounted row of pillars laid
 On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
 With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd,)
 Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce ; at each behind
 A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipp'd with fire ; while we, suspense,
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd ;
 Not long ; for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
 From these deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
 Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
 Their dev'lish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
 Of iron globes ; which on the victor host
 Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,

Ha ! Pat M'Hone—that's neither you nor I ;
 We gird our might on as the storm increases ;

Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
 By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd ;
 The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd, they might
 Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove ; but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout ;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
 What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd.
 And to their foes a laughter ; for in view
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tier
 Of thunder : back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

“ O friends ! why come not on these victors proud :
 Erewhile they fierce were coming ; and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (what could we more ?) propounded terms
 Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance ; yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.”

“ To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood,
 ‘ Leader ! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbled many : who receives them right
 Had need from head to foot well understand ;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They show us when our foes walk not upright.’ ”

“ So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory : eternal might

And while ignited grape and chain-shot fly,
 And death in iron tempests round us hisses !
 We gather wreaths on shelving precipices !!

To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble ; but they stood not long ;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose.
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
 Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
 (For earth hath this variety from Heaven
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew ;
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
 They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Uplifting bore them in their hands : amaze,
 Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
 When coming toward them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;
 Till on those cursed engines' triple-row
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep ;
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd ;
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruise'd,
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such pris'n, though spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore ;
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with jeculation dire,
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade :

Yet I must say—and say again—
 And will maintain—
 While teeth and claws and glory shall remain ;

Infernal noise ! war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose : and now all Heaven
 Had gone to wreck, with ruin overspread,
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure

“ So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right-hand of glory where he sat ;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through Heav'n : for rush'd with whirling
 sound

The chariot of paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes ; four faces each
 Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all,
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
 Of beril, and careering fires between ;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended ; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire :
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came, far off his coming shone ;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen :
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own

That all your battles, all together,
Would not preponderate a feather ;

First seen : them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven ;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd ;
At his command th' unprotected hills retir'd
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious ; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.

— — — — — and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake :
“ Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest ;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause ;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
Invincibly ; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs ;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints :
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude ; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me ; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves ; they all,
Or I alone against them ; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;

Your fights M'Hone, are nothing as is
The shadow of a shade that passes—

Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'

"So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues : they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage ; down their idle weapons dropp'd ;
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
'That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four
Distinct with eyes ; and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength :
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven :
'The overthrown he rais'd, and, as a herd
Of goats or tim'rous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him, thunderstruck, pursued
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heav'n, which, opening wide.

Compar'd to one, where I have been ;
And these two staring eyes have seen.

Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep : the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind : headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal wrath
Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.

“ Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n running from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin : Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of wo and pain.
Disburden'd Heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd ; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King.”

*The celebrated Victory of the Poles over Osman, the Turkish
Emperor, in the Dacian Battle.—WATTS.*

Glad the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years, (nor of the heroic muse
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube : seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy :
Still he resum'd the toil : and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough

Your fights are little nipperkins of milk,
But mine, a monstrous aqua fortis jar ;

In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets, and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest : he loos'd the yoke.
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me, taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot ; crop the sweet herb.
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear, and breathes ; yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields ? what mighty piles
Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead
Fill and amaze my eyes ! broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills.
And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
Deep bruised and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy
I was their captive, and remind their dress :)
Here the Polonians, dreadful march'd along
In august port, and regular array,
Led on to conquest ; here the Turkish chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, dress'd in arms.
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears ; when polish'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun
Restoring all his beams ! but frowning war
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
Wavering and doubtful where to bend its fall.
The storm of missive steel delay'd a while
By wise command ; fledg'd arrows on the nerve :

Your fights are tiny single threads of silk,
But mine a double thunderbolt of war :

And Scimitar and Sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant : till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms.
Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hissing death : with adverse edge
The crooked faulchions met ; and hideous noise
From clashing shield, thro' the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
Roar diverse ; and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony ! not all the frozen stores,
Of the cold *north*, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
Or so torment the air. Scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock :
The massy fragment many a rood in length
With hideous crash rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless plunging in the subject lake
Como' or *Lugaine* ; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills ;
Such was the noise of war : the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions ; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate appear
In all their murderous forms, and flame and blood,
And sweat and dust array the broad campaign
In horror : hasty feet and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight ; and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal, as the iron arms of death.
Here words austere of perilous command,

Your fights are streamlets down a blaid of leek, [16]
Or tears in channels of a wrinkled cheek :

And valour swift t' obey ; bold feats of arms,
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more surprising brightness
Than glittering helms or spears. What loud applause
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly through the battle ring !
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more num'rous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here ; more dreadful, tho' with lesser wings.

But what the Dahees or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians 'scaping from the slaughter,
Or Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe ? th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging thro' the sky
On sounding wheels, or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd.
And tumbles lofty forest headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussian, smoking from afar,
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates the artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene !
What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness ! while the cohorts firm
Met the like thunder, and an equal storm,
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,
And rush on the sharp point ; while baleful mischiefs,
Deaths, and bright dangers flew across the field,
'Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murmuring thro' their wounds. I stood aloof,
For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind

But mine the headlong, rushing, dashing torrent,
Of Mississippi's, deep, wide, unstemm'd current.

Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory, and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish moons
Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse
Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons : at length disrob'd
The standards fell ; the barbarous ensigns torn
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heav'n :
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb.
Nor high built size prevails : 'tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe,
And steel well sharp'n'd : so a generous pair
Of young wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.
Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran Bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty chiefs
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night,
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world,
Fled, but attended well ; for at their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood ; to the Warsovian troops
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen pool-axe flew
With speedy terror through the feebler herd,
And made rude havock and irregular spoil
Among the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand different ways
Thro' breaks and thorns, and climb'd the craggy moun-
tains,

Your fights are light as gleams
 Of Cynthia's latest beams.

Bellowing ; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,
 And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
 With awe ; till the last relics of the war
 The thin Edonians, flying had disclos'd
 The ghastly plain : I took a nearer view,
 Unseemly to the light, nor to the smell
 Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
 (A dismal carnage !) bath'd in reeking gore
 Lay welt'ring on the ground ; while flitting gore
 Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
 All taste of pain ! Here an old Thracian lies
 Deform'd with years, and scars, and groans aloud,
 Torn with fresh wounds ; but inward vitals firm
 Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down
 By the hard laws of nature, to sustain
 Long torment ; his wild eye-balls roll ; his teeth
 Gnashing with anguish, chide his lingering fate.
 Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
 Among the neighbouring dead ; they round their lord
 Lay prostrate ; some in flight ignobly slain,
 Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd
 Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
 Two beauteous youths of richest Ott'man blood
 Extended on the field ; in friendship join'd,
 Nor fate divides them : hardy warriors both ;
 Both faithful ; drown'd in show'rs of darts they fell,
 Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,
 In vain : for on those orbs of friendly brass
 Stood groves of javelins ; some alas, too deep
 Were planted there, and thro' their lovely bosoms
 Made painful avenues for cruel death.
 O my dear native land, forgive the tear
 I drop'd on their wan cheeks, when strong compassion
 Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
 And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.
 Dacia, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls

My conflict boasts a weight ;
That mock'd, and clos'd, and seal'd the book of fate :

Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the blest. " Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,
Gently," I cried, " worthy of better fate,
And better faith." Hard by the general lay
Of Saracen descent, a grisly form
Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a surly brow
Lowering in death, and vex'd ; his rigid jaws,
Foaming with blood, bite hard the Polish spear.
In that dead visage my remembrance reads
Rash Caracas : in vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan, threat'ning fierce,
With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold :
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Insulting hopes ! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end !

But whither am I born ?—————

—————the evening star
Shines o'er the western hill ; my oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer home.

The Indian Philosopher.—IBID.

Why should our joys transform to pain ?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove :
BENDYSH, 'tis strange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain ;

For Jove, intent in weighing out [17]
The sequel of this raging rout,

Then deep in thought within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his God, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream;
The birth of souls were all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

"He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
That vital mass, that still the same
Does all our minds compose:
But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
Thence diff'ring souls of differing names,
And jarring tempers rose.

"The mighty power that form'd the mind
One mould for every two design'd,
And bless'd the new-born pair;
This be a match for this: (he said)
Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here:

"But parting from their warm abode
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands:
Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
Our eastern souls have drop'd their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands.

His scale beam pois'd athwart ;
The milky way snapp'd short

“ Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life :
But oh ! the crowds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
And chain'd to' eternal strife !”

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard ;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow ;
“ Sure then (I cried) might I but see
That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
I may be happy too.

“ Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What distant lands this unknown fair,
Or distant seas detain ?
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
I'd fly, to meet and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain.”

[15] “ *To the Crusades,*” &c.—See page 79.

Hidraotes, king of Damascus, incited by a dæmon, sends his niece Armida* to the Christian camp. She is introduced to Godfrey ; and endeavours, by a feigned story of her misfortunes, to raise his compassion. Many of the chiefs, touched with her pretended sorrows, and inflamed with her beauty, are very pressing with Godfrey to permit them to engage in her cause. He at length yields to their request. Armida, during her residence in the camp, captivates, by her arts, almost all the principal commanders.

O'er wide Damascus and the neighb'ring land,
A fam'd magician, Hidraotes, reign'd ;
Who, from his youth, his early studies bent
T' explore the seeds of ev'ry dark event :

* The most remarkable heroine in “ *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.*”

In two, amid the quarrel :
 So Jove could not devise,
 Which side should bear the prize,
 Or wear the laurel.

A damsel for his niece the monarch own'd,
 Whose matchless charms were through the East re-
 nown'd ;
 To her was every art of magic known,
 And all the wiles of womankind her own.
 To her the king th' important task assign'd,
 And thus reveal'd the purpose of his mind :
 O ! thou, my best belov'd ! whose youthful charms.
 (Sweet smiles and graces, Love's resistless arms !)
 A manly mind and thoughts mature conceal ;
 Whose arts in magic even my own excel ;
 Great schemes I frame, nor shall those schemes be vain.
 Assist but thou the labours of my brain.
 Then heed my counsel, in the task engage,
 And execute the plan of cautious age.
 Go, seek the hostile camp : and there improve
 Each female artifice that kindles love :
 With speaking sorrows bathe thy powerful eyes,
 And mix thy tender plaints with broken sighs :
 For beauty, by misfortune's hand oppress'd,
 Can fashion to her will the hardest breast.
 With bashful mien relate the plausible tale ;
 With show of truth the secret falsehood veil.
 Use every art of words and winning smiles
 T' allure the leader Godfrey to thy toils :
 That thus, a slave to love and beauty won,
 His soul may loathe his enterprise begun.
 But if the Fates this snare shall render vain,
 In flame the boldest of the warrior train ;
 And lead them distant from the camp afar,
 Ne'er to return and mingle in the war.
 All ways are just to guard religion's laws,
 All means are lawful in our country's cause :

With this in view see all your fights,
Are fretful bands of scrabbling mites :

The great attempt Armida's bosom warms,
(Proud of her bloom and more than mortal charms :)
She thence, at evening's close, departs alone
Through solitary paths and ways unknown :
And trusts in female vests, and beauty bright,
To conquer armies unsubdu'd in fight.
But various rumours of her flight, diffus'd
With purpos'd art, the vulgar crowd amus'd.

Few days were past, when near the damsel drew
To where the Christian tents appear'd in view.
Her matchless charms the wondering bands surprise,
Provoke their whispers, and attract their eyes.
So mortals, through the midnight fields of air,
Observe the blaze of some unusual star.
Sudden they throng to view th' approaching dame,
Eager to learn her message and her name.
Not Argos, Cyprus, or the Delian coast
Could e'er a form or mien so lovely boast.
Now through her snowy veil, half hid from sight,
Her golden locks diffuse a doubtful light ;
And now, unveil'd, in open view they flow'd ;
So Phœbus glimmers through a fleecy cloud,
So from the cloud again redeems his ray,
And sheds fresh glory on the face of day.
In wavy ringlets falls her beauteous hair,
That catch new graces from the sportive air :
Declin'd on earth, her modest look denies
To show the starry lustre of her eyes :
O'er her fair face a rosy bloom is spread,
And stains her ivory skin with lovely red :
Soft breathing sweets her opening lips disclose ;
The native odours of the budding rose !
Her bosom bare displays its snowy charms,
Where Cupid frames and points his fiery arms :
Her smooth and swelling breasts are part reveal'd,
And part beneath her envious vest conceal'd ;
Her robes oppose the curious sight in vain,
No robes oppos'd can amorous thoughts restrain :

Or at the most, you may rely on't,
But pigmies to a sturdy giant ;

The gazer, fir'd with charms already shown,
Explores the wonders of the charms unknown,
As through the limpid stream, or crystal bright,
The rays of Phœbus dart their piercing light ;
So through her vest can daring fancy glide,
And view what modesty attempts to hide ;
Thence paints a thousand loves and soft desires,
And adds fresh fuel to the lover's fires !

Thus pass'd Armida through th' admiring crowd,
(With secret joy her heart exulting glow'd)
She read their thoughts, and various wiles design'd.
And schemes of future conquest fill'd her mind.
While in suspense her cautious eyes explor'd
Some guide to lead her to the Christian lord,
Before her sight the young Eustatius stands,
Great Godfrey's brother, who the host commands :
Her beauty's blaze the warrior's breast alarms,
He stays, and, wondering, gazes on her charms :
At once the flames of love his soul inspire ;
As o'er the stubble runs the blazing fire.
Then bold through youth, by amorous passion press'd,
He thus, with courtly words, the dame address'd :

Say, damsel ! (if thou bear'st a mortal name,
For sure thou seem'st not of terrestrial frame !
Since Heaven ne'er gave to one of Adam's race
So large a portion of celestial grace !)
What fortune bids thee to our camp repair ?
What fortune sends to us a form so fair ?
What art thou ? If of heavenly lineage say,
So let me, prostrate, rightful homage pay.

Too far thy praise extends, (she made reply)
My merits ne'er attain'd a flight so high :
Thy eyes, O chief ! a mortal wretch survey,
To pleasure dead, to grief a living prey !
Unhappy fate my footsteps hither led,
A fugitive forlorn, a wandering maid !
Godfrey I seek, on him my hopes depend,
Oppression's scourge, and injur'd virtue's friend !

Compar'd to one where I have been,
And these astonish'd eyes have seen.

Then, generous as thou seem'st, indulge my grief,
And grant me audience of thy godlike chief.

Then he : A brother sure may gain his ear,
May lead thee to him, and thy suit prefer :
Thou hast not chosen ill, O lovely dame !
Some interest in the leader's breast I claim :
Use as thou wilt (nor deem in vain my word)
His powerful sceptre and his brother's sword.

He ceas'd, and brought her where, retir'd in state.
Encircled by his chiefs, the Hero sate.
With awful reverence at his sight she bow'd,
Then seem'd abash'd with shame, and silent stood.
With gentle words the leader strove to cheer
Her drooping spirits, and dispel her fear ;
Till thus she fram'd her tale with fraudulent art,
In accents sweet, that won the yielding heart :

Unconquer'd prince ! whose far-resounding name
With every virtue fills the mouth of fame !
Whom kings themselves, subdu'd, with pride obey,
While vanquish'd nations glory in thy sway !
Known is thy valour, and thy worth approv'd,
By all esteem'd, and by thy foes belov'd !
Ev'n those confide in him they fear'd before,
And, when distress'd, thy saving hand implore.
I, who a different faith from thine profess ;
A faith obnoxious, which thy arms oppress ;
Yet hope, by thee, t' ascend my rightful throne,
Where once my sires in regal lustre shone.
If, from their kindred, others aid demand,
T' oppose the fury of a foreign band ;
I, since my friends no ties of pity feel,
Against my blood invoke the hostile steel.
On thee I call ; in thee my hopes I place ;
'Tis thine alone my abject state to raise.
No less a glory shall thy labours crown,
T' exalt the low, than pull the mighty down :
An equal praise the name of mercy yields
With routed squadrons in triumphant fields.

I also saw the sure portent, [18]
Of this immense event,

Oft hast thou snatch'd from kings the sovereign power :
Win now a like renown, and mine restore.
O! may thy pitying grace my cause sustain,
Nor let me on thy help rely in vain!
Witness that Power, to all an equal God!
Thy aid was ne'er in juster cause bestow'd.
But hear me first my hapless fortune show,
And speak the treachery of a kindred foe :
In me the child of Arbilan survey,
Who o'er Damascus once maintain'd the sway :
He, sprung of humbler race, in marriage gain'd
Fair Chariclea, and the crown obtain'd :
But she, who rais'd him to the sovereign state.
Ere I was born, receiv'd the stroke of fate.
One fatal day my mother snatch'd from earth ;
The same, alas ! beheld my hapless birth !
Five annual suns had scarce their influence shed,
Since from the world my dearest parent fled,
When, yielding to the fate of all mankind,
My sire in Heav'n his faithful consort join'd.
The monarch, to a brother's guardian care,
Consign'd his sceptre and his infant heir :
In whom he deem'd he justly might confide,
If ever virtue did in man reside.
The kingdom's rule he seiz'd, but still he show'd
A zeal for me, and for my country's good ;
While all his actions seem'd th' effects to prove
Of faith untainted and paternal love.
But thus, perchance, with shows of anxious zeal,
He sought his traitorous purpose to conceal :
Or else, sincere, t' effect his deep design,
My hand in marriage with his son to join.
I grew in years, and with me grew his son ;
In whom no knightly virtues ever shone :
Rude was his aspect, ruder was his soul,
Rapacious, proud, impatient of control ;
Such was the man my guardian had decreed
To share my kingdom and my nuptial bed.

But just a night
Or two, before the fight.

In vain to win me to his will he tried ;
I heard in silence, or his suit denied.
One day he left me, when his looks confess'd
Some fatal treason lurking in his breast ;
Alas ! methought I then could clearly trace
My future fortune in the tyrant's face :
From thence what visions did my soul affright,
Distract my sleep, and skim before my sight !
O'er all my spirits hung a mournful gloom,
A sure presage of every wo to come !
Oft to my view appear'd my mother's ghost,
A bloodless form, in tears and sorrows lost !
Ah me ! far distant from her former look !
Fly, fly, my daughter ! (thus the phantom spoke)
For thee the murderous steel the tyrant bears :
For thee his rage th' envenom'd bowl prepares !

But what avail'd these bodings of my mind ?
Why was I warn'd to shun the ill design'd ?
Could I, a helpless maid, resolve to roam,
A willing exile from my native home ?
A milder choice it seem'd to close my sight
In that dear place where first I saw the light.
Yet death I fear'd, and fear'd from death to fly ;
Nor knew on whom for counsel to rely.
To none I durst my secret thoughts relate,
But liv'd in dread suspense, uncertain of my fate !
Like one, who, every moment, thinks to feel
On his defenceless head th' impending steel.
But (whether fortune now was kinder grown,
Or Heaven reserv'd me yet for woes unknown)
A faithful courtier, who, with anxious cares,
Had bred my father from his infant years,
'Touch'd with compassion for my death decreed,
Reveal'd the tyrant's meditated deed ;
And own'd himself th' elected minister
That day the poison to my hand to bear.
He bade me fly, if still I wish'd to live,
And proffer'd every aid his power could give :

I saw the pantry's loaded shelves,
O'errun by mice, with garlands grac'd :

With soothing words against my fears he wrought ;
And soon confirm'd my undetermin'd thought :
With him I then resolv'd, at parting light,
To fly, and trust my safety to my flight.

'Twas now the hour that silence reign'd around
And welcome darkness hover'd o'er the ground ;
When, unperceiv'd, I pass'd the palace gate ;
(Two faithful maids companions of my fate)
Yet, with a tearful eye, and heavy mind,
I left my dear paternal seat behind ;
While, as my tardy feet their course pursu'd,
With longing looks, my lov'd, lost home I view'd.—
So seems a ship by sudden tempests toss'd,
And torn, unwilling, from its friendly coast.
All night, and all th' ensuing day, we pass'd
Through pathless deserts, and a dreary waste :
Till, seated on the borders of the land,
A castle's safe retreat at length we gain'd.
Here dwelt Arontes, who, with pious truth,
Preserv'd my life, the guardian of my youth.

But when the traitor saw his treason vain,
And found me thus escap'd his deathful train,
He, with inveterate rage and fraudulent mind,
Accus'd us of a crime himself design'd.
My bribes (he said) had false Arontes wrought
To mingle deadly poison in his draught ;
That, when he could no more my will restrain,
To loose desires my soul might give the rein.
Ah ! first let lightning on my head descend,
Ere, sacred virtue ! I thy laws offend !
With grief the tyrant on my throne I view'd,
And saw him thirsting still to shed my blood ;
But, more than all, I mourn'd my virgin name
Traduc'd, dishonour'd, made the sport of fame !
The wretch, who fear'd the vulgar herd enrag'd,
With plausible tales the public ear engag'd ;
'That, dubious of the truth, in deep suspense,
The city rose not in their queen's defence.



For Jove intent in weighing out. &c.

To fear estrang'd the little elves,
 Amus'd their sweethearts, and themselves,
 All on the best :

Thus, while he feigns a zeal t' efface the shame
 My crimes have brought upon the regal name,
 He seeks my ruin, which he knows alone
 Can fix the basis of his tottering throne.
 And, ah, the wretch too sure success will find
 In the dire purpose of his ruthless mind !
 Since tears are vain, my blood must quench his rage,
 Unless thy mercy in my cause engage.
 To thee, O mighty chief ! I fly for aid,
 An ill starr'd orphan, and a helpless maid !
 O ! let these tears, that have thy feet bedew'd,
 Prevent th' effusion of my guiltless blood !
 O ! by those feet that tread the proud in dust !
 By that right-hand that ever helps the just !
 By all the laurels that thy arms have won !
 By every temple in yon hallow'd town !
 In pity grant what thou alone canst give ;
 Restore my crown, in safety bid me live !—
 But what from pity can I hope to prove,
 If piety and justice fail to move !
 Thou, to whom Heaven and fate decree to will
 Whate'er is just, and what thou wilt'st fulfil ;
 O ! stretch thy hand, my threaten'd life retrieve,
 And, in return, my kingdom's crown receive.
 Among the numbers that thy arms attend,
 Let ten selected chiefs my cause befriend ;
 These, with my people and paternal train,
 May well suffice my ancient seat to gain :
 For he, to whom is given the portal's care,
 Will, at my word, by night the gates unbar ;
 By his advice t' implore thy aid I came :
 Thy least of succours will his hopes inflame ;
 So much his soul reveres thy arms and name. }
 She said ; and ceasing, waited his reply
 With silent eloquence and downcast eye.

Of viands rich and various paste :
 Their jocund faces wash'd with milk,

But various thoughts revolv'd in Godfrey's mind,
 Now here, now there, his dubious heart inclin'd :
 He fear'd the hostile guiles ; for well he knew
 How little trust to Pagan faith was due :
 But tender pity still his soul confess'd,
 Pity, that sleeps not in a noble breast :
 Nor this alone within his bosom wrought ;
 The common good employ'd his careful thought :
 He saw th' advantage that his arms might gain,
 Should fair Armida o'er Damascus reign :
 Who thence, her state dependent on his hands, }
 Might furnish every aid the time demands, }
 Against th' Egyptians and auxiliar bands. }
 While thus he paus'd, the dame attentive stood,
 Dwelt on his face, and every gesture view'd ;
 But when she found his speech so long delay'd,
 Her frequent sighs her doubts and fears betray'd.
 At length the leader her request denies ;
 Yet thus with mild and gracious words replies :

If God, whose holy service arms our band,
 Did not, ev'n now, our pious swords demand :
 Well might thy hopes expect the wish'd success,
 Nor find our pity only, but redress.
 But, while yon city walls and chosen flock
 We seek to free from proud oppression's yoke ;
 It ill befits to turn aside our force,
 And stop our conquests in the middle course.
 Yet here to thee my solemn faith I give,
 And in that pledge do thou securely live ;
 If e'er, indulgent to our arms, 'tis given
 To free those holy walls, belov'd of Heaven !
 Then will we place thee in thy native lands,
 As justice bids, and piety commands :
 But piety, like this, must impious show,
 If first we pay not what to God we owe.

At this unwelcome speech the damsel turn'd
 Her eyes awhile to earth, and silent mourn'd ;

Their dandy russet coats were silk,
And love and glee fill'd every breast.

Then rais'd them slow, with pearly drops bedew'd,
And thus, with pleading looks, her plaint renew'd :

Ah, wretch ! did ever Heav'n on one bestow
A life so fix'd in never-ending wo ;
That others even their nature shall forget,
Ere I subdue the rigour of my fate !
Why should I weep, since hopes no more remain,
And prayers assail the human breast in vain ?
Or will my savage foe his ears incline
To griefs that fail to move a mind like thine ?
Yet think not that my words thy heart accuse,
Whose firm resolves so small an aid refuse :
Heaven I accuse ; from thence my sorrows flow :
Heaven steels thy heart against a virgin's wo !
Not thou, O chief ! but Fate this aid denies.—
Then let me view no more the hated skies.—
Suffic'd it not (by unrelenting doom)
To lose my parents in their early bloom ?
But, exil'd, must I lead a wandering life,
Or fall a victim to the murderer's knife ?
Since the chaste laws, by which our sex is tied,
Amidst your camp forbid me to reside,
Where shall I fly ? what friendly powers engage ?
How save my person from the tyrant's rage ?
No forts but open to his fury lie——
Then wherefore hesitates my soul to die ?
And, since 'tis vain with fortune to contend,
This hand at once my life and woes shall end.

She ceas'd ; and turn'd aside with regal grace :
A generous anger kindling in her face ;
Disdain and sorrow seem her breast to rend,
While from her eyes the copious tears descend,
And, trickling, down her lovely visage run,
Like lucid pearls transparent to the sun !
O'er her fair cheeks the crystal moisture flows,
Where lilies mingle with the neighbouring rose.
So, wet with dew, the flowers at dawning day,
To balmy gales their opening sweets display :

And while they tripp'd their riggadoons,
O'er silver vases, cups and spoons ;

Aurora views, and gathers from the mead
A varied garland for her radiant head.

Thus sweet in wo appears the weeping dame,
Her falling tears a thousand hearts inflame.
O ! wond'rous force of Love's mysterious fire,
That lights in tears the flames of soft desire !
Almighty Love the world in triumph leads,
But now, by her inspir'd, himself exceeds !
Her seeming grief bids real sorrows flow,
And melts the heart with sympathetic wo ;
While each apart, with indignation, cries :
" If Godfrey still his pitying ear denies,
His infant years some hungry tigress fed,
Some horrid rock on Alpine mountains bred ;
Or waves produc'd him, 'midst the howling main,
Who sees such beauty mourn, and mourn in vain !"
But young Eustatius, by his zeal inspir'd,
Whom most the torch of love and pity fir'd,
(When others murmur'd, or their words repress'd)
Stood forth, and boldly thus the chief address'd :

O prince and brother ! whose unshaken mind
Too firmly holds its purpose first design'd,
If still unpitying thou refuse to hear
The sense of all, their universal prayer,
I ask not that the chiefs whose care presides
O'er subject kingdoms, and their actions guides,
Should from the hallow'd city's walls recede,
Neglectful of their task, by Heaven decreed ;
But from our band, that independent came,
Adventurous warriors to the field of fame,
Ten champions yield, selected from the rest,
To cherish virtue, and relieve th' oppress'd :
Nor does the man forsake the cause of Heaven
Whose succour to a helpless maid is given ;
For sure I deem a tyrant's death must prove
A grateful tribute to the powers above.
And should I waive th' advantage here in view,
That must undoubted to our cause ensue ;

They sung, "good news has come to town ;"
 Their grisly foe had fallen down.

Yet duty would alone my arms excite ;
 By knighthood sworn to guard a virgin's right.
 Forbid it Heaven ! that ever France should hear,
 Or any land where courteous acts are dear ;
 That dangers or fatigues our souls dismay'd,
 When piety and justice claim'd our aid.
 No longer let me then this helmet wear,
 No longer wield the sword, or corslet bear ;
 No more in steed, or glittering arms, delight ;
 No more usurp the honour'd name of knight !

Thus spoke the youth : his brave companions, mov'd
 To open murmurs, all his words approv'd ;
 With earnest suit around their leaders press'd,
 And urg'd the justness of the knight's request.

Then Godfrey thus : Be what ye ask fulfill'd :
 To such united prayers my will I yield :
 Her aid requested let the dame receive ;
 Whom not my counsels, but your own relieve.
 Yet, if my words can such desires control,
 Subdue these warm emotions of the soul.

No more he said : nor needed more reply.
 All heard his grant, and heard with eager joy,
 What cannot beauty, join'd with sorrow, move,
 And tender accents from the lips of love ?
 Each rosy mouth supplies a golden chain
 To bind the fancy, and the heart constrain !

Eustatius then the weeping fair address'd :
 O lovely maid ! be now thy grief suppress'd :
 Soon shalt thou find the succour from our hands,
 Such as thy merit, or thy fear demands.

At this Armida clears her clouded brow ;
 With rising joy her blooming features glow ;
 While, with her veil, she wipes the tears away,
 And adds new lustre to the face of day !
 Then thus—For what your pitying grace bestows,
 Accept the thanks a grateful virgin owes ;
 The world due honour to your worth shall give,
 And in my heart your names shall ever live !

Their broom-sticks pois'd in murky air,
With haggard jaws and squallid hair ;

She said ; and what it seem'd her tongue denied,
Her looks with softer eloquence supplied !
While outward smiles conceal'd, with fraudulent art,
The mighty mischief lurking in her heart.

Soon as she saw how far her power had won,
And fortune favouring what her wiles begun,
She seiz'd th' occasion, and her schemes resolv'd,
To finish all her impious thoughts resolv'd,
With female beauty every breast to quell,
And Circe or Medea's charms excel ;
And, like a Syren, with her soothing strain,
To lull the firmest of the warrior train.
Each varied art to win the soul she tries ;
'To this, to that, a different mien applies ;
Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,
And now she rolls them with a wanton glance :
She these repels, and those incites to love,
As various passions various bosoms move.
And when some youth appears, who doubts to name
His hidden thoughts, or struggle with his flame ;
Soon on his face a cheerful smile she bends,
And from her eye a melting sweetness sends ;
Revives his hopes, inflames his slow desire,
And thaws the frost of fear with amorous fire.
From him, who, urg'd by fiercer passion, roves
Beyond the bound that modesty approves,
The wily fair her gentle look withdraws,
And with rebukes and frowns his rashness awes ;
Yet, 'midst the anger rising in her face,
A ray of pity blends the softening grace ;
The lover, while he fears, pursues the dame,
And in her pride finds fuel to his flame.

With arts like these a thousand souls she gains,
From every eye the tender tear constrains :
In pity's flame she tempers Cupid's dart,
To pierce the warrior's unresisting heart.

Ah ! cruel love ! thou bane of every joy,
Whose pains or sweets alike our peace destroy :

I saw nine blear-ey'd weeping witches ;
 All dress'd in black cloth :

Still equal woes from thee mankind endure,
 Fatal thy wounds, and fatal is the cure !

While thus she gives alternate frost and fires,
 And joy, and grief, and hope, and fear inspires,
 With cruel pleasure she their state surveys,
 Exulting in those ills her power could raise.
 Oft when some lover trembling wooes the fair,
 She seems to lend an unexperienc'd ear ;
 Or, while a crimson blush her visage dies,
 With coyness feign'd, she downward bends her eyes ;
 While shame and wrath, with mingled grace, adorn
 Her glowing cheeks, like beams of early morn !
 But when she sees a youth prepare to tell
 The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell ;
 Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies ;
 Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs !
 Thus holds from morn till eve his heart in play,
 Then slips, delusive, from his hope away ;
 And leaves him like a hunter in the chase,
 When night conceals the beast's uncertain trace !

With arms like these she made a thousand yield,
 A thousand chiefs unconquer'd in the field.
 What wonder then, if love Achilles mov'd ;
 His power if Hercules or Theseus prov'd ;
 When those, who drew the sword in Jesus' cause,
 Submissive bent beneath his impious laws ?

Now, 'midst her grief, the dame, exulting, mov'd
 The numerous warriors whom her smiles subdu'd :
 And, with her prey, she purpos'd to depart,
 Ere chance disclos'd her deep-designing art ;
 Far from the camp her captives to detain,
 In other bonds than love's too gentle chain.

'Twas now the time appointed by the chief
 To give th' afflicted damsel his relief :
 Him she approach'd, and lowly thus began :
 The day prefix'd, O prince ! its course has run :

And dismally indeed these bitches,
Became their sack-cloth.

And should the tyrant learn (by doubtful fame,
Or certain spies) that to the camp I came
T' implore thy succour, his preventive care
Would all his forces for defence prepare.
But ere such tidings shall his ears attain,
O! let my prayer some friendly succours gain;
If Heaven beholds not with regardless eyes
The deeds of men, or hears the orphan cries,
My realms I shall retrieve, whose subject sway
To thee in peace or war, shall tribute pay.

She said; the leader to her suit agreed;
(Nor could he from his former grant recede)
Yet since her swift departure thence she press'd,
He saw th' election on himself would rest:
While all, with emulative zeal, demand
To fill the number of th' elected band.

Th' insidious damsel fans the rivals' fires,
And envious fear and jealous doubt inspires,
To rouse the soul; for love, full well she knows.
Without these aids remiss and languid grows:
So runs the courser with a slacken'd pace,
When none contend, his partners in the race.
Now this, now that, the soothing fair beguiles
With gentle speech, soft looks, and winning smiles;
That each his fellow views with envious eyes,
Till mingled passions ev'n to frenzy rise:
Around their chief they press, unaw'd by shame.
And Godfrey would in vain their rage reclaim.

The leader gladly, in his equal mind,
Would all content, alike to all inclin'd;
(Yet oft was fill'd with just disdain to view
Th' ungovern'd rashness of the headlong crew)
At length his better thoughts the means supplied,
To stay contention, and the strife decide.

To chance (he cried) your several names commend
Let lots decide it, and the contest end.

Sudden the rival knights their names dispos'd,
And in a slender urn the lots enclos'd:

Two cat-calls join'd their dolorous lay,
 That moaning said, or seem'd to say,
 These two Grimalkins where are they,

The vase then shaken ; first to view, the name
 Of Pembroke's earl, Artemidorus, came :

Then Gerrard ; Vincilaüs next was found,
 An aged chief for counsel once renown'd,
 A hoary lover now, in beauty's fetters bound !

These happy three with sudden joys were fill'd ;
 The rest, by signs, their anxious fears reveal'd,
 And hung upon his lips, with fix'd regard,
 Who, drawing forth the lots, the names declar'd.
 The fourth was Guasco ; then Ridolphus' name :
 And next Ridolphus, Olderico came.

Rousillon then was read ; and next appear'd
 Henry the Frank ; Bavarian Eberard :
 Rambaldo last, who left the Christian laws,
 And girt his weapon in the Pagan cause :
 So far the tyrant love his vassal draws !

But those, excluded from the list, exclaim
 On fickle fortune as a partial dame ;
 Love they accuse, who suffer'd her to guide
 His sacred empire, and his laws decide ;
 Yet many purpos'd to pursue the maid,
 When parting light should yield to sable shade :
 In fortune's spite, her person to attend,
 And, with their lives, from every chance defend.
 With gentle sighs and speeches half disclos'd,
 Their willing minds to this she more dispos'd :
 To every knight alike she framed her art,
 And seem'd to leave him with dejected heart.

Now, clad in shining arms, th' allotted band
 Dismission from their prudent chief demand.
 The hero then admonished each aside,
 How ill they could in Pagan faith confide ;
 So frail a pledge conjoin'd 'em to beware,
 And guard their souls from every hidden snare.
 But all his words were lost in empty wind ;
 Love takes not counsel from a wholesome mind.

Their ghosts are here ; but all so thin ;
 They can't be heard, or felt, or seen :

The knights dismiss'd, the dame no longer stay'd.
 Nor 'till th' ensuing morn her course delay'd.
 Elate with conquest, from the camp she pass'd,
 (The rival knights, like slaves, her triumph grac'd)
 While rack'd with jealousy's tormenting pain,
 She left the remnant of the suitor-train.
 But soon as night with silent wings arose,
 The minister of dreams and soft repose ;
 In secret many more her steps pursue :
 But first Eustatius from the tents withdrew ;
 Scarce rose the friendly shade, when swift he fled,
 Through darkness blind, by blind affection led.
 He roves uncertain all the dewy night,
 But soon as morning streaks the skies with light,
 Armida's camp salutes his eager sight. }

The leader soon the timely squadron knew,
 That brought him aid against the faithless crew :
 In this the prime of all his friends he view'd,
 Who once the fraudulent damsel's track pursu'd.
 Here Tancred came, who late, by wiles restrain'd,
 A pris'ner in Armida's fort remain'd.
 For thee, to meet beneath his lofty tent,
 Before the hermit and his chiefs, he sent.

Then thus he said : Let some, O warriors, tell
 Th' adventures that your wand'ring course befell ;
 And how you came, by fortune thus convey'd,
 In need so great to give such welcome aid.

He ceas'd ; when, conscious of his secret blame.
 Each hung his head depress'd with gen'rous shame.
 At length the British monarch's dearest son
 The silence broke, and thus sincere begun :

We went (whose names, undrawn, the urn conceal'd.)
 Nor each to each his close design reveal'd,
 The darksome paths of treach'rous love to trace,
 Lur'd by the features of a guileful face :
 Her words and looks (too late I own the shame)
 Increas'd our mutual hate, our mutual flame :

heir eighteen lives of late so tough and clever ;
 Have all gone down to hades,
 With apes and maiden ladies ;
 o mouse and pur, for ever and for ever.

At length we drew to where, in dreadful ire,
 Heav'n rain'd on earth, of old, a storm of fire,
 T' avenge the wrongs which nature's laws endur'd,
 On that dire race to wicked deeds inur'd ;
 Where once were fertile lands and meadows green.
 Now a deep lake with sulph'rous waves was seen :
 Hence noisome vapours, baleful steams arise,
 That breathe contagion to the distant skies.
 In this each pond'rous mass is thrown in vain,
 The sluggish waters ev'ry weight sustain :
 In this a castle stood, from which there lay
 A narrow bridge t' invite the wand'rer's way :
 We enter'd here ; and wond'ring, saw within
 Each part present a lovely sylvan scene.
 Soft was the air, the skies serene and mild,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, the hills and valleys smil'd :
 A fountain, 'midst a bower of myrtle shade,
 With lucid streams in sweet meanders stray'd :
 On the soft herbage downy slumbers lay ;
 Through whispering leaves the fanning breezes play ;
 And cheerful songsters warble on the spray. }
 I pass the domes our eyes beheld, amaz'd,
 Of costly gold and polish'd marble rais'd.

There on the turf, with shade o'er-arching grac'd,
 Near purling rills the dame a banquet plac'd ;
 Where sculptur'd vases deck'd the costly board
 With viands choice of ev'ry flavour stor'd ;
 Whate'er to diff'rent climes and suns we owe,
 Which earth, or air, or ocean can bestow ;
 With all that art improves ! and while we sate.
 A hundred beauteous nymphs in order wait.

With gentle speech and soft enticing smiles,
 She tempers other food and fatal wiles ;
 While ev'ry guest receives the deadly flame,
 And quaffs a long oblivion of his fame.

Then with a hideous diabolic squall,
 Evanish'd witches, spectres, night, and all.

She left us now, but soon resum'd her place,
 When anger seem'd to kindle in her face.
 Within her better hand a wand she bore ;
 Her left sustain'd a book of magic pow'r ;
 Th' enchantress read, and mutter'd secret charms,
 When, lo ! a sudden change my breast alarms !
 Strange fancies soon my troubled thoughts pursu'd ;
 Sudden I plung'd amid the crystal flood :
 My legs shrunk up, their former functions leave ;
 To either side my arms begin to cleave ;
 A scaly cov'ring o'er my skin is grown,
 And in the fish no more the man is known !
 An equal change with me the rest partook,
 And swam, transform'd, within the limpid brook.
 Oft as my mind recalls th' event, I seem
 Lost in th' illusion of an idle dream !

At length her art our former shape restor'd ;
 But fear and wonder check'd each issuing word.
 As thus amaz'd we stood, with angry brows,
 She threaten'd added pains and future woes.

Behold (she cried) what pow'r is in my hand !
 I rule your fates with uncontroll'd command :
 My will can keep you from th' ethereal light,
 The hapless pris'ners of eternal night ;
 Can bid you range among the feather'd kind,
 Or, chang'd to trees, with rooted fibres bind ;
 Can fix in rocks, dissolve in limpid streams,
 Or turn to brutal form the human limbs.
 It rests on you t' avert my vengeful ire ;
 Consent t' obey what my commands require :
 Embrace the Pagan faith, my realms defend,
 And your keen swords on impious Godfrey bend.

She said : the proffer'd terms our souls disdain'd,
 Her words alone the false Rambaldo gain'd.
 Us (no defence avail'd) she straight constrains
 In loathsome dungeons and coercive chains.
 Thither was Tancred led, by fortune cross'd,
 Where, join'd with us, his liberty he lost.

Straight while these omens fill'd my head full ;
 The fight—of which you'll think I've said full
 Enough—came on in form so dreadful,

But little time, confin'd within the tow'r,
 The false enchantress kept us in her pow'r.
 'Twas said, an envoy from Damascus came,
 To gain her pris'ners from the impious dame.
 And thence, disarm'd, in fetters bound, to bring
 A welcome present to the Egyptian king.

We went, surrounded by a num'rous guard,
 When Heaven's high will unhop'd for aid prepar'd.
 The good Rinaldo, who, with deeds of fame,
 Adds ev'ry moment to his former name,
 Our course impeding, on our leaders fell,
 And prov'd that valour, often prov'd so well.
 He slew, he vanquish'd all beneath his sword,
 And soon again our former arms restor'd.
 To me, to all confess'd the youth appear'd ;
 We grasp'd his hand, his well-known voice we heard.
 Here vulgar tongues fallacious tales proclaim ;
 The hero still survives to life and fame.
 Three days are past, since, parting from our band,
 He with a pilgrim travell'd o'er the land,
 To Antioch bound : but first he cast aside
 His shatter'd arms with streaming crimson died.

[Armida, after the departure of the knights, entices Rinaldo into an island, and lulls him to sleep by her enchantments—falls in love with, and carries him in her chariot to her island, in a remote part of the world, to her gardens and castle, for a description of which see note [11]—where Ubald and Charles find him, and succeed in persuading him to return to the Christian camp ; leaving Armida, amidst her expostulations and entreaties, much in the manner that Æneas left his enamoured Dido—though Rinaldo in “Tasso” has more the resemblance of Achilles in “Homer.” After Rinaldo's departure, Armida, in the violence of her rage and grief, destroys her palace and appendages, declaring vengeance—departs to join the Egyptian army—and with

A glimpse thereof might stoutest hearts appal :
 Yet Pat, I boldly stood and saw it all :

her splendid chariots and retinue, passes before the Caliph, offering herself and kingdom to the hero who shall revenge her on Rinaldo. For these, and other incidents interwoven with those of her paramour, the reader is referred to that part of the notes subsequent to the text.]

[16] “ *Your fights are streamlets down a blade of leek,
 Or tears in channels of a wrinkled cheek.* ”—See page 94.

This, and the other description of a miniature affair, is given, according the plan of “ *expiation*,” promised in note [3.]

Dr. Delany's Villa.

Would you that Delville I describe ?
 Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe :
 For who would be satirical
 Upon a thing so very small ?

You scarce upon the borders enter
 Before you're at the very centre.
 A single crow can make it night,
 When o'er your farm she takes her flight :
 Yet, in this narrow compass, we
 Observe a vast variety ;
 Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
 Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,
 And hills, and dales, and woods, and fields,
 And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields ;
 All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
 Without the mowing or the reaping :
 A razor, though to say 't I'm loth,
 Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
 Full large to entertain a mouse ;
 But where a rat is dreaded more
 Than savage Caledonian boar ;
 For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
 There is no room to bring a cat.

Indeed I did, upon my soul,
All in Killkenny, down the mole.

A little riv'let seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in:
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it:
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees;
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.

In short, in all your boasted seat,
There's nothing but yourself that's *great*.

On the small House by the Church-yard of Castlenock

This is a little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.

The Vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knee up to his chin;
Here conns his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

Upon the mole?—You make me stare ;
 Upon the mole was this affair ?
 Says Pat, what could have fought so there ?

A traveller, who by did pass,
 Observ'd the roof behind the grass ;
 On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
 And saw the parson creeping out ;
 Was much surpris'd to see a crow
 Venture to build his nest so low.
 A school-boy ran unto't, and thought
 The crib was down, the blackbird caught.

A third, who lost his way by night,
 Was forc'd for safety to alight ;
 And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
 His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton took it in his noddle,
 This building was design'd a model
 Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
 To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict.
 And every one was pleas'd that heard it :
 All that you make this stir about,
 Is but a still which wants a spout.

The Reverend Dr. Raymond guess'd
 More probably than all the rest ;
 He said, but that it wanted room,
 It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The doctor's family came by,
 And little miss began to cry ;
 Give me that house in my own hand !
 Then madam bade the chariot stand ;
 Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
 Pray, reach that thing here to the child :
 That thing, I mean, among the kale ;
 And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
 What ! sell my master's country seat,
 Where he comes every week from town ?
 He would not sell it for a a crown.

What—says O’Kain, why truly that’s
The wonder—two Killkenny cats.

Poh ! fellow, keep not such a pother ;
In half an hour thou’lt make another.

Says Nancy, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this ;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron full of bricks.

The grand question debated, between Sir Arthur Ashton and his lady : Whether Hamilton’s Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House.

(By the Author of the two preceeding pieces.)

Thūs spoke to my Lady the Knight full of care,
“ Let me have your advice in a weighty affair :
This Hamilton’s bawn, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land ;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malt-house, we now must consider.

“ First let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t’us ;
There’s nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year :
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor’d ;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board ;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my surloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant ;
My dear, I have ponder’d again and again on’t.
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate ;
And rather than that I would lose my estate.”

Thus ended the knight. Thus began his meek wife :
“ It must and it shall be a barrack, my life,

'Twas two Killkenny cats that raging fought so :
 Grim havoc, death, and devastation wrought so :

I'm grown a mere mopus ; no company comes
 But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums :
 With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
 I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean :
 But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
 The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here ;
 I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe :
 Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so pert ;
 That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs.
 And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
 Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain ;
 The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cried " Madam, why surely my master's possess'd.
 " Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound !
 I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
 But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come good.
 When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.
 And now my dream's out ; for I was a-dream'd
 That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd !
 And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
 And Molly, she said I should hear some ill news.

" Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 You might have a barrack whenever you please :
 And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
 Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest :
 And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets :
 But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
 And worry him out till he gives his consent.
 Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
 An' I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink :

wo true Killkenny cats that bit and spit so :
 roke, lacerated, tore, cut, bang'd and split so :

For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 I can't get it out, though I never so fain.
 I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
 At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd ;
 Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
 And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.
 Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave :
 ' Noble Captain, your servant,'—' Sir Arthur, your
 slave ;
 You honour me much.'—' The honour is mine.'—
 ' 'Twas a sad rainy night.'—' But the morning is fine.'
 ' Pray, how does my lady ?'—' My wife's at your
 service.'
 ' I think I have seen her picture by Jervas'—
 ' Good-morrow, good Captain, I'll wait on you down.'
 ' You shan't stir a foot.'—' You'll think me a clown.'
 ' For all the world, Captain.'—' Not half an inch
 farther.'
 ' You must be obey'd !'—' Your servant, Sir Arthur !
 My humble respects to my Lady unknown.'
 ' I hope you will use my house as your own.' "

" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
 Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
 " Pray, madam, be quiet ; what was it I said ?
 You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
 Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come
 At the head of his troops with trumpet and drum.
 Now, madam, observe how he marches in state ;
 The man with the kettle-drums enters the gate ;
 Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
 Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys halloo.
 See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with gold lace ;
 O la ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
 And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
 And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears ;
 With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears :

With horrid teeth and tushes, vengeful claws,
 Sharp crooked fangs, and griping grinding jaws ;
 Enforc'd exterminating laws :

At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
 Drawn up in our court ; when the Captain cries, *Stand* !
 Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
 (For sure I have *dizen'd* you out like a queen.)
 The Captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
 Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver,
 (His beaver is cock'd : pray, madam, mark that,
 For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,
 Because he has never a hand that is idle ;
 For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
 bridle :)

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
 As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;
 (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt !)
 Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
 Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
 ' Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.'
 The Captain salutes you with congee profound,
 And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.

' Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us :
 I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.
 And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay
 And take a short dinner here with us to-day ?
 You're heartily welcome : but as for good cheer,
 You come in the very worst time of the year ;
 If I had expected so worthy a guest—'

' Lord ! madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest :
 You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant—
 ' You officers, Captain, are so complaisant ! ' "

" Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming,"

" No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
 To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story,)
 The Captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
 The Dean and the Doctor have humbled their pride.
 For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side :

Rais'd such a gust

Of yowls, growls, hair, shrieks, smoke and dust ;

And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first :

The Parsons for envy are ready to burst.

The servants amazed, are scarce ever able

To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;

And Molly and I have thrust in our nose

To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.

Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,

Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran :

' And, madam,' says he, ' if such dinners you give,

You'll ne'er want for Parsons as long as you live.

I ne'er knew a Parson without a good nose :

But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes :

G—d d—n me ! they bid us reform and repent,

But, z—ds ! by their looks they never keep Lent !

Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid,

You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid :

I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand

In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band,

(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,

That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny.)

' Whenever you see a cassock and gown,

A hundred to one but it covers a clown.

Observe how a Parson comes into a room ;

G—d d—n me ! he hobbles as bad as my groom ;

A *scollard*, when first from his college broke loose,

Can hardly tell how to cry *bô* to a goose :

Your *Noveds*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omuirs*, and stuff,

By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff ;

To give a young gentleman right education,

The army's the only good school in the nation :

My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,

But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school :

I never could take to my book for the blood of me,

And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.

He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,

But he maull'd me, I ne'er was so maull'd in my life :

So I took to the road ; and what's very odd,

The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G—.

That though the dire affray,
Was in the golden face of blazing day :

Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit;
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the Dean,
As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean?*
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your Ladyship
walk?"

Her Ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down :"
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried—"Hussy! why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains?
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his jibes and his jeers :
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye.
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

On the Death of DR. SWIFT.—By himself.

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true ;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him ; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim, more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast :
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends ;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.

Before they'd had nine spats,
By J—s we could not see the cats.

Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low ?
I love my friend as well as you ;
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be over-topp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd ?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad the case is not your own !
What poet would not grieve to see
His brothers write as well as he ?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell.

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
The strongest friendship yields to pride.
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, pow'r, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire ;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, " Pox take him and his wit !"

And when it cleared off again,
And smooth the smother,

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous, biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose ;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must, by the course of nature, die ;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :

“ See how the Dean begins to break !

Poor gentleman, he droops apace !

You plainly find it in his face.

That old vertigo in his head

Will never leave him till he's dead.

Besides, his memory decays :

He recollects not what he says :

He cannot call his friends to mind ;

Forgets the place where last he din'd ;

Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;

He told them fifty times before.

By J—s we could not see them then,
Nor one nor t'other.

How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter :
In half the time he takes them round
There must another set be found.

" For poetry he's past his prime :
He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen ;
But there's no talking to some men !"

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years :
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale :
But now he's quite another thing :
I wish he may hold out till spring !"
They hug themselves, and reason thus :
" It is not yet so bad with us !"

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes :
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend ;
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, " Worse and worse !"
Would please them better, than to tell
That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest :

Not see them then, says Pat M'Hone,
Not see them when the cloud was gone?

"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty pray'rs that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept!
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead!

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride!
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-Street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd;



Raid such a gust
Of yowls growls hair shrieks smoke & dust &c

DCJ del' et Sc

You're not a making game I hope :

Not see them why ?

Then Jem's reply :

y J and C they'd eat each other up.

Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The Doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.

" We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice.

Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years ;
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, " The Dean is dead."

And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen :

The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, " Is he gone ? 'tis time he should.

He's dead, you say ? then let him rot :

I'm glad the medals were forgot.

I promis'd him, I own ; but when ?

I only was the Princess then :

But now, as consort of the King,

You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,

Tells, with a sneer, the tidings heavy :

" Why, if he died without his shoes,"

Cries Bob, " I'm sorry for the news :

O were the wretch but living still,

And in his place my good friend Will !

Or had a mitre on his head,

Provided Bolingbroke were dead !"

Now Curl his shop from rubbish drains :

Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !

And then, to make them pass the glibber,

Revis'd by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber.

All up—all hide and hair, and tooth and nail—
 Nay Pat dont stare,
 I'm not a joking ;

He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
 Revive the libels born to die,
 Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day :
 St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I'm sorry—but we all must die !"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt ?
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between :
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling :
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :
 " The Dean is dead : (pray what is trumps ?)
 Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
 (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
 Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall :
 (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 Madam, your husband will attend
 The funeral of so good a friend ?
 No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;
 And he's engag'd to-morrow night :

or not the tip end of a tail,
 Was there
 Left for a token.

My Lady Club will take it ill
 If he should fail her at quadrille.
 He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)—
 But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 His time was come: he ran his race;
 We hope he's in a better place."
 Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past—a different scene!
 No farther mention of the Dean;
 Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
 Departed—and his works must follow;
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
 "He died a year ago?"—"The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain:
 "Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
 I sent them, with a load of books,
 Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
 To fancy they could live a year!
 I find you're but a stranger here.
 The Dean was famous in his time,
 And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 His way of writing now is past;
 The town has got a better taste.
 I keep no antiquated stuff;
 But spick and span I have enough.
 Pray do but give me leave to show 'em:
 Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
 This ode you never yet have seen,
 By Stephen Duick, upon the Queen.

Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend :
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.

Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration ;
The hawkers have not got them yet :
Your honour please to buy a set ?

" Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition :
'Tis read by every politician :

The country-members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down :
You never met a thing so smart ;
The courtiers have them all by heart :
Those maids of honour who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed ;
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension :
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down :
He shows as sure as God's in Gloucester.
That Moses was a grand impostor ;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats.
The church had never such a writer ;
A shame he hath not got a mitre !"

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose ;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without ;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws :

" The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd in court ;
Although ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own."

" Sir, I have heard another story :
He was a most confounded Tory ;

And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died."

"Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?"

"Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!"

"He should have left them for his betters;

We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.
But why should he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels:
Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!"

"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they jibe:
He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux:
True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.

Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
 If you resent it, who's to blame ?
 He neither knows you, nor your name.
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its owner is a Duke ?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind ;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 Where titles give no right or pow'r,
 And peerage is a wither'd flow'r ;
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace
 If such a wretch had known his face.

“ He never thought an honour done him.
 Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 Would rather slip aside, and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters.
 So often seeing caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station,
 No persons held in admiration :
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he sought for no man's aid.
 Though trusted long in great affairs.
 He gave himself no haughty airs ;
 Without regarding private ends,
 Spent all his credit for his friends :
 And only chose the wise and good,
 No flatterers, no allies in blood :
 But succour'd virtue in distress,
 And seldom fail'd of good success ;
 As numbers in their hearts must own.
 Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 He kept with princes due decorum ;
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd David's lesson just ;
 In princes never put his trust ;
 And, would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.
 The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 With what impatience he declaim'd !

Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
 For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
 For her he boldly stood alone ;
 For her he oft expos'd his own.
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head ;
 But not a traitor could be found,
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

“ Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen
 He might have rose like other men :
 But pow'r was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valued not a groat :
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pitied those who meant the wound :
 But kept the tenour of his mind,
 To merit well of human kind :
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labour'd many a fruitless hour
 To reconcile his friends in pow'r :
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other's ruin :
 But, finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

“ And, O ! how short are human schemes !
 Here ended all our golden dreams.
 What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 To save their sinking country lent,
 Was all destroyed by one event.
 Too soon that precious life was ended,
 On which alone our weal depended.
 When up a dangerous faction starts,
 With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 By solemn league and cov'nant bound,
 To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 To turn religion to a fable,
 And make the government a Babel ;
 Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown.
 Corrupt the senate, rob the crown :
 To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 And make her infamous in story :

When such a tempest shook the land,
 How could unguarded virtue stand ?
 With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 Himself within the frown of power ;
 Pursu'd by base envenom'd pens,
 Far to the land of s—— and fens ;
 A servile race in folly nurs'd,
 Who truckle most when treated worst.

“ By innocence and resolution,
 He bore continual persecution ;
 While numbers to preferment rose,
 Whose merit was to be his foes ;
 When ev'n his own familiar friends,
 Intent upon their private ends,
 Like renegadoes now he feels
 Against him lifting up their heels.
 The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 An infamous, destructive cheat ;
 'Taught fools their interest how to know,
 And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 To save that hapless land from ruin ;
 While they who at the steerage stood,
 And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
 To save them from their evil fate,
 In him was held a crime of state,
 A wicked monster on the bench,
 Whose fury blood could never quench ;
 As vile and profligate a villain
 As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian ;
 Who long all justice had discarded,
 Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded :
 Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 And make him of his zeal repent.
 But Heaven his innocence defends,
 The grateful people stand his friends :
 Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

" In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part ;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."

" Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope :
This into general odium drew him :
Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times ;
For had we made him timely offers,
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown ;
For party he would scarce have bled :
I say no more—because he's dead.
What writings has he left behind ?"

" I hear they're of a different kind :
A few in verse, but most in prose."

" Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose :
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes ;
To praise Queen Anne ; nay more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender :
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite ;
Perhaps his travels, part the third ;
A lie at every second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear :
But not one sermon you may swear."

" He knew an hundred pleasing stories.
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way."

" As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those ;
Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
But this I know, all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To please and to reform mankind :
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and their's the blame."

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no farther lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

THE END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.

PATRICK W. O'NEAL'S

JOB OF

JOURNEY-WORK.

BEING A

METRICAL PIECE.

Edited upon the spur of the occasion, as it occurred in
the well of Captain Burrows's Fishing-Smack,
on the 29th of August, 1805.

SUBSEQUENT NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

SECTION I.

PATRICK W. O'NEAL'S *JOB OF JOURNEY-WORK.*

THE story's told of Patrick Whack
O'Neal, employ'd to drain the smack;
While all unknown to his sagacity,
Fish-mongers sly, with vile rapacity,
Which shows the malice of their souls,
Had stow'd her bottom full of holes,
To lure the fountains of the deep in,
For their tame fish to drink and sleep in.

So Pat, like the Danaides in hell,
Their crazy, leaky tubs a-filling,
Could never make his labours tell,
Though hungry, gaunt, strong, thirsty, willing.

Here, in pursuit of illustration,
Said story follows epic fashion,
From world to world, in wide digression.

Th' exordium thus unfolds the plan
Of lays but now to be began.

The clock struck twelve ; says Patrick Whack,
 To get a job away I'll pack ;
 A job of some one in a strait,
 Who now perhaps for me does wait ;
 Whereby I'll get more in an hour,
 By what I'll pick up along shore,
 Than at day's-work in twenty-four. }

" Come, landlord, trust me one more glass,
 When I again this way shall pass,
 I'll rub it off, and the grog score
 You've chalk'd me up for heretofore."
 " No," says the landlord, " where no chink
 Is given, I shall give no drink,
 And d—n such customers, I think." }

So then away goes Paddy Whack,
 And jumps on board a fishing-smack,
 Which floating lay at the New-slip.
 " How d'ye do, captain," with a bob,
 He says, " and have you got a job,
 Would me a little busy keep,
 And come to dollars two or three ?
 I am a Democrat, you see ;
 And so are you a democrat,
 Your vessel's size bespeaks you that.
 I'm one of those who voted in
 Tom Jefferson, so neat and clean :
 So captain, come, don't shake your head."
 " I have no work," the skipper said.
 " You have," says Whack. Then with an " oh.
 I had forgotten one thing, though,"
 Says skip : " but now I look about ;
 I want this vessel here baled out,
 If you can do't." Says Whack " I'll try ;
 What will you give ?" " Bale it right dry,"
 Says skip, " be brisk, and do it soon,
 I wish to sail this afternoon,
 And I will give you dollars four."
 Says Patrick, " I should ask no more.

"As I've no bucket of my own,
If you'll be pleas'd to lend me one,
I'll bale your boat as dry as bone.

Ay, surely, that will I,
And sweep the deck off when I've done,
That you may sail this afternoon,
With vessel clean and dry."

And now behold this Pat O'Neal,
Up to his waist in the smack's well,
Tossing the sea with main and might,
First right and left, then left and right;
Smack smash he goes, with might and main,
Then tries it right and left again.
(Adepts at ditching understand
This dext'rous mode of changing hand.)

Swish, swash, splash, dash, the waters fly,
"The shiners at the bottom lie,
By this salt water here conceal'd,
Which, when remov'd shall be reveal'd."
Meaning the dollars he should hobble,
When he'd got through his wat'ry squabble.
"How close the little rogues I'll pinch,
Says Whack, "and spend them inch by inch.
The gin and brandy then shall flow,
To pay this hide for soaking so.
Four dollars bright! zounds, what a thing!
Why when John Adams reigned king,
Before Tom Jefferson came on,
Could I e'er call such sums my own?
Considering, though, how hard I work,
And how it flies at every jerk,
Methinks the waters settle slow:
Dear captain, don't I gain on't, though?
Say, captain, don't I gain upon't?"
(Stopping a while to blow and grunt.)
"O," says the skipper, "without doubt,
You've finish'd if you've got all out."
"Not quite," says Pat; "but soon I shall,
For faith I drive the work pell-mell.

With back and hand here's to't again.
 But 'tis a dev'lish bog to drain ;
 And holds me out a tedious fag,
 I've grown so tir'd I scarce can wag.
 Though in Hibernia's isle with me
 Much worse than this it us'd to be ;
 Where many an Irish summer's day,
 At cutting turf, or making hay,
 From morn, before the sun arose,
 Till eve, when late to bed he goes,
 (And slow he mov'd along I wat)
 Yes, oft through such a day I've wrought.
 For ten potatoes ; then would laugh at
 Those who'd wrought as long for half that.
 But never, since I left the turf,
 And for this country cross'd the surf,
 Have I so stirr'd my stumps before ;
 My very bones are growing sore."

Thus ponder'd Pat, tir'd of such jerking.
 Not us'd of late to such hard working ;
 His under-pinning not more wet,
 Than were his upper-works with sweat.
 More time begins to intervene,
 Each pond'rous bucket-full between ;
 Which slow as minute guns are fir'd,
 Went off—as if by day he's hir'd :
 Nor could his measuring eye perceive,
 What his dry throat would fain believe ;
 Viz. that he'd sunk the stubborn pool ;
 And now his courage 'gan to cool :
 When setting down his weary dipper,
 With lengthen'd phiz address'd the skipper :
 " Pray, captain, don't you think salt water
 Would outweigh fresh, by near one quarter ?
 Else why drags on my task so heavy ?"
 With solemn face, veiling a laugh,
 Says skipper " Yes, by near one half."
 Says Pat, " I b'lieve ye."

And then rejoin'd—" For these three hours
 Have I exerted all my powers,
 'This tub-full o'er the sides to pour,
 But can't perceive it one inch lower.
 I with one ditch as well might try,
 To drain the bogs of Ireland dry."

So one, his name now I can't think on't,
 Who slipp'd to hell from off the brink on't,
 (Which shows it dangerous to stand there though!)
 Pat makes me think of his affair so,
 I can't go on, but stop to state,
 The near resemblance of their fate.
 He down to Pluto's regions hurl'd,
 For no good deeds in t'other world,
 With water set huge casks to fill,
 'Till which perform'd his nerves must thrill,
 With the excruciating stone,
 And make no water of his own.
 Thus stimulated day and night,
 He lades and dips with strength and sleight,
 Still urg'd by torture night and day,
 He dips and lades and pours away.
 Swish, swash, splash, dash, the flood he tumbles,
 Into his tubs, and springs, and grumbles ;
 Curses old Pluto and the gravel,
 While myst'ries rise, he can't unravel.
 For't never came into his head,
 That what protracts his endless task
 Was that the bottom of each cask
 Was all of bung-holes made.

So it came not in Patrick's skull,
 That howsoever slow or fast
 The waves he over gunwale cast,
 They turning, through the bottom pass'd
 And with the impudence of hell,
 In smooth disguise,
 Before his eyes,

Again would rise,
 In the smack's well,
 And keep it just so full.
 As if't could please the stupid dancing waters,
 To keep in steady soak poor Pat's hind-quarters.

Nor less did Pluto and his jeering court
 Of their tub-merchant make their jest and sport.
 "How now!" they howl, "you lazy lubber,
 What, not fill'd up these kilderkins!
 Why don't you work, not swear and blubber,
 When will you expiate your sins?
 If Minos gets a little vex'd
 To help along with your sore travail,
 You'll have the gout tuck'd on you next,
 A gentle handmaid for the gravel."

Thus they relentless jeer and grin.
 Altho' they see the water runs,
 All through the bottom of his tuns,
 As fast as he can pour it in.

So he like Patrick Whack,
 And more's the burning shame on't,
 They with their tubs and smack,
 Had both an up-hill game on't.

Nor wish'd he more to view,
 His tubs all running o'er,
 Than Patrick wish'd for true,
 His emptied smack t' explore.

Nor long'd he more to see,
 His uric oxyde spin,
 Than Patrick long'd to be
 A knocking down his gin.

Nor sooner he'd give out,
 And keep the grinding gravel.

Than Patrick Whack without
His dollars home would travel.

Thus both with right good will
Drive on, but drive in vain;
He can't his vessels fill,
Nor Pat his vessel drain.

But for a secret egress
He could water make ;
But for an unknown ingress
Pat his gin could take.

But him we leave in realms below,
To stick to Patrick, our hero ;
Who in his crop had got to be
A good deal sick and sour, d'ye see,
At his slow job, with anger burning,
And thus indignant towards it turning :
“ You little stubborn sturdy puddle,
Must I all day here in you muddle ?
Was you aught else, I soon could beat you.
Was you salt herring, I could eat you ;
Thick milk was you, or sowins, why
I very soon could sup you dry :
And were you whiskey, blow and sink you all,
If by this time I could not drink you all.
You stand in your own light, you'll see,
To hold me out so spitefully :
For I shan't quit you, by the lord,
Until I've seen you overboard :
So now be quiet, and I'll try,
Who first shall give out, you or I.

And then with a “ by J,” says he,
“ You must not think I play with ye ;
I'll not be banter'd by my work,
I'll tear you, so I will, like pork.”

'Then with a look that seem'd to say,
 He'd drop down dead, or win the day,
 Redoubled his quick stroke again,
 And fairly made all smoke again.
 'This look was not unlike the grin,
 In Milton's death and hell and sin ;
 Where death, to use the poet's style,
 "Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile :"
 A look which show'd that much despair,
 And little hope was present there.
 A look which show'd that Patrick knew,
 'That small exertions would not do :
 And swore that Patrick Whack O'Neal,
 Would drain the boat, or go to hell.

Then, as aforesaid in our song,
 He with odd motions, swift and strong,
 Redoubled his quick stroke again,
 He did, and made all smoke again,
 Now Patrick, on his might depending, }
 With his back and sides a-rending, }
 Made such bending and unbending, }
 With such yerks, and jerks, and twitches,
 Each muscle seem'd to've had the twitches.
 If odd-fish we with odd-fish may
 Compare, he flounc'd much in the way
 Of a stuck porpoise, flouncing, blowing, threshing,
 When in his round hog-back the grains drives smash in.
 And now spectators row on row,
 Were forc'd to let their muscles go ;
 Not able more to hold from laughing,
 "For see," say they, "the fellow's calving !"
 And now one whispers him the knack
 And capers of a fishing-smack :
 How sly fish-mongers, blow their lauger souls !
 Had bor'd her bottom full of agur-holes,
 To lure the fountains of the deep in,
 For their tame fish to drink and sleep in.
 And now, with his sagacious snout,
 Pat smokes them ; now he smells them ou

Now all his castles sunk in night,
 No object now remains but flight :
 For now from gangways, wharves, and piers,
 Such loud horse-laughter stuns his ears,
 That Pat, so tir'd of their chin-music,
 Thought he could not leave it too quick.
 Then he in winding up his dance,
 Thus at the skipper looks askance,
 And tipp'd him his last farewell glance :

“ So then, 'tis game that you are making,
 With your two broad-sides there shaking ?
 But that the big fish-eating lubber
 Carries too much bone and blubber,
 Ready up to take his part,
 I'd soon upset his lobster-cart ;
 Make his bones ache, and blubber smart.”

Thus said—he starts his carcass from the suds,
 Foul water streaming from his tatt'ring duds,
 He dous'd his bucket, took his nimble heels,
 And split the air that rang in dreadful peals ;
 You'd thought, as from the smack to shore he springs,
 His own dear brogues themselves had taken wings :
 He darts, and doubles with a willing mind
 The nearest corner he could find ;
 Was in a moment out of sight,

Nor in this case
 Obverts his face,
 To bid the laughing rogues good-night.

Now, Patrick Whack O'Neal, when you bob
 Your head on such another thrifty job,
 May he who writes this joking sort of thing,
 Be there, to see you soak, and snort, and sling,

SECTION II.

[15] "*To the crusades,*" &c.—See part 1. page 79.

The two knights take their leave of the hermit, and embark in a vessel steered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean described. They pass the straits.—*Tasso*.

At once the warriors rose, and eager round
 Their limbs robust the shining armour bound.
 Thence, as the hermit led, they bent their way
 Through paths ne'er lighted by the cheerful day;
 Again their former steps returning tread :
 But when they reach'd the river's sacred bed,
 I now dismiss you from my care (he cried :)
 Farewell ! and prosperous fortune be your guide !

Soon as they came where still the parted flood
 On either side a crystal mountain stood,
 The waters clos'd and from the depth upbore
 The knights, and left them on the flowery shore.
 So, from the branch by winds autumnal torn,
 Light on the tide the scatter'd leaves are borne.
 Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,
 And soon beheld the promis'd guide in view.
 Amidst the stream a little bark appear'd,
 A virgin, at the stern, the vessel steer'd :
 Depending ringlets o'er her forehead stray,
 And mild benevolence her looks display :
 Her lovely features beams effulgent shed,
 And heavenly glories blaze around her head.
 Her vesture gay a thousand colours shows,
 Now flames with red, and now with azure glows :
 At every turn, it shifts the transient light,
 And cheats with momentary hues the sight !
 Such various grace the billing dove assumes,
 Whose gentle neck is cloth'd with glossy plumes ;
 For ever new the varied feathers play,
 Reflecting every tint of every ray ;

While, as they move, successive beauties rise,
And fill with strange delight the gazer's eyes !

Favour'd of Heaven! ascend this bark (she cried)
In which secure I plough the swelling tide :
The stormy winds their wonted rage restrain,
While safe in this each freight may pass the main :
From him, whose sovereign mercies wide extend,
I come at once your pilot and your friend.

So spake the dame ; and hastening to the land,
The crooked keel divides the yielding strand,
Soon as her bark the noble pair receives,
She quits the shore, and swift the water cleaves ;
Then gives the spreading canvass to the wind,
And guides the vessel from the helm behind.
So wide, so deep, the river swells its tide,
'That lofty ships might there securely ride ;
Though now a shallow stream could well suffice,
So light the pinnacle o'er the surface flies !
Now, rising from the land, th' inspiring gales
With prosperous breath distend the bellying sails :
The foaming stream is white with froth before,
Behind the stern the parted waters roar.
At length they came were, 'midst its mightier waves
'The sea's vast gulf the river's stores receives.

Soon as the vessel gains the briny tides,
'The winds are hush'd, the angry surge subsides :
The clouds disperse, the south forgets to blow,
'That threaten'd tempests to the world below :
Light zephyrs only brush along the main,
And scarcely curl the smooth cerulean plain.

By Ascalon they pass'd ; to left they veer'd,
And tow'rd the west the rapid vessel steer'd.
Then gliding swift, to Gaza next they came,
An ancient harbour, not unknown to fame,
But now, from many a neighbouring ruin great,
An ample city, and a potent state.

The warriors, from the bark, beheld the shore
With tents of various nations cover'd o'er :
'Their horse and foot, along the crowded way,
Swarm thick between the city and the sea.

There loaded camels move in solemn state,
 And the huge elephant's unwieldy weight.
 Safe in the port they see the vessels ride,
 Or floating loose, or at their anchors tied.
 Some hoist their spreading sails, while others sweep,
 With level strokes the surface of the deep.
 Then thus the guiding maid—Though here we view
 The thronging numbers of this impious crew ;
 Yet these, that fill the seas and line the shore,
 Compose not all the mighty tyrant's power.
 These Egypt and the neighbouring lands supply :
 But other aids he waits, that distant lie.
 Far to the east extends his ample sway,
 'To realms that burn beneath the southern ray ;
 And hence I trust our swift return to make,
 Ere these, departing, shall their tents forsake.

While thus she spoke, as through th' ærial space
 An eagle towers above the feather'd race ;
 'Till, soaring in the sun, the sharpest eye
 No more can trace his progress through the sky :
 So 'midst the ships the bark its passage cleaves,
 And far behind the lessening navy leaves.
 Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they sail,
 (The town that first Egyptian pilots hail
 On Syria's land) then near the shore they fly,
 And Rhinocera's barren sands espy.
 Not distant far a mountain, crown'd with wood,
 Casts a brown shadow o'er the subject flood ;
 Around its rocky foot the billows rave ;
 There hapless Pompey's bones obtain'd a grave.
 Fair Damietta next the eye surveys,
 Where ancient Nile his sacred tribute pays
 'Thro' seven widemouths, and many a stream beside.
 His waters mingling with the briny tide.
 They pass the city rais'd by him, whose name
 To latest times shall bear the Grecian fame.
 By Pharos then they glide, an isle no more,
 An isthmus now projecting from the shore.
 Nor Rhodes, nor Crete, they to the north survey,
 But near the climes of Afric speed their way.

Fruitful her coast: but, more remote, her lands
 Are fill'd with monsters dire and burning sands.
 By Marmarique they steer'd, and now they pass'd
 Where five fair cities fam'd Cyrene grac'd.
 Here Ptolemais stands, and here they view
 Whence his slow stream the fabled Lethe drew.
 The greater Syrtes next (the sailor's fear)
 They leave aloof, and far to seaward veer:
 And now Judeca's cape behind them stood;
 And now they left the mouth of Magra's flood;
 Now Tripoli's high rising towers espied,
 Now Malta scarcely o'er the waves descried.
 The Syrtes past; Alzerbé they beheld,
 Where once the race that fed on Lotos dwell'd.
 Tunis they see, whose crooked shores display,
 With circumjacent arms, a spacious bay:
 Tunis the rich, a place well known to fame,
 No Libyan city boasts a greater name.
 Near this Sicilia's fertile lands are spread;
 There Lilybæum rears its lofty head.

Now to the knights the pilot-damsel show'd
 The spot where once imperial Carthage stood.
 Ill-fated Carthage! scarce, amidst the plains,
 A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!
 Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay,
 The world's unstable glories fade away!
 Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain;
 O impious folly of presuming man!

From thence they see Biserta's spires arise;
 Far to the right Sardini's island lies!
 They view, where once the rude Numidian swain
 Pursu'd a wandering life from plain to plain,
 Algiers and Bugia then they reach, the seat
 Of impious corsairs: Next Oran they greet;
 And now by Mauritani's strand proceed,
 Where elephants and hungry lions breed:
 Morocco here and Fez their cities rear:
 To these oppos'd Granada's lands appear.
 At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds,
 Between the capes, the boiling deep resounds.

'Tis feign'd, that first Alcides forc'd a way,
 And gave this passage to the indignant sea.
 And here perchance a lengthen'd tract of land
 With one continu'd mound the flood restrain'd,
 But now the furious main, with rushing tides,
 From towering Calpè Abyla divides ;
 A strait 'twixt Libya now and Spain appears,
 Such is the force of time and change of years !

Four times the east had seen the rising sun,
 Since first the vessel had its course begun :
 Nor sheltering bays, nor ports its speed delay,
 It shoots the strait, and leaves the midland sea.
 But what are seas to ocean's vast profound,
 Whose circling arms the spacious earth surround ?

Soon from the sight, amid the waves, are lost
 The fertile Gadés, and each neighbouring coast.
 Behind, the lessening shores retreating fly ;
 Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the sky.

SECTION III.

Satan's Voyage through Chaos.

He passes on his journey to hell gates, finds them shut,
 and who sat there to guard them ; by whom at length
 they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf
 between Hell and Heaven ; with what difficulty he
 passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that
 place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

Milton.

From her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our wo, she took ;
 And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high updrew,
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers
 Could once have mov'd : then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens : on a sudden open fly,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns; next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air; nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds;
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell, and looked a while,
 Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith

He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peall'd
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms
 With all her battering engines, bent to raze
 Some capital city ; or less than if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league,
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
 Audacious ; but, that seat soon falling, meets
 A vast vacuity : all unawares,
 Fluttering his pennons vain, plump down he drops,
 Ten thousand fathom deep ; and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea
 Nor good dry land : nigh founder'd, on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying ; behooves him now both oar and sail.
 As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimasian, who by stealth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold : so eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies :
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light ; when straight behold the throne.

Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful deep ; with him enthron'd
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign ; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon ; Rumour next, and Chance,
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroill'd,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
 T' whom Satan, turning boldly, thus : " Ye powers
 And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night ! I come no spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm ; but, by constraint
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with Heaven ; or if some other place,
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound : direct my course ;
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness, and your sway,
 (Which is my present journey,) and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night :
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge."

Thus Satan ; and him thus the anarch old,
 With falt'ring speech and visage incompas'd,
 Answer'd : " I know thee, stranger ! who thou art,
 That mighty leading angel who of late
 Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard ; for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heaven gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve

That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils;
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night : first Hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath :
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell :
 If that way be your walk, you have not far ;
 So much the nearer danger ; go, and speed !
 Havock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain."

He ceas'd ; and Satan stay'd not to reply,
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd, wins his way ; harder beset,
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
 Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks ;
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.
 So he with diff'culty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with diff'culty and labour he :
 But, he once pass'd, soon after, when man fell,
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n.
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length,
 From Hell continued, reaching th' utmost orb
 Of this frail world ; by which the spirits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn : here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works a broken foe,

With tumult less, and with less hostile din ;
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port ; though shrouds and tackle torn ;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weights his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat ;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

SECTION IV.

The Voyage of Astolpho. Astolpho is dismissed from Logestilla, who sends Andronica and Sophrysina to conduct him safely on his voyage. They reach the gulf of Persia, where Astolpho pursues his journey alone by land.

Astolpho now in India seems to mourn
 His exil'd state, and languish to return ;
 As promis'd oft by her whose power quell'd
 Alcina's navy, and her flight compell'd.
 Hers was the care to speed him on his way,
 'To shield from danger, and prevent delay :
 For this a galley had she launch'd, the best
 'That ever plough'd the curling ocean's breast :
 And lest, (for so her fears had oft divin'd,)
 Alcina should impede his course design'd,

She Andronica sends, with ships prepar'd,
 And fair Sophrosyna, the knight to guard.
 Till in his sight the Arabian sea appear'd,
 And thro' the Persic tide the vessel steer'd ;
 She bids him rather coast the Scythian shore,
 And Nabatei and India's realms explore,
 With Persia's gulf, than tempt the seas where rave
 Eternal winds, that swell the northern wave ;
 And where for many a month no sun displays
 Above the horizon his enlivening rays.

Thus all dispos'd, the dame with friendly heart.
 Now grants the duke permission to depart ;
 And lest a hostile power should once again
 His senses fetter in some magic chain,
 She on the knight a wonderous book bestow'd,
 Which, fair to see, full many a secret show'd ;
 This for her sake he took, a faithful guide,
 A guard against enchantments to provide.
 Here while his eyes the learned leaves peruse
 Each hidden mystery explain'd, he views
 Another gift she brought of magic power,
 A gift so rare was never seen before ;
 A sounding horn, that scatters instant fear,
 With horrid noise in every trembling ear.
 Such was the din where'er its echoes spread,
 The boldest knight appall'd, with horror fled.
 Not such the mingled roar when winds resound,
 When thunders roll and earthquakes rock the ground.
 Keeping the fairy's gift, th' intrepid duke
 His last farewell, with grateful feelings took,
 He leaves the port, the quiet bay he leaves,
 And in his poop the prosperous breeze receives.

And now along the spicy shore he flies,
 Where India's rich and peopled towns arise ;
 He sees a thousand isles on either hand,
 Dispers'd—and now he views Zomaso's land,
 The golden soil of Chersonesus pass'd,
 He ploughs the billows of the watery waste,

And views, as near he coasts, the fertile shores
 Where Ganges to the sea his waters pours,
 With whit'ning foam—he Tapobana views,
 And Coris next, and now his course pursues ;
 Where mariners th' advancing cliffs survey,
 That form with seas confin'd a narrow bay,
 At length the realms of Cochin he perceives,
 And thence the furthest bound of India leaves ;
 While thus Astolpho cuts the briny tide,
 Safe in the conduct of a skilful guide,
 He Andronica asks if e'er 'twas known
 That regions titled from the setting sun
 Had sent a vent'rous bark with oars and sails,
 To catch in eastern seas the driving gales.

Ten days were past when to the gulf they came.
 'The gulf to which the Persian gives his name :
 They seek the port, and resting on the sand,
 With poop to shore the painted vessels stand.
 And now Astolpho from Alcina's power,
 Pursues his path in safety on the shore ;
 Where many a plain he travels, many a wood
 And many a distant vale and mountain wood,
 There oft by day, and oft by midnight shade,
 What murderous bands his lonely steps invade.
 Lions and dragons fell his eyes survey,
 With every beast that haunts the dreary way ;
 But when he to his lip the horn applies,
 Each ruffian foe, each savage monster flies.

Arabia nam'd the happy now he gains,
 Incense and myrrh perfume her grateful plains :
 The virgin Phœnix there in seats of rest,
 Selects from all the world her balmy nest.
 He saw where once for Israel's chosen band,
 Th' avenging waters by Divine command,
 Proud Pharoah, with his numerous host, o'erthrew.
 And o'er their swimming eyes death's curtain drew.

At length he near the land of heroes came,
Where noble deeds achieved immortal fame ;
By Jordan's banks he spurs with winding course,
His steed, unmatch'd in swiftness as in force,
When o'er the field he leads the bounding race,
No eye his footstep in the dust can trace.
Soft snows and tender grass his hoofs sustain,
He sweeps unbath'd the billows of the main.
Argalia own'd him late—no mortal sire
He knew—conceiv'd of nimble wind and fire.
Not fill'd with earthly food, his purer frame
Was nurs'd with air, and Rabecan his name.

CHAPTER II.

OF MUSTER-ROLLS, AND CATALOGUES OF SHIPS, NATIONS,
HEROES, AND HEROINES, COMBINED IN ARMS, AS DE-
SCRIBED BY VARIOUS CLASSIC AUTHORS.

SECTION I.

*Muster-Roll of the Nations, Heroes, and Heroines under
the command of Godfrey, in the siege of Jerusalem.*

TASSO.

———Were marshall'd on the plain,
While on a height the pious Godfrey stood,
And horse and foot at once distinctly view'd.
Say, muse, from whom no time can truth conceal,
Who canst thy knowledge to mankind reveal,
Oblivion's foe ! Thy poet's breast inflame ;
Teach him to tell each gallant hero's name ;
Disclose their ancient glories now to light,
Which rolling years have long obscured in night :
Let eloquence like thine assist my song,
And future times attend my deathless song.
First in the field the Franks their numbers bring,
Once led by Hugo, brother to the king ;
From France they come with verdant beauty crown'd,
Whose fertile soil four running streams surround.
When death's relentless stroke their chief subdu'd,
Still the same cause the valiant band pursu'd ;
Beneath the brave Clotharius's care they came,
Who vaunts no honour of a regal name.
A thousand, heavy arm'd, compose the train,
An equal number follow'd on the plain ;
And like the first, their semblance and their mien,
Alike their arms and discipline were seen.

These, brought from Normandy, by Robert led,
 A rightful prince amid their nation bred.
 William and Ademar to these succeed,
 The people's pastors, and their squadrons lead.
 Far different once their task, by Heaven assign'd,
 Religious ministers t' instruct mankind:
 But now the helmet on their heads they bear,
 And learn the deathful business of war.
 This brings from Orange and the neighbouring land,
 Four hundred chosen warriors in his band;
 And that conducts from Poggio to the field
 An equal troop, no less in battle skill'd.
 Great Baldwin next o'er Boloigoi's force presides,
 And with his own his brother's people guides:
 Who to his conduct now resigns the post,
 Himself the chief of chiefs and lord of all the host.
 Then came Carnutis Earl, not less renown'd
 For martial prowess than for counsel sound:
 Four hundred in his train—but Baldwin leads
 Full thrice the number, arm'd on generous steeds.
 Near these the plain, the noble Gulpho, bless'd,
 By fortune nearly equal to his merits, press'd,
 A chief who by his Roman sire could trace
 A long descent from Este's princely race.
 But German by dominion and by name,
 To Guelpho's name he join'd his pristine fame;
 He rul'd Carinthia, and the lands possess'd,
 By Sueves and Rhetians once his sway confess'd.
 O'er these the chief by right maternal reign'd,
 To these his valour many a conquest gain'd;
 From thence he brings his troops, a hardy race,
 Still ready death in fighting fields to face.
 Beneath their roofs, secur'd from wintry skies,
 The genial feast each joyful day supplies:
 Five thousand once, now scarce a third remain'd,
 Since Persia's fight, of all the numerous band.
 Next those whose lands the Franks and Germans bound,
 Where Rhine and Maes o'erflow the fruitful ground,
 For countless herds and plenteous crops renown'd.

With these their aid the neighbouring isles supplied,
 Whose banks defend them from th' encroaching tide ;
 All these a thousand form'd, a warlike band,
 O'er whom another Robert held command.
 More numerous were the British squadron shown,
 By William led, the monarch's youngest son :
 The English in the bow and shafts are skill'd,
 With them a northern nation seeks the field :
 Whom Ireland, from our world divided far,
 From savage woods and mountains sends to war.

Tancred was next, than whom no greater name,
 Except Rinaldo, fill'd the list of fame,
 Of gentler manners, comelier to the sight,
 Or more intrepid in the day of fight :
 If aught of blame could such a soul reprove,
 Or soil his glorious deeds, the fault was love ;
 A sudden love, that, born amidst alarms,
 Was nurs'd with anguish in the din of arms.
 'Tis said, that on that great and glorious day,
 When to the Franks the Persian host gave way ;
 Victorious Tancred, eager to pursue
 The scatter'd remnants of the flying crew :
 O'erspent with labour, sought some kind retreat,
 To quench his thirst and cool his burning heat ;
 When to his wish a crystal stream he found,
 With bowery shade and verdant herbage crown'd.
 There sudden rush'd before his wondering sight
 A Pagan damsel, sheath'd in armour bright ;
 Her helm unlac'd, her visage bare display'd,
 And tired with fight, she sought the cooling shade.
 Struck with her looks, he view'd the beauteous dame,
 Admir'd her charms, and kindled at the flame :
 O, wond'rous force of love's resistless dart !
 That pierc'd at once and rooted in his heart.
 Her helm she clos'd, prepar'd t' assault the knight,
 But numbers drawing nigh, constrain'd her flight ;
 The lofty virgin fled, but left behind
 Her lovely form, deep imag'd in his mind.
 Still in his thought he views the conscious grove,
 Eternal fuel to the flames of love :

Pensive he comes, his looks his soul declare,
 With eyes cast downward and dejected air.
 Eight hundred horse from fertile seats he leads,
 From hills of Tyrrhene and Campania's meads.

Two hundred Grecians born were next to see,
 Active in field, from weighty armour free ;
 Their crooked sabres at their sides they wear,
 Their backs the sounding bows and quivers bear.
 With matchless swiftness were their steeds endued.
 Inur'd to toil, and sparing in their food :
 Swift in attack, they rush, and swift in flight,
 In troops retreating and dispers'd they fight.
 Tatinus led their force, the only band
 That join'd the Latian arms from Grecian land :
 Yet near the scene of war, O ! lashing shame !
 O ! foul dishonour to the Grecian name !
 Thou Greece canst hear unmov'd the loud alarms.
 A tame spectator of the deeds of arms ;
 If foreign power oppress thy servile reign,
 Thou well deserv'st to wear the victor's chain.

A squadron now, the last in order, came,
 In order last, but first in martial fame ;
 Adventurers call'd, and heroes fam'd afar,
 Terrors of Asia, thunderbolts of war !
 Cease, Argo, cease to boast thy warriors' might,
 And Arthur, cease to boast each fabled knight ;
 These all the exploits of ancient times exceed,
 What chief is worthy such a band to lead ?
 By joint consent, to Dudon's sway they yield,
 Of prudent age, experienc'd in the field ;
 Whose youthful vigour joins with hoary hairs.
 His bosom mark'd with many manly scars.
 Here stood Eustatius with the first in fame,
 But more ennobled by his brother's name :
 Gerando here, the king of Norway's son,
 Who vaunts his scepter'd race and regal crown.
 There Engerlan, and there Rogero shin'd,
 Two Gerrards, with Rambaldo's dauntless mind ;
 With gallant Ubald and Gentonio join'd,

Rosmond with the bold must honour claim,
 Nor must oblivion hide Obizo's name,
 Nor Lombard's brethren three be left untold,
 Achilles, Sporza, Palamedes bold.
 Nor Otho fierce, whose valour won the shield
 That bears a child and serpent on its field;
 Nor Guasco, nor Ridolphus I forget,
 Nor either Guido, both in combat great.
 Nor must I Gernier pass, nor Eberard,
 To rob their virtue of its due reward;
 But why neglects my muse a wedded pair,
 The gallant Edward and Gildippe fair?
 O! partners still in every battle tried,
 Nor Death your gentle union shall divide;
 The school of love which e'en the fearful warms.
 The dame instructed in the trade of arms.
 Still by his side her matchless steps attend,
 Still on one fortune both their lives depend:
 No wound in fight can either singly bear,
 For both alike in every anguish share:
 And oft one faints to view the other's wound,
 This shedding blood, and that in sorrow drown'd.
 But lo, o'er these, o'er all the host confess'd,
 The young Rinaldo towers above the rest:
 With martial grace his looks around he cast,
 And gazing crowds admir'd him as he pass'd.
 Mature beyond his years his virtues shoot,
 As mix'd with blossoms grows the budding fruit:
 When clad in steel he seems like Mars to move,
 His face disclos'd, he looks the god of love.
 This youth on Adige's fair winding shore,
 To great Bartoldo fair Sophia bore;
 The infant from the breast Matilda rears,
 The watchful guardian of his tender years.
 And while beneath her care the youth remains,
 His rip'ning age to regal virtue trains:
 Till the loud trumpet from the distant east,
 With early thirst of glory fir'd his breast;

Then fifteen springs scarce changing o'er his head,
 Rideless, untaught, through ways unknown he fled :
 Aegean sea he cross'd, and Grecian lands,
 Reach'd in climes remote the Christian bands.

Three years the warrior in the camp had seen,
 Yet scarce the down began to shade his chin.

Now all the horse were pass'd, in order led,
 Next came the foot, and Raymond at their head :
 Toulouse he governs, and collects his train
 Between the Pyreneans and the main.

Four thousand arm'd in proof, well us'd to bear
 Th' inclement seasons, and the toils of war ;

A band approv'd, in every battle tried,
 Nor could the band an abler leader guide.

Next Stephen of Amboise conducts his power,
 From Tours and Blois he brings five thousand more :
 No hardy nation this, inur'd to fight,

Tho' fenc'd in shining steel, a martial sight.

Soft is their soil, and of a gentle kind,

And like their soil th' inhabitants inclin'd ;

Impetuous first, they ran to meet the foe,

But soon repuls'd, their forces languid grow.

Alcastus was the third, with threat'ning mien,

So Capeneus of old at Thebes was seen ;

Six thousand warriors in Helvetia bred,

Plebeians fierce from Alpine heights he led.

Their rural tools that wont the earth to tear,

They turn'd to nobler instruments of war ;

And with those hands, accusom'd herds to guide,

They boldly now the might of kings defied.

Now rais'd in air, the standard proudly shown,

In which appear the keys and Papal crown ;

Seven thousand foot their good Camillus leads,

In heavy arms that gleam across the meads.

O'erjoy'd he seems decreed his name to grace,

And add new honours to his ancient race ;

Whate'er the Latian discipline may claim ;

In glorious deeds to boast an equal fame.

SECTION II.

[15] " *To the crusades,*" &c.—See part I. page 79.

Muster-Roll of the Pagan Auxiliaries.

he Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are mustered before the Caliph, seated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces.—*Ibid.*

Plac'd where Judea's utmost bounds extend
Tow'rd's fair Pelusium, Gaza's towers ascend :
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep,
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep ;
That scarce th' affrighted trav'ler, spent with toil,
Escapes the tempest of th' unstable soil.

Th' Egyptian monarch holds this frontier town.
Which from the Turkish powers of old he won :
His name the realms of Afric trembling heard,
And furthest Ind' his distant rule rever'd :

Such was the man who drew his various force
From climes remote, t' oppose the Christians' course :

Say, muse ! what arms he us'd, what lands he sway'd,
What nations fear'd him, and what powers obey'd :
How from the south he mov'd the realms afar,
And call'd the natives of the east to war :
Thou only canst disclose the dire alarms,
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.

High on a stately throne himself was plac'd,
Th' ascent a hundred steps of ivory grac'd :
A silver canopy o'erspread his seat,
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet :
Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,
His turban form'd of many a winding fold :
The sceptre in his better hand was seen,
His beard was white, and awful was his mien.
His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows,
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardour glows.

Alike maintain'd, in every act appears,
 The pomp of power, or dignity of years.
 So when or Phidias' or Apelles' art
 To lifeless forms could seeming life impart ;
 In such a shape they show'd to mortal eyes
 Majestic Jove when thundering from the skies.
 Beside the Caliph, waits on either hand
 A mighty peer, the noblest of the land ;
 'This holds the seal, ministrant near the throne,
 And bends his cares to civil rule alone :
 But greater that, the sword of justice bears,
 And, prince of armies, guides the course of wars.

Beneath, with thronging spears, a circling band,
 In deep array his bold Circassians stand :
 The cuirass-plates their manly breasts defend,
 And crooked sabres at their sides depend.

Thus sate the monarch, and from high beheld
 Th' assembled nations marshall'd on the field ;
 While, as the squadrons pass'd his lofty seat,
 They bow'd their arms and ensigns at his feet.

First march'd the forces drawn from Egypt's lands.
 Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.
 Two came from upper, two from lower Nile,
 Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil :
 Now lie far distant from the briny flood
 Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.

First of the squadrons mov'd the ready train
 That dwell in Alexandria's wealthy plain ;
 Along the land that westward far declines,
 Whose wide extent with Afric's border joins.
 Araspes was their chief, who more excell'd
 In close device than action in the field.
 The troops succeed, on Asia's coast who lie,
 Against the beams that gild the morning sky :
 These leads Aronteus, not by virtue fir'd,
 But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd :
 No massy helm, ere this, had press'd his brows,
 Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose :
 But now from ease to scenes of toil he came,
 By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.

The next that march'd, appear'd no common band,
 But a huge host that cover'd all the land :
 It seem'd that Egypt's fields of waving grain
 Could scarce suffice their numbers to sustain ;
 Yet these within one ample city dwell'd ;
 These mighty-Cairo in her circuit held.
 From crowded streets she sends her sons to war ;
 And these Campsones brings beneath his care.
 Then, under Gazel, march'd the troop who till'd
 The neighbouring glebe with generous plenty fill'd ;
 And far above, where loud the river roars,
 And from on high its second cataract pours.
 No arms but swords and bows th' Egyptians bear,
 Nor weighty mail, nor shining helmets wear :
 Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,
 But rouse to plunder with the pompous show.

Next Barca's tawny sons, a barbarous throng,
 Beneath their chief, Alarcon, march'd along :
 Half arm'd they came : these, long to plunder train'd.
 A hungry life on barren sands sustain'd.
 Zumara's king a fairer squadron leads ;
 To him the king of Tripoli succeeds :
 Both weak in steady fight, but skill'd to dare
 In sudden onset, and a flying war.
 Then those whose culture each Arabia claim'd,
 The stony that, and this the happy nam'd.
 The last ne'er doom'd (if same the truth declare)
 The fierce extremes of heat and cold to bear.
 Here odoriferous gums their sweets diffuse ;
 Th' immortal phoenix here his youth renews :
 Here, on a pile of many a rich perfume,
 Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb !
 Less costly these their vests and armour wore ;
 But weapons like the troops of Egypt bore.
 To these succeed the wandering Arab train,
 Who shift their canvass towns from plain to plain :
 Their accents female, and their stature low ;
 A sable hue their gloomy features show,
 And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow. }

Long Indian canes they arm with pointed steel,
 And round the plain their steeds impetuous wheel :
 Thou wouldst have thought the winds impell'd their
 course,

If speed of winds could match the rapid horse.

Arabia's foremost squadron Syphax leads ;

Before the second bold Aldine proceeds.

The third have Albiazar at their head ;

A chief in rapine, not in knighthood, bred.

'Then from the various islands march'd a train,

Whose rocks are compass'd by th' Arabian main :

There were they wont, in arts of fishing skill'd,

To draw rich pearls from ocean's watery field.

And join'd with those, the neighbouring lands that lie

Beside the Red Sea shore, their aids supply.

Those Agricaltes, these Mulassas guides,

Who every faith and every law derides.

Next march'd the swarthy troops from Meroe's soil,

That dwell 'twixt Astaborn and fruitful Nile ;

Where Ethiopia spreads her sultry plains,

Whose vast extent three different states contains :

Two Assimirus and Canarius sway'd ;

These Macon's laws and Egypt's rule obey'd, }

And 'gainst the Christian host their forces led. }

The third, whose sons the pure religion knew,

Mix'd not its warriors with the Pagan crew.

Two tributary kings their squadrons show,

That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.

Soldan of Ormus one, a barren land,

Where the vast gulf of Persia leaves the strand.

One in Boëcan held his regal place,

Whose kingdom oft the rising tides embrace ;

But when the ebbing waves forsake the shore,

With feet unbath'd the pilgrim passes o'er.

Not thee, O Altamorus ! from the plain

Thy faithful spouse could in her arms detain :

She wept, she beat her breast, she tore her hair.

And begg'd thee oft thy purpose to forbear.

Dost thou to me prefer, unkind ! (she cried)

The dreadful aspect of the stormy tide ?

Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms,
Than thy dear son, who smiles in infant charms?

Samarcand's realms this powerful king obey;
No subject crown, no tributary sway:
In fields he shone, conspicuous in the fight,
And stood supreme in courage as in might.
The cuirass on their breast his warriors brace;
Their side the sword, their saddle bears the mace.

Next from the seats of morn, beyond the shores
Of Ganges' stream, Adrastus brings his powers:
Around his limbs a serpent's skin he drew,
Diversified with spots of sable hue;
While for his steed he press'd (tremendous sight!)
A mighty elephant of towering height.

Then came the regal band, the Caliph's boast.
The flower of war and vigour of the host:
All arm'd in proof, well furnish'd for the field,
On foaming steeds their rapid course they held.
Rich purple vestments gleam upon the day,
And steel and gold reflect a mingled ray!
Alarcus here and Hidraotes came;

Here Odemarus rode, a mighty name!
Here, 'midst the valiant, Rimedon appear'd,
Whose daring soul nor toil nor danger fear'd.
Tigranes here and Ormond fierce were found;
Ripoldo, once for piracy renown'd:

And Marlabustus bold, th' Arabian nam'd,
Since late his might the rebel Arabs tam'd.

Here Pirgas, Arimon, Orindus shone;
Birmartes, fam'd for many a conquer'd town:
Syphantes, skill'd the bounding steed to rein;
And thou, Aridamantes! form'd to gain
The prize of wrestling on the dusty plain!

Here Tisaphernes, with a dauntless air,
Tower'd o'er the rest, the thunderbolt of war!
Whose force in battle every force excell'd,
To lift the javelin or the faulchion wield.

O'er these the sway a brave Armenian bears,
Who left the Christian faith in early years

For Pagan lore; his former name estrang'd,
 To Emirenes then was Clement chang'd :
 Yet was he well esteem'd for faith sincere,
 And far o'er all his sovereign held him dear.

No more remain'd ; when now, to sudden view,
 The fair Armida with her squadron drew.
 High on a stately car, the royal dame
 In martial pomp (a female archer!) came :
 A slender belt her flowing robe restrain'd :
 Her side the shafts, her hand the bow sustain'd,
 Even sweet in wrath, her charms the gazer move,
 And while she threats, her threatening kindles love !
 Her radiant car, like that which bears the sun,
 Bright with the jacinth and pyropus shone.
 Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,
 Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd.
 A hundred maids, a hundred pages, round
 Attend ; the quivers on their shoulders sound :
 Each in the field bestrides a milk-white steed,
 Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in speed.
 Her troop succeeds, which Aradine commands,
 And Hidraotes rais'd in Syria's lands.

As when, again reviv'd, the phoenix soars
 To visit Ethiopia's much-lov'd shores,
 And spreads his varied wings with plumage bright,
 (Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light !)
 On either hand the feather'd nations fly
 And wondering trace his progress through the sky :
 So pass'd the fair, while gazing hosts admire
 Her graceful looks, her gesture and attire.
 If thus her face, in awful anger arm'd,
 Such various throngs with power resistless charm'd :
 Well might her softer arts each bosom move,
 With winning glances and the smiles of love.

Armida past ; the king of kings commands
 Brave Emirenes, from the martial bands,
 To attend his will ; to him he gives the post,
 O'er all the chiefs, to guide the numerous host.

He came, his looks with grace majestic shin'd,
 And spokè him worthy of the rank design'd.
 At once the guard divides ; a path is shown
 He treads the steps ascending to the throne :
 There, on his humble knee, the ground he press'd,
 And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breast,
 To him the king—This sceptre, chief, receive,
 To thee the rule of yonder host I give.
 Thou, Emirenes ! now my place supply ;
 Deliver Sion's king, our old ally :
 Swift on the Franks my dread resentment pour ;
 Go—see—and conquer—in the avenging hour
 No Christian 'scape ; their name no more be known,
 And bring the living, bound, before my throne.

The Monarch spokè ; the warrior from his hand
 Receiv'd the sovereign ensign of command.

This sceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cried)
 I take, O king ! thy fortune is my guide.
 Arm'd in thy cause I go, thy captain sworn,
 To avenge the wrongs which Asia's realms have borne
 Nor will I e'er return, but crown'd with fame ;
 Death, if I fail, shall hide a warrior's shame !
 Should unexpected ills, ye powers ! impend,
 On me alone let all the storm descend :
 Preserve the host, while, victors, from the plain
 They bring their chief in glorious triumph slain.
 He ceas'd ; the troops with loud applause reply.
 And barbarous clangours echo to the sky.

And now departs, amid the mingled sound,
 The king of kings, with peers encompass'd round :
 These, summon'd to the lofty tent of state,
 In equal honours with the Monarch sate ;
 Himself benignant every chief address'd,
 And gave to each a portion of the feast.

SECTION III.

*Muster-Roll of those who came to Turnus's aid against
Æneas.—VIRGIL.*

And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye muses open all your Helicon ;
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian land.
Their arms, and armies under their command.
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred,
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led ;
For well you know, and can record alone,
What Fame to future times has handed down.

Mezentius first appears upon the plain,
Scorn sate upon his brow and sour disdain ;
Defying earth and Heaven, Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.

The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire ;
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien and features of the face.
A skilful horseman and a huntsman bred,
With Fates averse, a thousand men he led ;
His sire unworthy of so brave a son,
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd :
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field,
His father Hydra fills the ample shield.
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims, }
The son of Hercules he justly seems, }
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs. }
Of Heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god ;
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and these in triumph led,
On Tuscan Tyber's flow'ry banks they fed.

Then on Mount Aventine the son of Jove
 The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
 For arms his men long piles and jav'lines bore,
 And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore:
 Like Hercules himself his son appears,
 In savage pomp a lion's hide he wears ;
 About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
 The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin ;
 Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,
 He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin brothers from fair Tibur came,
 Which from their brother Tibur took its name ;
 Fierce Cores and Catillus, void of fear,
 Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.
 Like cloud-born Centaurs from the mountain's height,
 With rapid course descending to the fight,
 They rush along, the rattling woods give way,
 The branches bend before their sweeping sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
 Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber ;
 Found in the fire and foster'd on the plains,
 A shepherd and a king at once he reigns, }
 And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains. }
 His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
 With those who plough Saturnia's Sabine land ;
 Besides the succours which Anio yields,
 The rocks of Hernicus and dewy fields.
 Anagnia and father Amasene,
 A numerous host, but all of naked men ;
 Nor arms they wear, nor swords nor bucklers wield,
 Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field :
 But hurl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,
 And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head ;
 Their left foot naked when they march to fight,
 But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next, great Neptune was his sire,
 Secure of steel, and fated from the fire ;
 In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms,
 A heartless band, unexercised in arms.

The just-Faliscans he to battle brings,
 And those who live where lake Climimia springs
 And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
 Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands.
 All these in order march, and marching, sing
 The warlike actions of their sea-born king ;
 Like a long train of snowy swans on high,
 They clap their wings and cleave the liquid sky.
 When homeward from their watery pastures borne,
 They sing, and Asia's lakes their lays return.
 Not one who heard their music from afar,
 Would think these troops an army train'd to war:
 But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
 With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
 Of troops, embodied from the Sabine land ;
 And in himself alone an army brought,
 'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot.
 The Claudian race, ordain'd in time to come
 To share the greatness of Imperial Rome :
 He led the Cures forth of old renown,
 Mutuscians from their olive-bearing town ;
 And all the Curetian powers, besides a band
 That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land ;
 And Amiterian troops of mighty fame,
 And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
 And from the craggy cliff of Tetrica,
 And those where yellow Tiber takes his way, }
 And where Himella's wanton waters play. }
 Casperia sends her arms that lie
 By Tabaris and fruitful Foruli.
 The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
 And the cold Nursians come to close the year.
 Mix'd with the natives, born of Latian blood.
 Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood,
 Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
 When pale Orion sets in wint'ry rain.
 Not thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
 Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies.

Than stand these troops—their bucklers ring around,
 Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
 ground.

High in his chariot then Holesus came,
 A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name ;
 From Agamemnon born ; to Turnus' aid,
 A thousand men the youthful hero led.
 Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
 And Auruncinians from their hilly ground ;
 And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
 And where, with shoaly sands, Volturnus roars.
 Cales and Osca's old inhabitants,
 And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants ;
 Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
 Fasten'd with leathern thongs to gall the foe.
 Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
 And on their warding arm their bucklers bear.

Nor Cæbalus shalt thou be left unsung,
 From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung ;
 Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
 But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd.
 And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,
 Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea ;
 Where Batulum, and where Abella sees,
 From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.
 And there, as was the Teuton use of old,
 Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold ;
 Sling weighty stones as from afar they fight,
 Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank the warlike Ufens went,
 And led the mountain-troops that Numa sent ;
 The rude Equiolæ his rude sway obey'd,
 Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.
 In arms they plough, to battle still prepar'd,
 Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard ;

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led, }
 By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid, }
 And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head ; }
 His wand and holy words the viper's rage,
 And venom'd wounds of serpents, could assuage ;

He, when he pleas'd, with powerful juice could steep
 Their temples shut, their eyes in pleasing sleep.
 But vain were Marsian herbs and magic art,
 'To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart ;
 Yet his untimely fate th' Anguitian woods,
 In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
 The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
 Fam'd as his sire, and as his mother fair ;
 Whom in Egerian groves his mother bore,
 And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore.
 Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
 In peaceful fields, and Virbius was his name ;
 Hippolytus, as old records have said,
 Was by his step-dame sought to share her bed.
 But when no female art his mind could move,
 She turn'd to furious hate her impious love ;
 Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
 Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore, }
 Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore. }
 But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
 With Æsculapean herbs his life restor'd ;
 When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
 'The dead inspir'd with vital life again,
 Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,
 Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
 But 'Trivia kept in sacred shades alone
 Her care Hippolytus to fate unknown ;
 And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,
 Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
 For this from 'Trivia's temple and her wood
 Are coursers driv'n, that shed their master's blood, }
 Affrighted by the monsters of the flood. }
 His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
 His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd.
 Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
 High o'er the rest in arms the beauteous Turnus rode ;
 A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
 On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd ;
 The more the kindling combat rises higher,
 The more with fury burns the blazing fire.

Fair Io grac'd his shield, but Io now
 With horns exalted stands, and seems to low.
 A noble charge, the keeper by her side,
 To watch her walks his hundred eyes applied ;
 And on the brims the sire, the wat'ry god,
 Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood.
 A crowd of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
 With swords and pointed spears and clattering shields;
 Of Argives and of old Sicanian bands,
 And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands.
 Auruncian youth, and those Sacrana yields,
 And the proud Labici with painted shields ;
 And those who near Numicia streams reside, }
 And those whom Tyber's holy forests hide, }
 Or Circe's hill from the main land divide,
 Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
 Or the black water of Pomphina stands.

Last from the Volscians Camilla came,
 And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame ;
 Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
 She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
 Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
 Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought ;
 Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain
 Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain.
 She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,
 Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung ;
 Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
 Where'er she passes, fix their wondering eyes.
 Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight ;
 Her purple habit sits with such a grace,
 On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face.
 Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,
 And in a golden caul the curls are bound ;
 She shakes her myrtle jav'lin, and behind
 Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

SECTION IV.

[12] " *There's Captain Jason had some pulls,*" &c.—See Part I. page 42.

Pollonius Rhodius's Muster-Roll of the Argonauts.

Inspir'd by thee, O Phœbus, I resound
 The glorious deeds of heroes all renown'd ;
 Whom Pelias urg'd the golden fleece to gain,
 And well-built Argo wafted o'er the main.
 Through the Cyanean rocks the voice divine
 Pronounc'd this sentence from the sacred shrine:
 Ere long and dreadful woes foretold by fate,
 'Thro' that man's counsels shall on Pelias wait.
 Whom he before the altar of his God,
 Shall view in public with one sandal shod :
 And lo ! as by this oracle foretold,
 What time advent'rous Jason, brave and bold,
 Anaurus pass'd, high swollen with winter's flood,
 He left one sandal rooted in the mud.
 To Pelias thus the hasty prince repair'd,
 And the rich banquet of his altar shar'd ;
 The stately altar with oblations stor'd,
 Was to his sire erected—Ocean's lord,
 And every power that in Olympus reigns ;
 Save Juno, Regent of Thessalian plains.
 Pelias, whose looks his latent fears express'd,
 Fir'd with a bold adventure Jason's breast,
 That—sunk in Ocean, or on some rude shore,
 Prostrate, he ne'er might view his country more.

Old bards affirm this warlike ship was made,
 By skilful Argo, with Minerva's aid.

'Tis mine to sing the chiefs, their names and race,
 Their tedious wanderings on the main to trace ;
 And all their great achievements to rehearse,
 Deign ye, propitious nine, to aid my verse,

First in the list to join the princely bands,
 The tuneful bard, enchanting Orpheus, stands ;
 Whom fair Calliope on Thracia's shore,
 Near Pempla's mount, to bold Cægrus bore.
 Hard rocks he soften'd with persuasive song.
 And smooth'd the rivers as they roll'd along ;
 Yon beaches tall that bloom near Zona still,
 Remain memorials of his vocal skill.
 His lays Pieria's listening trees admire,
 And move in measures to his melting lyre :
 Thus Orpheus charm'd, who o'er the Bistons reign'd,
 By Chiron's art to Jason's int'rest gain'd.

Asterion next, whose sire rejoic'd to till
 Piresian valleys, near Phylleian's hill :
 Born near Apidanus, who sportive leads
 His winding waters through the fertile meads.
 There where from far Enipeus' stream divine
 And wide Apidanus their currents join.
 The son of Elatus, of deathless fame,
 From fair Larissa Polyphemus came ;
 Long since, when in the vigour of his might,
 He join'd the hardy Lapithæ in fight,
 Against the Centaurs—Now his strength declin'd,
 Through age, yet young and martial was his mind.

Nor long at Phyleice Iphicus staid,
 Great Jason's uncle, pleas'd he lent his aid ;
 And march'd to meet th' adventurous band from far,
 Urg'd by affinity and love of war.

Nor long Admetus, who at Pheræ reign'd,
 Near high Chalcedon's bleeding fields remain'd ;
 Echion, Erylus, for wiles renown'd,
 Left Alope with golden harvest crown'd.
 The gainful sons of Mercury—with these
 Their brother came—the bold Æthalides ;
 Whom fair Eupoterne the Pythian bore,
 Where smooth Amphrysos rolls his wat'ry store.
 Those, Menelus, from thy fair daughter sprung:
 Antianera, beautiful and young.

Coronus came from Gyston's wealthy town,
 Great as his sire in valour and renown ;

Cæneus his sire, who, as old bards relate,
 Receiv'd from Centaurs his untimely fate.
 Alone, unaided, with transcendant might,
 Boldly he faced and put his foes to flight ;
 But they, reviving, soon regain'd their ground,
 Yet fail'd to vanquish, and they could not wound ;
 Unbroke, unmov'd, the chief his breath resigns.
 O'erwhelm'd beneath a monument of pines.

From Titaresus Mopsus bent his way,
 Inspir'd an augur by the God of Day.

Eurydamus to share fair honour's crown,
 Forsook near Hynia's lake his native town,
 Nam'd Climena. Menalus join'd the band,
 Dismiss'd from Opuns by his sire's command.

Next came Eurytion, Irus' valiant son,
 And Ereboles, seed of Teleon.

Oileus join'd these heroes, fam'd afar
 For stratagems and fortitude in war ;
 Well skill'd the hostile squadrons to subdue.
 Bold in attack, and ardent to pursue.

Next by Canethius, son of Abans, sent,
 Ambitious Cantheus from Eubœa went ;
 Doom'd ne'er again to reach his native shore,
 Nor view the towers of proud Cerinthus more.
 For thus decreed the destinies severe
 That he and Mopsus, venerable seer,
 After long toils and various wanderings past,
 On Afric's dreary shore should breathe their last.
 How short the time assign'd to human wo,
 Clos'd as it is by death's decisive blow ;
 On Afric's dreary coast their graves were made,
 From Phasis distant far their bones were laid,
 Far as the east and western limits run,
 Far as the rising from the setting sun ;
 Clyteus, Hapitus, unite their aid,
 Who all the country round Æchalia sway'd.
 These were the sons of Eurytus the proud,
 On whom his bow the God of Day bestow'd ;
 But he devoid of gratitude, defied,
 And challeng'd Phœbus with a rival's pride.

The sons of Æacus, intrepid race,
 Sep'rate advanc'd, and from a different place;
 For when their brother unawares they slew,
 From fair Ægina diverse they withdrew.

Fair Salamis king Talemon obey'd.
 And valiant Peleus Phthia's sceptre sway'd.

Next Bules came, from fam'd Lecropia far,
 Brave Telion's son, a chief renown'd in war.

To wield the deadly lance Phapesus boasts,
 Who, by his sire commission'd, join'd the hosts :
 No son save this e'er bless'd the hoary sage,
 And this heaven gave him in declining age.

Yet him he sent, disdaining abject fears,
 To shine conspicuous 'midst his valiant peers ;
 Theseus far more than all his race renown'd,
 Fast in the cave of Tanarus was bound,
 With adamantine fetters—dire abode,
 E'er since he trod th' irremeable road,
 With his belov'd Pirithous—had they sail'd,
 Much had their might, their courage much avail'd.

Bœotian Tiphus came, experienc'd well,
 Old ocean's foaming surges to foretell ;
 Experienc'd well the stormy winds to shun,
 And steer his vessel by the stars or sun.
 Minerva urg'd him by her high command,
 A welcome mate, to join the princely band ;
 For she the ship had form'd with heavenly skill,
 Though Argo wrought the dictates of her will.
 Thus plann'd, thus fashion'd, this fam'd ship excell'd
 All other ships, by sail or oar impell'd.

From Aræthyrea, that near Corinth lay,
 Phleas, the son of Bacchus, took his way.
 Bless'd by his sire, his splendèd mansion stood,
 Fast by the fountain of Asophus' flood.

From Argus next the sons of Bias came,
 ———, Talaus, candidates for fame ;
 With bold Laodicus, whom Pero bore,
 Lelix's fair daughter, on the Argive shore,
 For whom Melampus various woes sustain'd,
 In a deep dungeon by Iphiclus chain'd.

Next Hercules, endued with dauntless mind,
 At Jason's summons staid not long behind ;
 For warn'd of this adventurous band, when last
 The chief to Argos from Arcadia pass'd.
 What time in chains he brought the living boar,
 The bane, the dread of Erymanthia's moor ;
 And at the gate of proud Mycene's town,
 From his broad shoulders hurl'd the monster down.
 Unask'd the stern Mycenian king's consent,
 Instant to join the warlike host he went :
 Young Hylas waited with obsequious care,
 The hero's quiver and his bow to bear.

Next came the list of demi-gods, to grace ;
 He who from Danaus deriv'd his race,
 Nauplius, of whom fam'd Prælus was the son.
 Of Prælus Lernus thus the lineage run ;
 From Lernus Nauplius his being claim'd,
 Whose valiant son was Clyloneus nam'd ;
 In navigations various art confess'd
 Shone Nauplius' skill superior to the rest.
 Him to the sea's dread lord in days of yore,
 Danaus' fair daughter Amymone bore.

Last of those chiefs who left the Grecian coast,
 Prophetic Idmon join'd the gallant host ;
 Full well he knew what cruel fate ordain'd,
 But dreaded more than death his honour stain'd.
 The son of Phœbus by some stol'n embrace,
 And number'd too with Æolus's race ;
 He learn'd his art prophetic from his sire,
 Omens from birds, and prodigies from fire.

Illustrious Pollux, fam'd for martial force,
 And Castor, skill'd to guide the rapid horse ;
 Ætolian Leda, sent from Sparta's shore,
 Both at one birth Tyndarus' house she bore.
 No boding fears her generous mind depress'd,
 She thought like them whom Jove's embrace had
 bless'd.

Lynieus and Idas, Arene's wall,
 Heard fame's loud summons, and obey'd her call ;

The sons of Aphareus, of matchless might,
 But Lynieus stands renown'd for piercing sight :
 So keen his beams, that ancient fables tell,
 He saw through earth the wond'rous depths of hell.

With these bold Percelymenus appears,
 The son of Neleus most advanc'd in years ;
 Of all his race his sires unconquer'd pride,
 Him with vast strength old ocean's lord supplied.
 And gave the power whene'er in battle press'd,
 To take whatever form might suit him best.

From Tiges where bore Aphare Aphides' sway,
 Amphiornas and Copheus took their way :
 The sons of Aleus both, and with them went,
 Ancaus by his sire Lycurgus sent ;
 Of those their brother, and by birth the first,
 Was good Lycurgus ; tenderly he nurs'd
 His sire at home ; but had his gallant son,
 With the bold chiefs the race of glory run,
 On his broad back a bear's rough spoils he bore ;
 And in his hand a two-edg'd faulchion bore :
 Which that the youth might in no danger share,
 Were safe secured by his grandsire's care.

Augeas too, lord of the Etean coast,
 Sail'd, brave associate of the warlike host ;
 Rich in possessions, of his riches proud,
 Fame says his being to the sun he ow'd.
 Ardent he wish'd to see the Colchian shore,
 And old Ætes, who the sceptre bore.

Asterias and Amphion, urg'd by fame,
 The valiant sons of Hyperaseus came ;
 From fair Pellena, built in days of yore,
 By Pelias's grandsire on the lofty shore.
 From Tanarus, that yawns with gulf profound,
 Euphemus came, for rapid race renown'd ;
 By Neptune forc'd, Europa gave him birth,
 Daughter to Typhon, hugest son of earth ;
 Whene'er he skimm'd along the watery plain,
 With feet unbath'd he swept the raging main ;
 Scarce brush'd the surface of the briny dew,
 And light along the liquid level flew.

Two other sons of Neptune join'd the host ;
 This from Miletus on the Ionian coast,
 Erginus nam'd, but that from Samos came,
 Juno's lov'd isle, Amanus was his name.
 Illustrious chief, and both renown'd from far,
 For the join'd arts of sailing and of war,
 Young Meleager, Æneus' warlike son,
 And sage Lacoön march'd from Calydon.
 From the same father he and Æneus sprung,
 But on the breasts of different mothers hung :
 Him Æneus purpos'd with his son to send,
 A wise companion and a faithful friend.
 Thus to the royal chiefs his name he gave,
 And green in years, was number'd with the brave,
 Had he continued but one summer more,
 A martial pupil on the Ætolian shore,
 First on the list of fame the youth had shone,
 Or own'd superior Hercules alone.
 His uncle too well skill'd the dart to throw,
 And in th' embattled plain resist the foe,
 Sphielus, venerable Thespis' son,
 Join'd the young chief, and boldly led them on.
 The son of Lernus fir'd with glory came,
 Olenian Lernus—but the voice of fame
 Whispers that Vulcan was the hero's sire,
 And therefore limps he, like the god of fire.
 Of nobler port or valour none could boast,
 He added grace to Jason's godlike host :
 From Phreïs Iphitus with ardour press'd,
 To join the chiefs ; great Jason was his guest
 When to the Delphic oracle he went,
 Consulting fate, and anxious for th' event,
 Zetes and Calais, of royal race,
 Whom Orythryia bore in wint'ry Thrace ;
 To blustering Boreas, in his airy hall,
 Heard Fame's loud summons, and obey'd the call.
 Erectheus who the Athenian sceptre sway'd,
 Was parent of the violated maid ;
 Whom dancing with her mates rude Boreas stole,
 Where the fam'd waters of Elis roll.

And to his rock-fenc'd serpedonian cave,
 Convey'd her where Erginus pours his wave :
 There circumfus'd in gloom and grateful shade,
 The god of tempest woo'd the gentle maid.
 They, when on tiptoe rais'd, in act to fly,
 Like the light pinion'd vagrants of the sky,
 Wav'd their dark wings, and wond'rous to behold,
 Display'd each plume, distinct with drops of gold.
 While down their backs, of bright cerulean hue,
 Loose in the wind their wanton tresses flew.
 Not long with Pelias young Æastes staid,
 He left his sire to lend the Grecians aid :
 Argus, whom Pallas with her gifts inspir'd,
 Follow'd his friend, with martial glory fir'd.

SECTION V.

*Muster-Roll of the Nations, and Catalogue of the Ships,
 Auxiliaries to the Greeks.—HOMER.*

Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
 All-knowing goddesses ! immortal Nine !
 Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeasur'd height,
 And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
 (We, wretched mortals ! lost in doubts below,
 But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
 Oh ! say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
 Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came ?
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
 Daughters of Jove, assist ! inspir'd by you
 The mighty labour dauntless I pursue :
 What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
 Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I sing.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
 Penelïus, Leitus, Prothoënor led ;

With these Arcesilaüs and Clonius stand,
 Equal in arms, and equal in command.
 These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
 And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's wat'ry fields;
 And Schænos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
 And Mycalessia's ample piny plain.
 Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
 Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
 Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;
 And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low:
 Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,
 Or Thespia sacred to the god of day.
 Ouchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
 Copæ and Thisbè, fam'd for silver doves,
 For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;
 Platea green, and Nisa the divine:
 And they whom Thebè's well-built walls enclose,
 Where Mydè, Eutresis, Coronè, rose:
 And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
 And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.
 Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
 Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.
 To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
 Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain:
 Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
 Iälmen and Ascalaphus the strong.
 Sons of Astyochè, the heavenly fair,
 Whose virgin charms subdu'd the god of war;
 (In Actor's court, as she retir'd to rest,
 The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd)
 Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
 With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.
 The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
 Epistrophus and Schedius head the war.
 From those rich regions where Cephissus leads,
 His silver current through the flowery meads;
 From Panopëa, Chrysa the divine,
 Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine.
 Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
 And fair Lilæa views the rising flood:

These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Close, on the left, the bold Bœotian's side.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son ;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright,
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send :
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands,
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands ; }
And where Boägrîus floats the lowly lands.
Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside,
In forty vessels cut the liquid tide.
Euboë next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars ;
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way,
From Chalcis' walls and strong Eretria.
Th' Isteian fields, for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Carystos, and the Styrian ground ;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair,
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air ;
But with protended spears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corslets and the brazen shields.
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,
Led by Menestheus through the liquid plain:
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-ey'd maid ;
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.
Him Pallas plac'd amid her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain ;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes resound the goddess's praise.)
No chief like thee, Menestheus, Greece could yield,
To marshal armies in the dusty field :

Th' extended wings of battle to display,
 Or close the embodied host in firm array.
 Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
 For martial conduct bore an equal praise.

With these appear the Salaminian bands,
 Whom the gigantic Telamon commands.
 In twelve black ships, to Troy they steer their course,
 And with the great Athenians join their force.

Next move to war the generous Argive train, }
 From high Trozena and Maseta's plain ;
 And fair Ægina, circled by the main :
 Whom strong Tyrinthè's lofty walls surround.
 And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd ;
 And where fair Asinen and Hermion show,
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
 These by the brave Euryalus were led,
 Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomede,
 But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway ;
 In fourscore barks they plough their wat'ry way.

The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
 Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
 Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
 And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign ;
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore.
 And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store.
 Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,
 And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky :
 Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
 A hundred vessels in long order stand,
 And crowded nations wait his dread command. }
 High on the deck the king of men appears,
 And his refulgent arms in triumph wears ;
 Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,
 In silent pomp he moves along the main.
 His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
 The hardy Spartans, exercised in arms ;
 Phare's and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
 Who Lacedæmon's lofty hill enclose.

Or Messe's towers, for silver doves renown'd,
 Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground :
 And those whom Cētylos' low walls contain,
 And Helos on the margin of the main :
 These o'er the bending ocean Helen's cause,
 In sixty ships, with Menelaüs draws :
 Eager and loud, from man to man he flies,
 Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes ;
 While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
 The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,
 Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host :
 From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land ;
 Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand ;
 Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,
 And Thryon's walls Alpheüs' streams enclose ;
 And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
 Superior once of all the tuneful race,
 Till, vain of mortals' empty praise, he strove
 To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove !
 Too daring bard ! whose unsuccessful pride
 Th' immortal Muses in their art defied.
 Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
 Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away ;
 No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
 His hand no more awak'd the silver string.

Where under high Celenè, crown'd with wood,
 The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood ;
 From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
 The Phenean fields and Orchomenian downs,
 Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove ;
 And Stympalus with her surrounding grove,
 Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
 And high Enispe shook by wintry wind,
 And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site ;
 In sixty sail the Arcadian bands unite.
 Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head
 (Ancæus' son,) the mighty squadron led.
 Their ships supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
 Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear :

'The first to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join :
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose
Th' Olenian rock : and where Alisium flows ;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came :
'The strength and glory of the Epean name.
In separate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimacus, and Thalius one,
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' son ;)
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line ;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest Islands of th' Echinades,
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove !
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulysses followed through the wat'ry road ;
A chief in wisdom equal to a god.
With those whom Cephalenia's isle enclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd ;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods.
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermillion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.
'Thoas came next, Andraemon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian steep,
And Calchis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore.
For now the sons of CENEUS were no more !
'The glories of the mighty race were fled !
CENEUS himself, and Meleager dead !
'To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.

Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
 Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
 And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
 Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
 Or where by Phæstus silver Jordan runs,
 Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
 These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
 And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.

Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
 Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas:
 From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright,
 Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
 His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
 From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
 Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
 And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
 The hero, when to manly years he grew,
 Alcides' uncle, old Lycymnius, slew;
 For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,
 And shun the vengeance of th' Herculean race,
 A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
 Of willing exiles wander'd o'er the main;
 Where, many seas and many sufferings past,
 On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:
 There in three tribes divides his native band,
 And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
 Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,
 By mighty Jove, the sire of men and gods;
 With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
 And showers of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore,
 Nireus, whom Aglæe to Charopus bore;
 Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
 The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
 Pelides only match'd his early charms;
 But few his troops, and small his strength in arms;
 Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
 Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;
 With them the youth of Nisyrus repair,
 Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair;

Cos, where Eurypilus possess'd the sway,
 Till great Alcides made the realms obey :
 These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
 Sprung from the god by Thessalus the king.

Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argo's powers,
 From Alas, Alopè, and Trechin's towers ;
 From Phthia's spacious vales ; and Hella bless'd
 With female beauty far beyond the rest,
 Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
 'Th' Achaïans, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear ;
 'Thessalians all, though various in their name ;
 'The same their nation, and their chief the same.
 But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
 'They hear the brazen voice of war no more :
 No more the foe they face in dire array :
 Close in his fleet their angry leader lay ;
 Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,
 'The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne.
 Then when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
 And the bold sons of great Evenus slew,
 There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
 But soon to rise in slaughter, blood and war.
 To these the youth of Phylacé succeed,
 Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
 And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
 The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes,
 Sweet Pyrrhassus, with blooming flow'rets crown'd
 And Antron's wat'ry dens and cavern'd ground.
 These own'd as chief, Protesilas the brave,
 Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave :
 The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,
 And died a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore :
 There lies, far distant from his native plain ;
 Unfinish'd, his proud palaces remain, }
 And his sad consort beats her breast in vain. }
 His troops in forty ships Podarces led,
 Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead ;
 Nor he unworthy to command the host :
 Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
 Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake,
 Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,
 Or proud Iölcus lifts her airy wall,
 In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
 With bold Eumelus, whom Alcestè bore :
 All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshin'd,
 The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Mathonè or Thaumacia yields,
 Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,
 With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art,
 From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
 Seven were his ships ; each vessel fifty row,
 Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
 But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground :
 A poisonous Hydra gave the burning wound ;
 There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
 Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
 His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,
 Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

Th' Æchalian race in those high towers contain'd.
 Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
 Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
 Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears ;
 In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
 Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
 To these his skill their parent-god imparts,
 Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
 In forty barks Eurypilus commands.
 Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
 And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.

Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,
 And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
 Gyrtonè's warriors ; and where Orthè lies,
 And Oloösön's chalky cliffs arise.
 Sprung from Pirithoüs of immortal race,
 The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
 (That day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
 To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)

With Polipætas join'd in equal sway
 Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey,
 In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
 From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
 With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
 Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees ;
 Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
 And into Peneus rolls his easy tides ;
 Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
 The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
 Sacred and awful ! From the dark abodes
 Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods !

Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
 Prothous, the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood ;
 Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
 Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows ;
 Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus stray'd,
 (The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade.)
 In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main ;
 Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.

SECTION VI.

Muster-Roll of the Trojan Auxiliaries.—IBID.

Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
 A rising mount, the work of human hands,
 (This for Myrinne's tomb th' immortals know,
 Though call'd Bateia in the world below ;)
 Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
 Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.

The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
 Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plummy crest ;
 In throngs around his native bands repair,
 And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
 Anchises' son by Venus' stolen embrace,

Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove ;
 (A mortal mixing with the queen of love.)
 Archilochus and Acamas divide
 The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair Zeleia's wealthy vallies till,
 Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill ;
 Or drink, Æsopus, of thy sable flood :
 Were led by Pandarus of royal blood.
 To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
 Grac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.

From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,
 High Tereë's summits, and Pityea's bowers ;
 From these the congregated troops obey
 Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway :
 Old Merops' sons ; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
 The sire forewarn'd, and prophesied their doom :
 Fate urg'd them on ; the sire forewarn'd in vain,
 They rush to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Practius' stream, Percotès pasture lands,
 And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
 From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
 Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host :
 High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
 His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
 March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground :
 In equal arms their brother leaders shine,
 Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamas and Pirous lead their hosts,
 In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts ;
 Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,
 And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores.

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
 Sprung from Træzenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.

Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend,
 Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend :
 From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
 Axius, that laves the distant Amydon ;
 Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring rills,
 And wide around the floating region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,
 Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules:
 Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
 Thy groves of box, Cytorus ! ever green ;
 And where Ægialus and Cromna lie,
 And lofty Sesamus invades the sky ;
 And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,
 Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
 Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,
 From those far regions where the sun refines
 The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

There, mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
 And augur Eunomus, inspired in vain,
 For stern Achilles lopp'd his sacred head,
 Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite
 Th' Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
 Or whom the vales in shade of Tmolus hide,
 Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake ;
 Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.
 There from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
 High Mycale and Latmos' shady brows,
 And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs
 With mingled clamours, and with barbarous tongues.
 Amphimacus and Naustes guide the train,
 Naustes the bold, Amphimacus the vain,
 Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
 Rode like a woman to the field of war,
 Fool that he was ! by fierce Achilles slain,
 The river swept him to the briny main :
 There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies ;
 The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.

The forces last in fair array succeed,
 Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead ;
 The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,
 Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

CHAPTER III.

OF SHIELDS.

SECTION I.

Achilles' Shield, presented by his mother Thetis.—HOMER.

—And now the father of the fires
 To the black labours of his forge retires.
 Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
 Their iron mouths ; and where the furnace burn'd,
 Resounding breath'd : at once the blast expires,
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires ;
 Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd ;
 And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold :
 Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand ;
 The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
 His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
 Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield ;
 Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field ;
 Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound ;
 A silver chain suspends the massy round ;
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
 And godlike labours on the surface rose.
 There shone the image of the master-mind :
 There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd ;
 Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round ;
 The starry light that heaven's high convex crown'd ;

The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team ;
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam ;
 To which, around the axle of the sky,
 The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
 Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
 The image, one of peace, and one of war.
 Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite :
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed :
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound :
 Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
 The subject of debate, a townsman slain :
 One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deni'd.
 And bade the public and the laws decide :
 The witness is produc'd on either hand :
 For this, or that, the partial people stand :
 Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands ;
 On seats of stone within the sacred place
 The reverend elders nodded o'er the case ;
 Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
 And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
 Two golden talents lay amidst in sight,
 The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
 'Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
 Mean time the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare ;
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
 Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
 They march : by Pallas and by Mars made bold :
 Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,

And gold their armour; these the squadron led.
 August, divine, superior by the head!
 A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
 And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains:
 Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
 In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
 Rush sudden! hills of slaughter heap the ground:
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
 There tumult, there contention, stood confess'd;
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled
 With new-made wounds: another dragg'd a dead:
 Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field deep furrow'd, next the god design'd,
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
 The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
 And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
 Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
 Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the soil:
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd;
 And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain:
 With bended sickles stand the reaping-train:
 Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are found,
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the ground.

With sweeping stroke the mowers strew the lands :
 The gatherers follow and collect in bands ;
 And last the children, in whose arms are borne
 ('Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
 The rustic monarch of the field describes,
 With silent glee the heaps around him rise.
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
 The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare :
 The reaper's due repast, the women's care.

Next, ripe, in yellow gold, a vineyard shines.
 Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines ;
 A deeper die the dangling clusters show,
 And curl'd on silver props, in order glow :
 A darker metal mix'd, intrench'd the place :
 And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace,
 To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
 (Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear
 The purple product of th' autumnal year.
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
 Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings ;
 In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
 Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march erect and bold,
 Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
 And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
 A rapid torrent through the rushes roars ;
 Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
 And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
 Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
 And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd :
 He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men withstood ;
 They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
 The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
 Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
 Deep through fair forests and a length of meads :

And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds ; such once was seen
In lofty Gnosus ; for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art : a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand :
The maids in soft cymars of linen dress'd,
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest :
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths enroll'd :
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet : now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze :
Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring.
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around :
Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend :
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshone the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
With various sculpture, and the golden crest,
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay ;
She, as a falcon, cuts the ærial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

SECTION II.

[10] “*The Latins, fir’d by martial law,*” &c.—See Part I. page 37.

Æneas’s Shield, presented by his mother Venus.—VIRG.

Sacred to Vulcan’s name, an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia’s coast and Liparè,
Rais’d high on smoking rocks : and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal :
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around : the boiling waters roar ;
And smoking flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round :
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies :
These darts for angry Jove, they daily cast—
Consum’d on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store,
As many parts the dreadful mixture frame ;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axle-trees, and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish’d arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpet’s loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon’s head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.

“My sons !” said Vulcan, “set your tasks aside :
Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.
Arms for a hero forge—arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.”

He said. They set their former work aside,
 And their new toils with eager haste divide.
 A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
 And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd.
 Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
 Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
 Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close.
 One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
 The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd ;
 The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
 By turns, their arms advance in equal time ;
 By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.
 They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs ;
 The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
 While, at the Lemnian god's command they urge
 Their labours thus, and ply the Æolian forge.

Meantime the mother-goddess, crown'd with charms,
 Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fatal arms.
 Within a winding vale she finds her son,
 On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone,
 She shows her heavenly form without disguise,
 And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
 " Behold (she said) perform'd in ev'ry part,
 My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art.
 Now seek secure the Latian enemy,
 And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
 She said : and having first her son embrac'd,
 The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
 Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
 He lifts, and turns, and poises, and admires
 The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires :
 His hand the fatal sword and corslet hold,
 One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold ;
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.
 So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
 He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
 The plated cuishes on his manly thigh ;

But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
 And Roman triumphs rising on the gold ;
 For there, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought
 (Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
 The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens :
 There, by the wolf, were led the Martial twins.
 Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung :
 The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue :
 They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
 She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.
 Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
 Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
 The pit resounds with shrieks : a war succeeds,
 For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
 Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend :
 The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
 Wearied with tedious war at length they cease ;
 And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
 The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
 Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand ;
 A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
 With imprecations on the perjurd head.
 Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
 Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
 By 'Tullius' doom : the brambles drink his blood :
 And his torn limbs are left the vulture's food.
 There Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
 And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
 One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights :
 The Roman youth assert their native rights.
 Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
 To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
 Their king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood,
 While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
 The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
 'Scap'd from their chains, with Clœlia for their guide.
 High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
 To guard the temple and the temple's god.

Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
 The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold;
 The silver goose before the shining gate
 There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
 She told the Gauls' approach: th' approaching Gauls.
 Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
 The gold dissembled well their yellow hair:
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
 Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
 And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
 Hard by the leaping Salian priests advance:
 And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperi dance
 In caps of wool: the targets dropp'd from heav'n.
 Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
 To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
 And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
 Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
 Pains of the damn'd: and punish'd Cataline,
 Hung on a rock—the traitor; and, around,
 The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
 Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
 And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
 Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea:
 But foaming surges there in silver play.
 The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
 The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
 Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage—
 Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
 Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
 Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
 Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
 And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
 Agrippa seconds him with prosp'rous gales,
 And with propitious gods, his foes assails.
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
 Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings,

Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war :
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
 His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.
 Moving they fight : with oars and forky prows.
 The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
 It seems as if the Cyclades again
 Were rooted up, and justled in the main ;
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet :
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed jav'lines fly :
 The fields of Neptune take a purple die.
 The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
 With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
 Fool as she was ! who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate ; nor saw the snakes behind.
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen defy.
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
 Mars in the middle of the shining shield,
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
 The Diræ sowse from heav'n with swift descent :
 And Discord, died in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the peace : her steps Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo from his Actian height,
 Pours down his arrows : at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
 And soft Sabæans quit the wat'ry field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
 And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her, as driv'n along
 By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
 Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide .
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
 And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.

The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd ;
With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise.
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame; before each altar lies,
Drench'd in its gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone ;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habits, and in tongue.
Here Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and ungirt Numidian race ;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
With Scythians expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides ;
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind.
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind ;
And Morini, the last of human kind.
These figures on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.

SECTION III.

A Description of Jason's Mantle.—POLLONIUS RHODIUS.

A mantle doubly lin'd, of purple hue,
 The son of Æson o'er his shoulders threw ;
 This Pallas gave him, when, with wond'rous art,
 She plann'd his ship, and measur'd every part,
 'Twere safer to survey the radiant globe
 Of rising Phœbus, than this splendid robe.

Full in the middle beam'd a crimson blaze ;
 The verge surrounding, darted purple rays ;
 In every page historic scenes were wrought ;
 The moving figures seem'd inform'd with thought :
 Here on their work intent the Cyclops strove,
 Eager to form a thunderbolt for Jove ;
 Half-rough, half form'd, the glowing engine lay,
 And only wanted the fire-darting ray ;
 And this they hammer'd out on anvils dire ;
 At each colision flash'd the fatal fire.
 Not distant far, in lively colours plann'd,
 Two brothers, Zethus and Amphion, stand,
 Sons of Antiope : no turrets crown'd
 Thy city, Thebes, but walls were rising round ;
 A mountain's rocky summit Zethus bore
 On his broad back, but seem'd to labour sore :
 Behind Amphion tun'd his golden shell,
 (Amphion, deem'd in music to excel,)
 Rocks still pursu'd him as he mov'd along,
 Charm'd by the music of his magic song.
 Crown'd with soft tresses in a fairer field,
 Gay Venus toy'd with Mars's splendid shield ;
 Down from her shoulders her expanded vest
 Display'd the splendid beauties of her breast ;
 She in the brazen buckler, glittering bright,
 Beheld her lovely image with delight.
 On a rich plain appear, not distant far,
 The Tapians and Electryon sons at war ;
 Fat steers, the prize for which the swains contend ;
 Those strive to plunder, those their herds defend ;
 The meads were moist with blood and rosy dew ;
 The powerful many triumph'd o'er the few.
 Two chariots next rode lightly o'er the plains,
 This Pelops drove, and shook the sounding reins.
 Hippodameia at his side he view'd,
 In the next chariot Myrtilus pursu'd,
 And with him CEnomus approaching near,
 At Pelops' back he aim'd the vengeful spear ;
 The faithless axle, as the wheel whirl'd round,
 Snapp'd short, and left him stretch'd along the ground.

Here young Apollo stood in act to throw
 The whirling arrow from the twanging bow,
 At mighty Tityus aim'd, who basely strove
 To force his mother, erst belov'd by Jove.
 He from fair Elery deriv'd his birth,
 Though fed and nourish'd by prolific Earth ;
 There Phryxus stoop'd to listen to the ram,
 On whose broad back the Hellespont he swam ;
 The beast look'd speaking, earnest could you gaze,
 The lively piece would charmingly amaze ;
 Long might you feast your eye, and lend an ear
 With pleasing hopes the conference to hear.

SECTION IV.

Rinaldo's Shield.—TASSO.

There, in a narrow space, the master's mind,
 With wondrous art, a thousand forms design'd :
 There shone great Estè's race, whose noble blood
 From Roman source in streams unsullied flow'd.
 With laurel crown'd the godlike chiefs appear'd ;
 The sage their honours and their wars declar'd.
 Caius he show'd, who (when th' imperial sway
 Declining fell to alien hands a prey,)
 A willing people taught to own his power,
 And first of Estè's line the sceptre bore.
 When the Goth (a rude destructive name !)
 Call'd by Honorius, big with ruin, came ;
 When Rome, oppress'd and captive to the foe,
 Fear'd one dire hour would all her state o'erthrow ;
 He show'd how brave Aurelius from the bands
 Of foreign foes preserv'd his subject lands.
 Forestus then he nam'd, whose noble pride
 The Huns, the tyrants of the North, defied ;
 Fierce Attila their lord, of savage mien,
 By him subdu'd in single fight was seen.

See next the patriot chief, with ceaseless care,
 For Aquileia's strong defence prepare ;
 Th' Italian Hector in the task of war !
 But ah ! too soon he ends his mortal state,
 And with his own includes his country's fate.
 Then Acarinus to his father's fame
 Succeeds, the champion of the Roman name.
 Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields,
 And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds :
 Deep in the vale of Po his city rose,
 (A thousand scatter'd cots the town compose ;) }
 Which distant ages shall with pride proclaim
 The seat of empire of th' Estesian name.
 Th' Alani quell'd Aracius, in debate
 With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate :
 For Italy he bravely yields his breath,
 And shares paternal honour in his death.
 With him the gallant Alphorisius dies :
 To exile Actius, with his brother flies ;
 But soon return'd (th' Erulean king o'erthrown)
 Again in council and in arms they shone.
 Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel,
 A second brave Epaminondas fell :
 See ! where with smiles he seems his life to yield,
 Since Totila is fled, and safe his shield.
 His son Valerian emulates his name,
 And treads the footsteps of paternal fame :
 Scarce yet a man, of manly force possess'd,
 His daring hand th' encroaching Goth repress'd.
 Near him with warlike mien Ernestus rose,
 Who routs in field the rough Sclavonian foes.
 With these intrepid Aldoard is shown,
 Who 'gainst the Lombard king defends Monscelce's town.
 Henry and Berengarius then appear'd,
 Who serv'd where Charles his glorious banner rear'd.
 Then Lewis follow'd, who the war maintain'd
 Against his nephew that in Latium reign'd.
 Next Otho with his sons, a friendly band,
 Five blooming youths around their father stand.

There Almeric, Ferrara's Marquis, came,
 (Ferrara, plac'd by Po's majestic stream;)

See! where he lifts to heaven his pious eyes;
 Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes arise!
 The second Actius fill'd a different side,
 Who bloody strife with Berengarius tried;
 But, after many various turns of fate,
 Subdu'd his foe, and rul'd th' Italian state:
 Albertus now appear'd, his valiant son,
 Who from Germania mighty trophies won;
 Who foil'd the Danes; and to his nuptial bed,
 With ample dowry, Otho's daughter led.
 Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd,
 And o'er the 'Tuscan lands dominion held.
 Tedaldo then; and now the sculpture show'd,
 With Beatrice where Bonifacius stood.
 No male succeeding to the large domain,
 No son the father's honours to maintain,
 Matilda follow'd, who, with virtues tried,
 Full well the want of manly sex supplied:
 In arts of sway the wise and valiant dame
 O'er crowns and sceptres rais'd the female fame:
 The Norman there she chas'd! here quell'd in field
 Guiscard the brave, before untaught to yield:
 Henry she crush'd (the fourth that bore the name)
 And with his standards to the temple came;
 Then in the Vatican, with honours grac'd,
 In Peter's chair the sovereign Pontiff plac'd.
 See the fifth Actius near her person move,
 With looks of reverence and of duteous love.
 Actius the fourth a happier race has known;
 Thence Guelpho issues, Kunigunda's son;
 Retiring, to Germania's call he yields,
 By fate transplanted to Bavarian fields:
 There on the Guelphian tree, with age decay'd,
 Great Estè's branch its foliage fair display'd:
 Then might you soon the Guelphian race behold
 Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold.

From hence Bertoldo rose, of matchless fame ;
Hence the sixth Actius, bright in virtue, came.

Such were the chiefs whose forms the shield express'd :
And emulation fir'd Rinaldo's breast :
In fancy wrapp'd, each future toil he view'd,
Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.
Swift o'er his limbs the burnish'd mail he throws,
Already hopes the day, and triumphs o'er the foes.

[15] "*To the Crusades*," &c.—See page 79.

Argantes and Clorinda undertake by night to burn the tower of the Christians. The two adventurers sally from the town, and set fire to the tower : the Christians take arms : Argantes retreats before them, and gains the city in safety ; but the gates being suddenly closed, Clorinda is left among the enemy. Tancred, not knowing her, pursues her as she is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat : Clorinda is slain, but, before she dies, receives baptism from the hand of Tancred. His grief and lamentation.—IBID.

Now through the night their silent march they bend,
Now leave the city, and the hill descend :
'Till near the place arriv'd, where towering high,
The hostile structure rises to the sky ;
Their daring souls can scarcely now restrain
The warmth that breathes in every glowing vein :
Their cautious tread the watchful guard alarms ;
The signal these demand, and call aloud to arms.
No more conceal'd remain the generous pair,
But boldly rushing on provoke the war.
As missile stones from battering engines fly,
As forked thunders rend the troubled sky ;
One instant sees them, with resistless hand,
Attack, and pierce, and scatter wide the band.

'Midst clashing spears and hissing darts they flew,
 And unrepuls'd their glorious task pursue :
 Now, held in sight, the ready fires they raise :
 Now near the pile the threatening vapours blaze ;
 'Till on the tower the dreadful pest they bend :
 On every side the curling flames ascend :
 Heavy and thick the smoky volumes rise,
 And shade with sable clouds the starry skies ;
 Flash follows flash, the mingled blaze aspires,
 'Till all the ether glows with ruddy fires !
 Fann'd by the wind, the flame more furious grows :
 Down falls the pile, the terror of the foes,
 And one short hour the wondrous work o'erthrows !

Meanwhile with speed two Christian squadrons came,
 Who from the field had seen the rising flame :
 'To these the bold Argantes turn'd, and vow'd
 To quench the burning ruins with their blood :
 Yet, with Clorinda join'd, retreating still,
 By slow degrees he gain'd the neighbouring hill ;
 While, like a flood by sounding rains increas'd,
 Behind their steps the eager Christians press'd.

Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready stands
 The king, surrounded by his numerous bands,
 To welcome back (if fate th' attempt succeed)
 The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.
 Now near the town the knight and virgin drew,
 And swift behind the troop of Franks pursue ;
 These Solyman dispers'd : the portal clos'd,
 But left Clorinda to the foe expos'd ;
 Alone expos'd ; for while the hasty bands
 Shut fast the sounding gate with ready hands,
 She follow'd Arimon, by fury driven,
 To avenge the wound his luckless hand had given :
 His life she took : nor yet Argantes knew
 That she, ill-fated ! from the walls withdrew.
 All cares were lost, the tumult of the fight
 Amaz'd the senses midst the gloom of night.
 At length, her rage allay'd with hostile blood,
 The maid at leisure all her peril view'd :

The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate—
 She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.
 But when she finds no Christian eye descries }
 The hostile warrior in the dark disguise, }
 New schemes of safety in her mind arise.
 Herself securely midst the ranks she throws,
 And undiscover'd mingles with the foes.
 Then, as the wolf retires besmear'd with blood,
 And seeks the shelter of the distant wood ;
 So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,
 The dame, departing, shunn'd the prying sight.
 Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,
 Some Pagan foe as near the place he drew.
 He came what time she Arimon had slain,
 Then mark'd her course, and follow'd o'er the plain :
 Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight,
 Esteem'd a warrior worthy of his might,
 Her sex unknown. And now the virgin went
 A winding way along the hill's ascent :
 Impetuous he pursu'd, but ere he came,
 His clashing armour rous'd th' unwary dame.
 Then turning swift—What bring'st thou here ? (she
 cried)

Lo ! war and death I bring !—(the chief replied)
 Then war and death (the virgin said) I give ;
 What thou to me would'st bring from me receive !
 Intrepid then she staid ; the night drew near ; }
 But when he saw the foe on foot appear, }
 He left his steed to meet in equal war.

Now with drawn swords they rush the fight to wage :
 With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.
 What glorious deeds on either part were done,
 That claim'd an open field and conscious sun !
 Thou, night ! whose envious veil with dark disguise,
 Conceal'd the warrior's acts from human eyes,
 Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,
 And give to future times each mighty name ;
 So shall they shine, from age to age display'd,
 For glories won beneath thy sable shade !
 All art in fight the dusky hour denies,
 And fury now the place of skill supplies.

The meeting swords with horrid clangour sound :
Each whirls the faulchion, each maintains the ground :
Alternate furies either breast inflame,
Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.
No pause, no rest, the impatient warriors know,
But rage to rage, and blow succeed to blow :
Still more and more the combat seems to rise,
That scarce their weapons can their wraths suffice :
Till grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.
Thrice in his nervous arm he held the maid ;
And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled.
Again with threatening swords resum'd they stood,
And died again the steel with mutual blood :
Till spent with labour, each alike retir'd,
And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.

Now shines the latest star with fainter ray,
And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day :
Each views the foe ; while, bending on the plain
The swords revers'd their sinking bulks sustain.
Then Tancred marks the blood that drains his foe.
But sees his own with less effusion flow,
He sees with joy :—O ! mortals blind to fate,
Too soon with fortune's favouring gale elate !
Ah ! wretch ! rejoice not—'Thou too soon shall mourn !
Thy boast and triumph must to sorrow turn !
Soon shall thy eyes distil a briny flood,
For all those purple drops of precious blood !

Thus for a while the weary warriors stay'd,
And speechless each the other's wounds survey'd.
At length the silence gallant Tancred broke,
Besought her name, and mildly thus bespoke :

Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,
When darkness veils our deeds from every sight :
But since ill fortune envies valour's praise,
And not a witness here our strife surveys ;
If prayers from foes can e'er acceptance claim,
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name :
So shall I know, whate'er th' event be found,
Who makes my conquest or my death renown'd.

Thou seek'st in vain (the haughty maid replied)
 To fathom what my soul resolves to hide.
 Yet, one of those thou seest (whate'er my name)
 Who gave thy boasted tower to feed the flame.

At this with rage indignant Tancred burn'd :
 In hapless hour thou speak'st (he thus return'd,)
 Alike thy speech, alike thy silence proves,
 And either, wretch ! my arm to vengeance moves.

With rest refresh'd, with wrath inflam'd anew,
 Again transported to the fight they flew.
 What dreadful wounds on either side are given !
 Through arms and flesh the ruthless swords are driven.
 Though faint with blood effus'd from every vein,
 Their staggering limbs can scarce their weight sustain.
 Yet still they live, and still maintain their strife,
 Disdain and rage withhold their fleeting life.
 So seems th' Egean Sea, the tempest past,
 That here and there its troubled waters cast,
 It still preserves the fury gain'd before,
 And rolls the sounding billows to the shore.

But now behold the mournful hour at hand,
 In which the fates Clorinda's life demand.
 Full at her bosom Tancred aim'd the sword ;
 The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd :
 The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red
 Th' embroider'd vest that o'er her arms was spread.
 She feels approaching death in every vein ;
 Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain :
 But still the Christian knight pursues the blow,
 And threats and presses close his vanquish'd foe.
 She, as she fell, with moving voice address'd
 The prince, and thus preferr'd her dear request ;
 Some pitying angel form'd her last desire,
 Where faith, and hope, and charity conspire !
 On the fair rebel Heaven such grace bestow'd,
 And now in death requir'd the faith she ow'd.

'Tis thine, my friend !—I pardon thee the stroke—
 O ! let me pardon too from thee invoke !
 Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,
 For this I know no fear, and ask no care ;

No, for my soul alone I pity crave ;
O ! cleanse my follies in the sacred wave !

[*Here Clorinda receives Baptism from Tancred.*]

Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of lasting peace,
She gave the chief ; her lips their music cease.
So life departing left her lovely breast ;
So seem'd the virgin lull'd to silent rest !

Soon as he found her gentle spirit fled,
His firmness vanish'd o'er the senseless dead.
Wild with his fate, and frantic with his pain,
'To raging grief he now resigns the rein.
No more the spirits fortify the heart ;
A mortal coldness freezes every part.
Speechless and pale like her the warrior lay,
And look'd a bloody corse of lifeless clay !
Then had his soul pursu'd the fleeting fair,
Whose gentle spirit hover'd yet in air :
But here it chanc'd a band of Christians came
In search of waters from the crystal stream :
Full soon their leader, with a distant view,
Well by his arms the Latian hero knew :
With him the breathless virgin he beheld,
And wept the fortune of so dire a field :
Nor would he leave (though deem'd of Pagan kind)
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves consign'd :
But either burthen, on their shoulders laid,
'To Tancred's tent the mournful troop convey'd.
'Thus step by step their gentle march they took,
Nor yet the warrior from his trance awoke ;
Yet oft he groan'd, and show'd that fleeting life
Still in his breast maintain'd a doubtful strife :
While hush'd and motionless, the damsel show'd
Her spirit parted from its mortal load.
'Thus either body to the camp they bear,
And there apart dispose with pious care.

With every duteous rite, on either hand
Around the wounded prince th' assistants stand,
And now by slow degrees he lifts his sight,
Before his eyes appears a glimmering light ;

He feels the leech's hand, his ear receives
 The sound of speech, but doubts if yet he lives :
 Amaz'd he gazes round : at length he knows
 The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes :

And do I live !—and do I yet survey
 The hated beams of this unhappy day !
 Ah ! coward hand ! to righteous vengeance slow !
 Though deeply vers'd in every murderous blow !
 Dar'st thou not, impious minister of death !
 Transfix this heart, and stop this guilty breath ?
 But haply us'd to deeds of horrid strain,
 'Thou deem'st it mercy to conclude my pain.
 Still, still 'tis mine with grief and shame to rove,
 A dire example of disastrous love !

While keen remorse for ever breaks my rest,
 And raging furies haunt my conscious breast ;
 The lonely shades with terror must I view,
 The shades shall every dreadful thought renew ;
 The rising sun shall equal horrors yield,
 The sun that first the dire event reveal'd !
 Still must I view myself with hateful eye,
 And seek, though vainly, from myself to fly !—
 But ah ! unhappy wretch ! what place contains
 Of that ill-fated fair the chaste remains ?
 All that escap'd my rage, my brutal power,
 Perhaps the natives of the woods devour !
 Ah ! hapless maid ! 'gainst whom alike conspire
 The woodland savage and the hostile ire !
 O ! let me join the dead on yonder plain,
 (If still her beauteous limbs untouch'd remain)
 Me too those greedy jaws alike shall tear,
 Me too the monster in his paunch shall bear.
 O ! happy envied hour ! (if such my doom)
 That gives us both in death an equal tomb.

And now he heard that near his tent was laid
 The lifeless body of his much-lov'd maid.
 At this awhile his mournful look he clears :
 So through the clouds a transient gleam appears,
 And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.

With faltering steps he thither bends his way,
 Where plac'd apart the hapless virgin lay :
 But when arriv'd he saw the wound impress'd,
 With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breast ;
 And deadly pale, yet calm as evening's shade,
 Beheld her face, with every rose decay'd ;
 His trembling knees had sunk beneath their load, }
 But here his circling friends their aid bestow'd, }
 Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud :
 O ! sight ! that e'en to death can sweetness give,
 But cannot now, alas ! my woes relieve !
 O ! thou dear hand, that once to mine was press'd,
 The pledge of amity and peace confess'd ;
 What art thou now ? alas ! how chang'd in death !
 And what am I, that still prolong my breath !
 Behold those lovely limbs in ruin laid,
 The dreadful work my impious rage has made !
 This hand, these eyes alike are cruel found ;
 That gave the stroke, and these survey the wound !
 Tearless survey !—since tears are here denied,
 My guilty blood shall pour the vital tide !
 He ceas'd ; and groaning with his inmost breath,
 Fix'd in despair and resolute on death,
 Each bandage straight with frantic passion tore :
 Forth gush'd from every wound the spouting gore :
 But here excess of grief his will deceiv'd,
 His senses fetter'd, and his life repriev'd.

*Continuation of the "Petition of Doctor Caustick to the
 College of Physicians," from page 32, note [5].*

I could prepare a puny fry
 Of yet unborn *homunculi*
 To chant the dulcified *squeakissimo*,
 And eke to trill the *grand squallissimo*..

Oft have I quench'd man's vital spark :
 " The soul's old cottage," cold and dark,
 Again, in spite of Death, our grand ill,
 Illum'd as one would light a candle.

And we can drown your worships in,
 Suppose we say, a pipe of gin,
 And then revive you when you please,
 Preserv'd like toads in hollow trees.

And since this is a fact, it follows
 That we can winter you with swallows :
 Therefore, in autumn would not stick
 To merge you in a muddy creek.

But if we cannot well contrive,
 To dig your worships out alive,
 We'll make you into petrefactions,
 For our philosophers' transactions.

We've shown a mode in Latin thesis,
 To pick man's frail machine to pieces,
 And how the same again to botch,
 Just as an artist does a watch !

Thus brother Ovid said or sung once,
 The Gods of *old* folks could make *young* ones
 By process, not one whit acuter,
 Than making *new* pots from *old* pewter.

So fam'd Aldina, erst in France,
 Led dead folks down a country dance,
 And made them rigadon and chassé
 As well as when alive, I dare say !

And I once offer'd, very prettily,
 To patch up Frenchmen kill'd in Italy,
 Though shot, or stabb'd, or hack'd with fell blows,
 As wives patch coats when out at elbows !

Profoundly vers'd in chymic science,
 I could bid matter's law defiance ;
 Was up to Nature, or beyond her,
 In mimic earthquakes, rain, and thunder !

And by a shock of electricity,
 (I tell the truth without duplicity)
 I did (what won't again be soon done,)
 E'en fairly knock'd the man in the moon down !

But what surpasses, you'll admit,
 All former bounds of human wit,
 I form'd by chymical contrivance,
 A little *homo* all alive once !

And, gentlemen, myself I flatter,
 You'll think this last a mighty matter ;
 That, trac'd through all its consequences,
 The good resulting most immense is.

'Tis of pre-eminent utility
 To all our gentry and nobility,
 Who have estates and things appendant,
 Without a lineal descendant.

For they may come and ope their cases,
 And I'll make heirs to noble races,
 By process sure as scale of Gunter,
 On plan improv'd from surgeon Hunter.

These, among many, are but few,
 Of mighty things which I could do ;
 All which I'll state, if 'tis your pleasure,
 Much more at large when more at leisure.

Now it appears from what I state here,
 My plans for mending human nature
 Entitle me to take the chair
 From Rousseau, Godwin, or Voltaire.

They are of most immense *utility* ;
 All tend to man's perfectibility ;
 And if pursu'd I dare to venture ye,
 He'll be an angel in a century.

Although St. Pierre, a knowing chap,
 Deserves a feather in his cap,
 For having boldly set his foot on
 The foolish trash of Isaac Newton :

Contriv'd a scheme, which very nice is,
 For making tides of polar ices.
 And fed old ocean's tub with fountains,
 From arctic and antarctic mountains.

Though Darwin, thinking to dismay us,
 Made dreadful clattering in chaos,
 And form'd, with horrid quakes t' assist him,
 His new *exploded* solar system.

Buffon, with other wonders done,
 A comet dash'd athwart the sun,
 And hitting off a flaming slice
 Our earth *created* in a trice.

These wights, when taken altogether
 Are but the shadow of a feather,
 Compar'd with Caustick, even as
 A puff of hydrogenous gas.

But I, in spite of my renown,
 Alas ! am harass'd, hunted down ;
 Completely damn'd, the simple fact is,
 By *Perkins's Metallic Practice* !

Our should-be wise and learn'd societies
 Are guilty of great improprieties,
 In treating me in manner scandalous,
 As if I were a very Vandal ; thus

Determin'd, as I have no doubt,
 My sun of genius to put out,
 Which, once extinct, they think that so 'tis
Their glow-worm lights may claim some notice.

'Those noble spirited Mecænases
 'To me have shown the greatest meannesses ;
 Have granted me for these things said all,
 Not one half-penny, nor a medal !!!

But I'm a man so meek and humble,
 I don't allow myself to grumble ;
 Am loath your patience thus to batter,
 'Though *starving* is a *serious* matter !

Another reason too, may't please ye ;
 Why thus I dare presume to tease ye ;
 If you my wrongs should not redress.
 We all must be in one sad mess !

The credit of our craft is waning,
 Then rouse at this my sad complaining ;
 For, though my fate now seems the rougher,
 Still *you* as well as *I* must suffer.

Behold ! A rising *Institution*,
 To spread Perkinian delusion ;
 Supported by a set of sturdy men,
 Dukes, quakers, doctors, lords, and clergymen !

Unblushing at the knavish trick,
 I fear these fellows soon will kick
 (A thing of all things most uncivil)
 One half our physic to the devil !

And then, alas ! your worships may
 Be forc'd to moil the live long day,
 With hammer, pickaxe, spade, or shovel,
 And nightly tenant some old hovel,

Or, destitute of food and lodging,
 'Through dark and dirty lanes be dodging,
 Unless t' avoid such dismal lurkings,
 You put a powerful paw on *Perkins*.

Behold what ought to raise your spleen high,
Perkins supported by *Aldini* !
 It must have been most sad, foul weather,
 From Italy to blow him hither.

My wrath, indeed, is now so keen, I
 Ev'n wish, for sake of that *Aldini*,
 'This *ink* were *poison* for the wizard,
 'This *pen* a *dagger* in his gizzard !

For he ('tis told in public papers)
 Can make dead people cut droll capers ;
 And shuffling off death's iron trammels,
 To kick and hop like dancing camels.

To raise a dead dog he was able,
 Though laid in quarters on a table,
 And led him yelping, round the town,
 With two legs up, and two legs down ;

And in the presence of a posse
 Of our great men, and *Andreossi*,
 He show'd *black art* of worse description,
 Than e'er did conjuring Egyptian.

He cut a bullock's head, I ween,
 Sheer off, as if by guillotine ;
 Then (Satan aiding the adventure)
 He made it *bellow* like a Stentor !

With powers of these Metallic Tractors,
 He can revive dead malefactors ;
 And is reanimating daily,
 Rogues that were hung *once* at Old Bailey !

And sure I am he'll break the peace,
 Unless secur'd by our police ;
 For such a chap, as you're alive,
 Full many a felon will revive.

And as he can (no doubt of that)
 Give rogues the *nine* lives of a cat ;
 Why then, to expiate their crimes,
 These rogues must all be hung *nine* times.

What more enhances this offence is,
 'Twill ninefold government's expenses ;
 And such a load, in name of wonder,
 Pray how can *Johnny Bull* stand under ?

Then why not rise, and make a clatter,
 And put a stop to all this matter—
 Why don't you rouse, I say, in season,
 And cut the wicked wizard's weasand ?

For, gentlemen, the devil's to pay,
 That you forsake the good old way,
 And tread a path so very odd,
 So unlike that your fathers trod.

With what delight the poet fancies
 He sees their worships plague old *Francis* ;
 While he, sad wight, woe-worn and pale,
 Is dragg'd about from jail to jail !

For he was such a stubborn dragon,
 He would not down and worship Dagon ;
 That is to say, would not acknowledge
 Supremacy of your great college !

And what was worse, if worse could be,
 And rais'd their ire to such degree,
 That they to Tyburn swore they'd cart him
 He cur'd folks "*non secundum artem*."

His patients *sav'd*, from mere compassion;
 Though *killing* was the most in fashion!
 Then well your fathers' ire might burn as
 Hot as the fam'd Chaldean furnace!

Thus, when the heretic Waldenses,
 With their co-working Albigenses,
 Found what they thought they might rely on,
 A nearer way to go to Zion,

Those saints who trod the beaten path,
 Were fill'd so full of godly wrath,
 They burnt them *off*, nor thought it cruel,
 As one would burn a load of fuel!

These things I note, to bring to view
 Some noble precedents for you:
 The chapter needs not any comment:
 Then pray don't hesitate a moment.

But, hark! what means that moaning sound!
 That thunder rumbling under ground!
 What mean those blue sulphureous flashes.
 That make us all turn pale as ashes!

Why in the air this dreadful drumming,
 As though the devil himself were coming,
 Provok'd by magical impostors,
 To carry off a doctor Faustus!

Why scream the bats! why hoot the owls!
 While Darwin's midnight bull-dog howls!
 Say, what portends this mighty rumpus,
 To fright our senses out of compass!

'Tis Radcliffe's sullen sprite now rising,
 To warn you by a sight surprising,
 More solemn than a curtain lecture,
 Or Monk-y Lewis's Spanish Spectre!

The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice.

(From Virgil's 4th Georgic.)

Orpheus shall lead me with his mournful shell,
 With sighs inflated, while my numbers swell
 In plaintive cadence that shall worthy prove,
 To chant the story of his hapless love ;
 How in the dawn of promise he was shorn
 E'en to the quick, when from his side was torn
 Eurydice, his new-espoused bride,
 Who as she flew along the river side,
 The rage of Aristæus to escape,
 And thus avoid his vile intended rape.
 The fated fair saw not the fatal snake,
 Close at her feet in covert of the brake ;
 But all the wood-land nymphs, her sisters, tear,
 With bitter shrieks, and pierce the trembling air ;
 The trembling air their loud laments return'd,
 And Rhodopea's swelling mountains mourn'd,
 The Getæ, Hebrus, Orythæe rav'd,
 And tears the flinty cliffs of high Pangæas lav'd.
 Rhesus's martial land, that oft before,
 Unmov'd of warring hosts, had drank the gore,
 Was mov'd to weep responsive to the groans,
 That chill'd the elements, and gain'd the ear of stones..
 But Orpheus, he drove out in dry-ey'd woe,
 Where tears to cinder burnt can never flow ;
 He lonely on the desert shore remote,
 There with his concave shell of mournful note,
 His pining love and tortur'd heart consol'd,
 The woods re-echoing with him condol'd :
 Thee, sweet Eurydice, he ceaseless calls
 From morning light, till dusky evening falls,
 Nor quits his plaintive song through the long night ;
 Till morn again re-ushers up the light ;
 His wandering steps to seek his bride he cast,
 E'en through the gates of Tartarus he pass'd,
 The subterranean cave of Dis he gains,
 Down to the gloomy grove where horror reigns.

The manes, hell's tremendous king, was there,
 And harden'd souls unmov'd by human prayer.
 Thin spectres, and light ghosts, gliding along,
 Themselves forgetting, stop to hear his song.

Sooth'd by his plainings from the deeps profound,
 Unbodied phantoms fluttering rose around,
 Unnumber'd as when birds from many a hill,
 Come flocking down, and all the valleys fill ;
 Boys and unmarried girls, matrons and men,
 Indignant souls of mighty heroes slain,
 And youths, ere well their hopeful bud had bloom'd,
 Before their parents' streaming eyes consum'd,
 On funeral piles whom the Cocytian flood,
 Whose borders teem with black bitum'nous mud,
 And Styx of doubtful bottom deep inditch'd,
 Nine times infus'd, around about them stretch'd,
 Confines, as on a boggy island bound,
 By reeds and fens and sluggish waves encompass'd round,
 All these felt, though inhabitants of hell,
 Relenting pity in their breasts prevail ;
 E'en death's dread realms and fathomless domains,
 In silent wonder listen'd to his strains,
 Ixion on the rack forgets to feel,
 Hush'd was the whirling tempest of his wheel.
 The Furies, curling snakes in playfence wreath'd,
 Sunk in attention ; Cerb'rus scarcely breath'd,
 But yawning, his three snarling mouths restrain'd,
 And softly whin'd while Orpheus loud complain'd.
 And now Eurydice, confin'd no more,
 Returns to life, escap'd the dreary shore.
 Following behind by gentle Orpheus led,
 For Proserpine this rigid law had made,
 Which now was broke ; for lo ! in luckless hour,
 By force of mighty love's resistless power,
 Just on the verge of life, ah ! thoughtless he,
 With wistful eyes look'd back on his Eurydice.
 So small a crime, who to forgive would grudge ?
 But hell's inexorable king was judge ;

Now all unravell'd, now the cov'nant broke,
 The lover's hopes dissolv'd away like smoke,
 And thrice from hell's reverberating caves,
 A shout was heard along the Acherontic waves.
 She shrinking—who, my lovely Orpheus, who,
 In sad relapse hath doubled back our woe,
 What fury this hath me and thee undone,
 See I recede, and am for ever gone!
 Vainly I stretch to thee this longing hand,
 Ah! now no longer thine, the fates remand
 Me back, a deathly sleep my eyes pervade,
 Darkness her curtain draws—in what a shade!
 Farewell; thus speaking, from his longing eyes,
 Through the thin air dispers'd like mist she flies,
 Nor was by him grasping at shades in vain,
 With thousand things to say, e'er seen again,
 Nor could he more (the fates were so severe)
 Pursue her back again to regions drear;
 Where should he turn, what should he do or say,
 Or how deplore his bride, twice snatch'd away,
 Or with what tears, what songs attempt to move—
 The infernal powers, to render back his love?
 The Styx she crosses in the Stygian skiff,
 He left beneath a bleak aerial cliff,
 On the rude bank that Strymon's fountain laves,
 For seven long months, 'tis said, in freezing caves,
 Wept lonesome, and this mournful tale repeats,
 While bending oak admiring round him meets;
 And as he sung, how deep, how wide his wound,
 Ferocious tigers soften'd at the sound.

So in distracting anguish Philomel,
 Beneath a poplar shade in woful wail,
 For her lost young, stol'n by some graceless clown,
 While yet unfeather'd from their nest of down,
 She weeps all night, as on a bow she sits,
 While the hoarse grove her song reiterates,
 No proff'ring beauties with their yielding charms,
 Could move his soul, or tempt him to their arms.
 The snowy Tanais' freezing ridge he cross'd,
 And the extended fields of everlasting frost;

And Hyperborean ice without a shore,
 In frigid regions spread, alone he travell'd o'er,
 And all the way as sad he pass'd along,
 Eurydice was all the subject of his song ;
 Which stung the Thracian dames with jealous rage.
 That she alone should all his notes engage ;
 With fury that surpass'd the savage beasts,
 E'en at their altar's side their solemn feasts
 With horrid hands this hapless youth they tore,
 And strew'd his mangled carcass on the shore,
 The head from the fair neck disjoin'd they cast,
 In Hebrus' gulphy tide as down it pass'd,
 But nought regarded he, for cold in death,
 In his last accents and his flying breath,
 With vibrating tongue and love-fix'd eyes,
 Eurydice, Eurydice, he cries,
 Ah ! dear Eurydice divinely sweet,
 Ah ! sweet Eurydice the floods and rocks repeat ;
 His lips last trembled quiver'd out *Eury-*
 But echo vainly listen'd for *dice*.

*The Speech of Protasto Aristæus, containing the Story of
 Orpheus and Eurydice, translated from Virgil's 4th
 Georgic, by John Trumbull, author of "MacFingal."*

A god pursues thee with immortal hate,
 By crimes provok'd that prompts the wrath of fate ;
 In guiltless woe the hapless Orpheus died,
 And calls the powers t' avenge his injur'd bride.

Along the streams with flying steps she strove,
 To shun the fury of thy lawless love ;
 Unhappy fair, nor on the fatal way
 Saw the dire snake that ambush'd for its prey.

Her sister Dryads wail'd the fatal wound,
 The lofty hills their melting cries resound ;
 Then wept the rocks of Rhodopea, the towers
 Of high Pangæas and the Rhetian shores ;

'The mournful sounds the Attic lands convey;
 And Hebrus rolls in sadden'd waves away;
 He on his lyre essay'd with tuneful art,
 To sooth the ceaseless anguish of his heart.
 Thee, his fair bride, to lonely grief a prey,
 Thee sung at rising and at falling day;
 Then sought the realms of death and Stygian Jove,
 Through black'ning horrors of th' infernal grove,
 'Mid direful ghosts and powers of deep despair,
 Unknown to pity, and unmov'd by prayer;
 From hell's dark shores to Orpheus' melting song.
 On every side the gloomy nations throng.
 Thin airy shades—thin spectres void of light,
 Like fancied forms that glide athwart the night:
 As flitting birds in summer's chequer'd shade,
 Dance on the boughs and flutter through the glade.
 Or seek the woods when night descends amain,
 And pour in storms along the wint'ry plain,
 Men, matrons, round the sweet musician press'd,
 The spouseless maidens and the youths unblest'd;
 Snatch'd from their parents' eyes, or doom'd to yield
 To war's dire combats on the bloody field;
 Whom the deep fens that drain the moory ground,
 And black Cocytus's reedy lakes surround;
 Where baleful Styx her mournful margin laves,
 And deadly Lethe rolls th' oblivious waves.

Hell heard the song, and, fix'd in deep amaze,
 On the sweet bard the snaky furies gaze;
 Grim Cerberus hung entranc'd, and ceas'd to reel
 The giddy circle of Ixion's wheel.

These dangers 'scap'd, he seeks the upper air,
 Elate with joy, and follow'd by his fair;
 Such laws the fates impos'd, but doom'd to prove
 The sudden madness of ill-omen'd love.
 Could fate relent or melt at human woe,
 A venial crime were venial aught below:
 Light gleam'd at hand. The Stygian shades retire.
 With wishes wild, and vanquish'd by desire,
 His tears forgot—he turn'd—his lovely bride,
 Given to his hope—with trembling glance espied:

There end his joys, and vanish into air,
 His fancied raptures and his fruitless care :
 Broke is the league—and thrice tremendous roars
 The distant thunders on the infernal shores.
 What rage, she said, hath dash'd our joys again,
 Pair'd in sad fates, and doom'd to endless pain ?
 I hear the voice that calls me back to woes,
 My swimming eyes eternal slumbers close.
 A last farewell—the infernal glooms arise,
 And wrapp'd in night my parting spirit flies ;
 Vain my weak arms extended to restore
 The bridal hand that must be thine no more.

She said, and vanish'd instant from his eyes,
 Like melting smoke that mingles with the skies :
 No kind embrace his deep'ning grief to allay,
 No farewell word, though much he wish'd to say :
 Nor hope remain'd. Stern Charon now no more
 Consents to waft him to th' infernal shore.

For ever snatch'd from all his soul could love,
 What prayers, what tears, what songs the fates could
 move ;

Her breathless, pale, to mansions of the grave,
 The bark bore, floating, on the Stygian wave !

In gelid caves with horrid glooms array'd,
 Where cloud-topp'd hills project an awful shade,
 Along the margin of the desert shore,
 Where lovely Strymon's rushing waters roar :
 Seven hapless months he wail'd his fatal love,
 His ravish'd bride, and blam'd the hand of Jove :
 Stern tigers, soften'd at the tuneful sound,
 The thickets move, the forests dance around.

So in some poplar shade, with soothing song,
 Sad Philomela mourns her captive young :
 When some rude swain hath found th' unfeather'd prey,
 Her next despoil'd, and borne the prize away :
 Thro' the long night she breathes her plaintive strains.
 The slow deep moan resounds, and echoes o'er the
 plains.

Pleasure no more his soul estrang'd could move
 The charms of beauty, or the joys of love :

Alone he stray'd where wintry Tanais flows,
Through deserts whiten'd with eternal snows :
Mourn'd his lost bride, the infernal powers' deceit,
And curs'd the vain illusive gifts of fate.

When Bacchus' orgies stain'd the midnight skies,
Their proffers scorn'd, the Thracian matrons rise ;
Their hopeless rage, the bleeding victim tore ;
His mangl'd limbs are scatter'd on the shore.
Rent from his breathless corpse, swift Hebrus sweeps
His gory visage to the distant deeps.

Yet when cold death sat trembling on his tongue,
With fainting soul, Eurydice he sung ;
Ah, dear ! ah ! lost Eurydice ! he cries,
Eurydice, the echoing shore replies.

NOTE.—Instead of giving, as was contemplated, several other entire translations of this beautiful Episode, interwoven with the account of Aristæus's losing his bees, and acquiring them again by the assistance of Proteus and his river-nymph mother, the bulk of this Bouquet will be compressed by giving only a few closing lines of two or three other translators, viz :—

Dryden.

“ With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length against his sacred life conspir'd ;
Whom e'en the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field ;
Then, when his head from the fair shoulders torn,
Wash'd by the water, was on Hebrus borne,
E'en then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride :
With his last voice, Eurydice he cried,
Eurydice, the rocks and river's banks replied.” }
}

Pitt.

“ The Thracian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
As Bacchus' midnight feast they solemniz'd :
Inspir'd with frantic fury, seiz'd the swain,
And strew'd his mangled limbs about the plain.

His pale head from his ivory shoulders torn,
 Adown Ægrian Hebrus' tide was borne ;
 As in the rapid waves it roll'd along,
 E'en then, with faltering voice and feeble tongue,
 To name his poor Eurydice he tried,
 Eurydice, the rocks and echoing shores replied."

Another ends thus :

" And when in death, Eurydice, he sung,
 Eurydice still trembles on his tongue :
 Eurydice, the woods,
 Eurydice, the floods,
 Eurydice, the rocks and echoing mountains rung."

DOCTORS' HALL.

SECTION I.

Cobbler in Ventre.

'THERE liv'd a gentleman possess'd
 Of all that mortals reckon best ;
 His house well chose with wholesome air,
 With garden and with prospects fair.
 His friends ingenuous and sincere,
 His honour, nay, his conscience, clear ;
 His health of body firm and good,
 Though past the hey-day of his blood :
 He wanted naught of human bliss,
 But power to taste his happiness.

Alas ! too near this great man's Hall,
 A merry Cobbler had a stall ;
 An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
 His breeches red, his jacket blue :
 Cheerful at working as at play,
 He sung and whistled life away.
 When morning rising glads the sky,
 Clear as the morning lark on high,
 And when the evening shades prevail,
 Late warbling as the nightingale :
 Though patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
 He laugh'd and cast away dull care.
 The rich man view'd with discontent,
 His tatter'd neighbour's merriment ;
 And by degrees to hate began,
 This most intolerably happy man ;
 Who haunted him like any spright,
 From morn to eve, both day and night.

It chanc'd, when once in bed he lay,
 When dreams are true at break of day.
 He heard this cobbler at his sport,
 Amidst his music stopping short ;
 Whether his morning dram he took,
 Or warming whiff of wonted smoke.
 Our squire suspected, being shrewd,
 This silence boded him no good ;
 And 'cause he nothing saw or heard,
 A Machiavelian plot he fear'd :
 Straight circumstances crowded plain,
 To tease and vex his jealous brain.
 Trembling in panic dread he lies,
 With gaping mouth and staring eyes ;
 And straining wistful both his ears,
 He soon persuades himself he hears }
 One skip and caper up the stairs ; }
 Saw the door open quite—and knew
 His dreadful foe, in red and blue ;
 And with one running jump, he thought,
 Lay plump directly down his throat.
 No sooner down, than with a jerk,
 He fell to music and to work :
 If much he griev'd ere dawn before,
 When but the outside of the door,
 How sorely must he now molest,
 When got the inside of his breast.
 The waking dreamer groans and swells,
 And pangs imaginary feels ;
 Scratches and scraps of tunes he hears,
 For ever ringing in his ears :
 Ill savour'd smells his nose displease,
 Mungdongo strong and toasted cheese.
 He feels him when he draws his breath,
 Or tugs the leather with his teeth ;
 Or beat the sole, or else extend
 His arm to th' utmost of its end :
 Enough to burst, when stretch'd so wide,
 The ribs of any mortal side.

Is there no method then to fly
 This most detested enemy?
 What can be done in this condition,
 But sending for a good physician?

The doctor having heard the case,
 Bursts into laughter in his face;
 Told him he need no more than rise,
 Open the windows and his eyes,
 Whistling and singing there to see
 The cobbler as he us'd to be.

"Whistling and singing—there you're right,
 I have his music day and night;
 And were there windows to my belfry,
 True I could see him as you tell me.
 What, you a doctor!—you be d—d,
 By such as you the sick are sham'd:
 Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge,
 The shame and scandal of our college;
 I'll call my servants if you stay,
 So, doctor, scamper while you may."

One thus despatch'd, another came,
 Of equal skill, but greater fame;
 Who swore, as mad as a march-hare,
 (For doctors when provok'd will swear,)
 To drive such whimseys from his pate,
 He dragg'd him to the window straight.
 But jilting fortune can devise,
 To baffle and outwit the wise:
 The cobbler ere expos'd to view,
 Had just pull'd off his jacket blue;
 Not thinking 'twould his neighbours hurt,
 To sit and frisco in his shirt.

"Ah!" quoth the patient, with a sigh,
 "You know him not so well as I;
 The man who down my throat has run,
 Hath got a true-blue jacket on."
 In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
 Argued and fretted, stamp'd and swore;
 Told him he might believe as well
 The giant of Pantiger cell,

Would often break his fast, or sup
 On oak trees—swallow wind-mills up ;
 Or that the Holland dame could bear
 A child for every day 'f the year.
 The vapour'd dotard, grave and sly,
 Mistook for truth each rapid lie ;
 And drew conclusions, such as these,
 Resistless, from the premises :
 " I hope my friends you'll grant me all,
 A wind-mill's greater than a stall ;
 And since that lady brought alive,
 Children three hundred sixty-five,
 Why should you think there is not room,
 For a poor cobbler in my womb ?"

All that or this his friends could say,
 'The more confirm'd him in his way ;
 Fully convinc'd by what they tell,
 'Twas certain, though impossible ;
 But still the utmost bent to try,
 Without more help he would not die.

An old physician, sly and shrewd,
 With management of face endued,
 Heard all his tale, and ask'd with care.
 How long the cobbler had been there ?
 Noted distinctly what he said,
 Lifts up his eyes, and shook his head ;
 And grave accosts him in this fashion,
 After mature deliberation :

With serious and important face—

" Sir, your's is an uncommon case.
 'Though I've read Galen's Latin o'er,
 I never met with it before ;
 Nor have I found the like disease
 In stories of Hippocrates.

'Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure
 Of fam'd worm-powders of John Moore :
 But then if downward he is sent,
 I fear he'll split your nether vent.
 But, Sir, you know your throat is wide ;
 And scarcely clos'd since it was tried ;

The same way he went in, 'tis plain,
 There's room to fetch him out again.
 I'll bring the forked worm away,
 Without a dysenteria ;
 Sir, if prescriptions you'll obey,
 My life for your's, I'll set you free,
 From this same two-legg'd tympany.
 Emetics strong will do the feat,
 If taken *quantum sufficit*."

The wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the Greek ;
 Cried " What so learn'd a man as you
 Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do."

The vomit speedily was got,
 The cobbler's sent for on the spot ;
 And taught to manage the deceit,
 But not his doublet to forget.
 Then first our operator wise,
 Over the sight a bandage ties,
 For vomits always strain the eyes.
 " Courage, I'll make him disembogue,
 'Spite of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue ;
 I'll drench the rascal, never fear,
 I'll bring him up, or drown him there."
 Warm water down he made him pour,
 Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more :
 Thus doubly swoln, as you may think,
 Both with the cobbler and the drink :
 What he receiv'd against the grain,
 Soon paid with int'rest back again.
 " Ah ! here's his tools—he can't be long
 Without his hammer and his thong."
 The cobbler humour'd what was spoke,
 And gravely carried on the joke :
 As he nam'd each single matter,
 He chuck'd it souse into the water.
 But then not to be seen as yet,
 Behind the door made his retreat.

The sick man now takes breath awhile,
 Strength to recruit for further toil ;
 Unbinding now, with joyful eyes
 The tackle floating there he spies :
 Fully convinc'd within his mind,
 The cobbler would not stay behind ;
 Who to the ale-house still would go,
 Whene'er he wanted work to do.
 Nor could he like his present place ;
 He ne'er lov'd water in his days.

At length he takes another bout,
 Enough to turn him inside out ;
 And with vehemence sore he strains,
 As would have split another's brains.
 " Ah ! here the cobbler comes, I swear !"
 And truth it was, for he was there ;
 And like a rude ill-natur'd clown,
 Kick'd with his foot the vermin down.
 Our patient now, grown wondrous light,
 Whipp'd off the bandage from his sight ;
 Briskly lifts up his head, and knew
 The breeches red, and jacket blue :
 And laugh'd to hear him grumbling say,
 As down the stairs he ran his way :
 " He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
 Nor jump down open throats no more ;
 Nor, while he liv'd, held e'er again
 Run like a fox down the red lane."

Our patient now, his inmate gone,
 Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
 Joyful his gratitude expresses,
 With thousand thanks and hundred pieces.
 And thus by much of pain and cost,
 Regain'd the health he never lost.

SECTION II.

Hopkinson's Quack.

Here lies a fool, flat on his back,
The victim of a Cancer Quack ;
Who lost his money and his life,
By plaster, caustic, and by knife.
The case was this : a pimple rose
South-east a little of his nose ;
Which daily redden'd and grew bigger,
As too much drinking gave it vigour.
A score of gossips soon ensure
Full three-score different modes of cure ;
But yet the full-fed pimple still
Defied all petticoated skill.
When fortune led him to peruse
A hand-bill in the weekly news ;
Sign'd by six fools of different sorts,
All cur'd of cancers made of warts :
Who recommend, with due submission.
This cancer-monger, as magician.
Fear wing'd his flight to find the quack,
And prove his cancer-curing knack :
But on his way he found another,
A second advertising brother :
But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handsome fowl ;
Whose fame had rais'd so great a fog,
And of the two the greatest hog ;
Who us'd a still more magic plaster,
That sweats, forsooth, and cures the faster.
This doctor view'd with moony eyes,
And scowl'd up face, the pimple's size :
Then christen'd it, in solemn answer,
And says, " This pimple's name is cancer.
But courage, friend, I see you're pale,
My sweating plasters never fail ;

I've sweated hundreds out with ease,
 With roots as long as maple-trees :
 And never fail'd in all my trials,
 Behold ! these samples here in phials ;
 Preserv'd to show my wond'rous merits,
 Just as my liver is in spirits.
 For twenty joes the cure is done."
 The bargain struck, the plaster on,
 Which gnaw'd the cancer at its leisure,
 And pains his face above all measure.
 But still the pimple spread the faster,
 And swell'd like toad that meets disaster.
 Thus foil'd, the doctor gravely swore
 It was a right rose-cancer sore ;
 Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,
 And show'd them where the leaves appear'd :
 And rais'd the patient's drooping spirits,
 By praising up the plaster's merits.
 Quoth he, " the roots now scarcely stick ;
 I'll fetch her out like crab or tick,
 And make it rendezvous, next trial,
 With six more plagues in my old phial."
 Then purg'd him pale with jalap drastic,
 And next applies the infernal caustic.
 But yet this semblance bright of hell,
 Serv'd but to make the patient yell ;
 And gnawing on with fiery pace,
 Devour'd one broadside of his face !
 " Courage ! 'tis done !" the doctor cries,
 And quick th' incision-knife applies,
 That with three cuts made such a hole,
 Out flew the patient's tortur'd soul !

Go, readers, gentle eke and simple,
 If you have wart, or corn, or pimple ;
 To Quack infallible apply,
 There's room enough for you to lie.
 His skill triumphant still prevails,
 For death's a cure that never fails.

SECTION III.

Circulation of the Blood.

The blood from Aorta, in rushing out,
 Say thou is a tremendous water-spout ;
 Which, as it rises, splits, divides, extends,
 In misty drops to earth's remotest ends.
 High lifted hills, and low declining vales,
 Resuscitating nutriment inhales :
 Hence Nature seems but most in vernal hours,
 With plastic hands to prove her forming powers.
 Hence violets blue—hence azure veins are seen,
 Along the flowery mead's translucent skin :
 Hence corn, wine, oil—sense, reason, and instinct,
 Thought's greatest puzzler thought, to matter link'd.
 Hence lilies blossom where the roses blow,
 And damp with snowy leaves too warm a glow :
 Nor less the glowing rose shall take delight,
 To warm with generous tints too cold a white :
 And hence that painting words cannot explain,
 Which artful pencils strive to reach in vain ;
 Here, too, the eye, intent on human face
 Divine, fair emanations of a mind shall trace :
 Of an eternal, of a finite mind,
 See this before the curtain, that behind ;
 Without Paul's optics that we may descry,
 Nor waiteth this for a Lavater's eye.

Veins.

Then back the porous earth this fluid brings,
 Which now is seen to rise in veinous springs ;
 In rippling streamlets then shall larger grow,
 And purling brooks increasing as they flow.
 Confluents and refluxes swell the size,
 While brooks to rivers by gradations rise :
 Rivers in marriage join along their way,
 Azygos here, Saphena there shall stray,

Embrac'd by numerous rills on either side,
 Well met in swelling the sanguiferous tide ;
 Which now from *cavæ* twain, the Amazons
 And Mississippi, disembody at once
 Into the heart—the ocean—vasty main,
 Exhausted—weary—dark, return'd again,
 And to recruit its soul-supporting powers,
 Now for a while through bay and nook it roars. }
 The Mediterranean pulmonary shores,
 With life's ætherial essence there inspir'd,
 By atmospheric touches re-acquired ;
 And thus prepar'd in mist or water-spout, }
 From Aorta again is usher'd out,
 And still impell'd to seek the former rout. }
 While cystole and diastole's ceaseless dings, }
 Around and round the sweeping circle flings, }
 Till death shall terminate this ring of rings. }

Mack's Anatomy in rhyme.

Darwin, on the same subject.

So from the heart the sanguine streams distil,
 O'er beauty's radiant shrine in vermil rill ;
 Feeds each fine nerve, each slender hair pervades
 The skin's bright snow with living purple shade.
 Each dimpled cheek with warmer blushes dies,
 Laughs on the lips, and lightens in the eyes ;
 E'er while absorb'd the vagrant globules swim,
 From each fair feature and proportion'd limb :
 Join'd in one trunk, with deeper tint return.
 To the warm concave of the vital urn.

SECTION IV.

THE ANATOMIST,
Or "*Stop him who can.*"

To me things are not as to vulgar eyes,
I would all nature's works anatomize ;
This world a living monster seems to me,
Sporting and rolling in the ærial sea.
The soil encompasses her rocks and stones,
As flesh in animals encircles bones.
I see vast ocean like a heart in play,
Pant systole and diastole every day :
And by unnumber'd veinous springs supplied,
Up her vast rivers force the arterial tide.
The world's great lungs, monsoons, and trade-winds

show,

From east to west, from west to east they blow,
Alternate respirations ebb and flow. }

The hills are pimples which earth's face defile,
And burning *Ætna* an eruptive bile ;
On her high mountains hoary forests grow,
And downy grass o'erspreads the vales below.
From her vast body perspirations rise,
Condense in clouds, and float along the skies :
Thus fancy, faithful servant of the heart,
Transforms all nature by her magic art.

Ev'n mighty love, whose pow'r all pow'r controls,
Is not to me like love in other souls :
Yet I have lov'd, and Cupid's subtle dart,
Has through my pericardium pierc'd my heart.
Brown *Cadavera* did my soul ensnare,
Was all my thought by night, and daily care ;
I long'd to clasp, in her transcendant charms,
A living skeleton within my arms.

Long, lank, and lean, my *Cadavera* stood,
Like the tall pine, the glory of the wood ;
Oftimes I gaz'd with learned skill to trace
The sharp-edg'd beauties of her bony face.

There rose Os frontis, prominent and bold,
 In deep-sunk orbits two large eye-balls roll'd ;
 Beneath these eye-balls two arch'd bones were seen.
 Whereon two flaggy cheeks hung loose and lean.
 Between these cheeks protuberant arose,
 In form triangular her lovely nose ;
 Like Egypt's pyramid it seem'd to rise,
 Scorn earth, and bid defiance to the skies.
 Thin were her lips, and of a sallow hue,
 Her open mouth expos'd her teeth to view :
 Projecting strong, protuberant, and wide,
 Stood incisores—and on either side.
 The canine, rang'd with many a beauteous flaw,
 And last the grinders, to fill up the jaw ;
 All in their alveole plac'd secure,
 Articulated by gamphosis sure.
 Around her mouth perpetual smiles had made
 Wrinkles, whereon the loves and graces play'd.
 There, stretch'd and rigid by continual strain,
 Appear'd the Zigomatic muscles plain :
 And broad montanus o'er her peaked chin,
 Extended to support the heavenly grin.
 In amorous dalliance oft I strok'd her arm,
 Each rising muscle was a rising charm ;
 O'er the flexores my fond fingers play'd,
 I found instruction with delight convey'd.
 There *Carpus*, *Cubitus*, and *Radius* too,
 Were plainly felt, and manifest to view.
 No muscles on her lovely hand were seen,
 But only bones envelop'd by a skin :
 Long were her fingers, and her knuckles bare,
 Much like the claw-foot of a walnut chair.
 So plain was complex *metacarpus* shown,
 It might be fairly counted, bone by bone.
 Her slender phalanxes were well design'd,
 And each with each by *ginglymus* combin'd.
 Such were the charms that did my fancy fire,
 And love, chaste scientific love, inspire.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

SECTION I.

If ever you come to Modena,
 Where, among other relics, you may see
 Tassoni's bucket ; but 'tis not the true one ;
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Donatia ;
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you. But before you go,
 Enter the house ; forget it not, I pray you ;
 And look a while upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The last of that illustrious family,
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it, ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill ; and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward,
 Her lips half open, as to speak ;
 And her finger up, as though she said, beware !

Her vest of gold,
 Broïdered with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart.
 It haunts me still—though many a year has fled—
 Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs

Over a mouldering heir-loom—its companion,
 An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
 But richly carv'd by Antony of Trent,
 With Scripture stories from the life of Christ.
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robe of some old ancestor,
 That by the way it may be true or false :
 But don't forget the picture—and you will not,
 When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child, her name Genevra,
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,
 And in her sixteenth year became a bride ;
 Marrying an only son of Francisco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love,
 Just as she looks there in her bridal robe.

She was all gentleness, all gayety ;
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue :
 But now the day was come—the day, the hour :
 Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time.
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum.
 And in the lustre of her youth she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francisco.

Great was the joy—but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting ;
 Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,
 “ 'Tis but to make a trial of our love ;”
 And fill'd his glass to all—but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Francisco,
 Laughing, and looking back, and flying still ;
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger :
 But now, alas ! she was not to be found !
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd,
 But that she was not. Weary of his life,
 Francisco flew to Venice, and embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Donatia liv'd—and long might you have seen
 An old man searching in quest of something ;
 Something he could not find—he knew not what ;

When he was gone the house remain'd awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years had pass'd, and all forgot,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was notic'd ; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Genevra,
" Why not remove it from its lurking place ?"
'Twas done, as soon as said—but on its way
It burst—it fell—and lo ! a *Skeleton* !
With here and there a pearl, an em'rald stone ;
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold :
All else had perish'd, save a wedding ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name—the name of both—
Genevra. There then she had found her grave.
Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy, and happiest of the happy :
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever.

SECTION II.

DE HART,

Who fell at Stony-Point, in the Revolutionary War.

When Autumn, all humid and drear,
With darkness and storms in his train.
Announcing the death of the year,
Despoil'd of its verdure the plain.

When horrors congenial prevail'd,
And graves are with fearfulness trod.
De Hart by his sister was wail'd,
His sister thus sigh'd o'er his sod.

“ Near Hudson a fort on these banks,
 Its flag of defiance unfurl'd ;
 He led to the storm the first ranks,
 On them iron tempests were hurl'd.

Transpierc'd was his breast with a ball,
 His breast a red fountain supplied,
 Which gushing with waves still and small,
 Distain'd his white bosom and side.

His visage was ghastly in death,
 His hair that so lavishly curl'd,
 I saw, as he lay on the heath,
 With blood and with dew-drops impearl'd.

How dumb is the tongue, that could speak
 Whate'er could engage or delight ;
 How faded the rose on his cheek,
 Those eyes, how envelop'd in night.

Those eyes that illumin'd each soul,
 All darken'd to us are now grown ;
 In far other orbits they roll,
 Like stars to new systems when gone.

My brother, the pride of the plain,
 In vain did the graces adorn ;
 His blossom unfolded in vain,
 To die like the blossoms of morn,

Oh, war ! thou hast wasted our clime,
 And tortur'd my bosom with sighs ;
 My brother, who fell e'er his time,
 For ever is torn from my eyes.

To me how distracting the storm,
 That blasted the youth in his bloom ;
 Alas ! was so finish'd a form,
 Design'd for so early a tomb ?

How bright were the prospects that shone,
 Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore ;
 Health, beauty, and youth were his own,
 Health, beauty, and youth are no more.

No blessings of nature and art,
 Nor music that charm'd in the song ;
 Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart.
 Dear youth, could thy moments prolong.

Thrice six times the spring had renew'd
 Its youth and its charms for the boy ;
 With rapture all nature he view'd,
 For nature he knew to enjoy.

But chiefly his country could charm,
 He felt 'twas a generous heat ;
 With drums and the trumpet's alarm,
 His pulses in consonance beat.

Ye heroes, to whom he was dear,
 Come weep o'er his sorrowful urn ;
 Come ease the full heart with a tear,
 My hero will never return.

He died in the dawn of applause,
 His country demanded his breath ;
 Go, heroes, defend the same cause.
 Avenge with your country his death."

So sung, on the top of the rocks,
 The virgin, in sorrows more fair ;
 In tears her blue eyes, and her locks
 Of auburn, flew loose in the air.

I heard, as I pass'd down the stream,
 The guards of the foe were in view ;
 To enterprise, fir'd by the theme,
 I bade the sweet mourner adieu.

SECTION III.

Could we draw back the curtain of the grave—could we see what those are now that once were mortal—Oh! how it would grieve and surprise us!—Surprise us to see the prodigious transformation that has taken place upon every individual within the subterranean lodgements—Grieve us to see the dishonour done to our nature in general. Here the sweet and winning aspect, that wore continually an attractive smile, grins horribly a naked ghastly skull. The eye that outshone the diamond's lustre, and darted its lovely lightning into the most guarded heart—alas! where is it? where shall we find the rolling sparkler now? How are all these radiant glories totally eclipsed! The tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence—in this strange land has forgot its cunning. Where is that flow of melody that once charmed our hearts? Where that torrent of persuasive eloquence, which carried captive our judgments? The great master of language and of song has become silent as the night that surrounds him. The limbs so lately clothed in purple and fine linen, are now enwrapped in clammy earth. The timorously nice creature, that would scarcely adventure to set her foot on the ground for tenderness and delicacy—is now enwrapped in clammy earth, and sleeps on no softer pillow than the ragged gravel. Here the man of business forgets all his favourite schemes, and discontinues the pursuit of gain. The grave is the utmost bound of all earthly devices, Hither too mayest thou go, but no farther. Here, as in the building of Solomon's temple, is heard no sound of the hammer and the axe. Here the sons of pleasure bid a final adieu to their dear delight. No more shall the sensualist be anointed with oil or crowned with rose-buds. No more shall he chaunt to the sound of the violin, or revel at the banquet of wine. Instead of sumptuous tables and delicious treats, the poor voluptuary is himself a feast for loathsome insects.—The reptile riots in his flesh.—The

worms feed sweetly upon him. Here also beauty fades, bright beauty drops her lustre here. Oh! how her roses fade, and lilies languish in this bleak soil. Here, also, the strong men bow themselves. Oh! how the brawny sinews are relaxed; the nervous arm is unstrung; the limbs, not long since the seats of activity, lie down motionless. The bones that were as bars of iron, are crumbled to dust. Oh, Death! how hast thou poured contempt on all that charmed the world. How turned to deformity what captivated our hearts before.

SECTION IV.

Picture to your imagination a family, respectable, virtuous, and prosperous; whose hopes are concentrated in an only child: at first it was the pledge of their mutual affection; it then became their play-thing in a leisure hour: it afterward puts off childish airs, and retains nothing but her infant innocence—an innocence that might adorn an angel's mind. At this crisis—what must be the sensations of the parents? Their being's end and aim—their every care and every effort, like the radii of a circle, tend to her as a central point, to which all their cares are directed, and from which all their happiness proceeds. They look forward with tender solicitude to the hour that shall unite her in the bands of wedlock to a person respectable, worthy, and virtuous as herself. The time seems fast approaching. A young gentleman from a neighbouring town solicits her attention. The subtlety and energy of his mind was such—as if rightly directed might stem the torrent of a downward age. By the dignity of his deportment, he wins her confidence. He breathes in her ear the liquid music of love—simple, ardent, and unbackneyed in the ways of affectation. She reciprocates his endearing expressions by the beaming intelligence of her eyes. He paints to her in vivid colours the ecstasies of connubial

caresses. Her mind, lately unruffled as the mantling pool—is now became the alembic, the boiling chaldron of passion.—Cool prudence is dethroned by the crazy effects of a heated imagination. With a vigilance and penetration that would do honour to a better cause, he watches the crisis of her emotions.—She is undone! A reliance upon his honour is now the only hope—the only anchor of her soul. She calls upon him to renew his protestations, and fulfil his vows. Surfeited with the delicious luxuries of the banquet, he smiles at her simplicity—the wretch quits her, with a barbarous indifference, and leaves with her a memento of his villany—and her fatal imprudence—an imprudence, not the effect of a vicious mind, but of the power of love glowing into passion—and an unbounded confidence in the affection and virtue of others. Her parents join with her in all the distraction of grief. Their darling—their hopes, are no more—they anticipate with pleasure their exit from this world, and their grief. Their gray hairs shall go down with sorrow to the grave.

SECTION V.

“How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?”

Urge me no more ; this airy mirth belongs
 To better times—these times are not for songs ;
 The sprightly twang of the melodious lute,
 Agree not with my voice, and both unsuit
 My untun'd fortunes—the too affected measure
 Of strains that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure.

Music's the child of mirth—where griefs assail
 Our troubled breast, both voice and fingers fail.
 Let such as revel out their lavish days,
 In honourable riot, that can raise

Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sprite
 Of madness, by the magic of delight.
 Let those of Cupid's hospital, that lie
 Impatient patients to a smiling eye,
 That cannot rest until vain hope beguile
 Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile :
 Let such redeem their peace, and salve their wrongs,
 Of froward Fortune with their frolic songs :
 My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes
 To cure, or counter-charms to exercise ;
 The raven's dismal croak ; the midnight howls
 Of empty wolves, mix'd with the screech of owls :
 The nine sad knells of a dull passing bell,
 With the loud language of a nightly knell,
 The horrid outcries of revenged crimes,
 Join'd in a medley's music for these times.
 These are no times to touch the merry string
 Of Orpheus—no—these are no times to sing.
 Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their souls
 And famish'd bodies, in the noisome holes
 Of hell-black dungeons ; apt their rougher throats,
 Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes.
 Can the sad pilgrim, that has lost his way
 In the vast desert, there condemn'd, a prey
 To the wild subject or his savage king,
 Rouse up his palsy-smitten spirits, and sing :
 Can I, a pilgrim and a pris'ner too,
 Alas ! where I am neither known, or know
 Aught but my torments, an unransom'd stranger,
 In this strange climate, in a land of danger :
 O ! can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
 Thus made a prisoner to a foreign land ?
 How can my music relish in your ears,
 That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears ?
 Ah ! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspell
 My poor Eurydice—my soul from hell ;
 Of earth's misconstru'd heaven, Oh ! then my breast
 Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
 The ears of seraphim, and entertain
 Heaven's highest Deity with their lofty strain :

A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian well :
Till then earth's semiquavers, mirth farewell.

Did I refuse to sing—said I these times
Were not for songs nor music for the climes,
It was my error : Are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears.

SECTION VI.

*“ To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than
vanity.”*

Put in another weight—'tis yet too light,
And yet, fond Cupid, put another in ;
And yet another—still 'tis under weight :
Put in another—a hundred put again.
Add world to world, then heap one thousand more ;
To that, then, renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust to draw thy balance lower.

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure ;
Put in great Mammon's endless inventory ;
Put in the ponderous acts of mighty Cæsar ;
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory ;
Add Scipio's gauntlet ; put in Plato's gown ;
Put Circe's charms ; put in the triple crown—
Thy balance will not draw ; thy balance will not down.

SECTION VII.

The World a Sea—Man the Voyager.

This world's a sea, my flesh a ship, that's mann'd
 By labouring thought, and steer'd by reason's hand :
 My heart's the seaman's chart whereby she sails,
 My loose affections are the greater gales.
 My topsail is my fancy, and the gusts
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts :
 Prayer is the cable, at whose end appears
 The anchor, hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears.
 My will's the inconstant pilot that commands
 The staggering keel—my sins are like the sands ;
 Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
 The pump—unus'd but in extremes, and dry.
 My conscience is the plummet, that doth press
 The deep—but seldom cries—O, fathomless ;
 Smooth calm's security, the gulf despair ;
 My freight's corruption, and my life's my fair.
 My soul's the passenger, confus'dly driven
 From fear to fright—her landing-place is heaven.
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak,
 My sailors rude, my steersman faint and weak :
 My canvas torn, it flaps from side to side,
 My cables crack'd, my anchors slightly tied.
 My pilot's craz'd, my shipwreck'd sands are cloak'd,
 My bucket's broken, and my pump is choak'd ;
 My calm's deceitful, and my gulf too near,
 My waves are slubber'd, and my fairs too dear.
 My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound,
 O! shall my rock-bethreaten'd soul be drown'd ?
 Lord, still the seas, and keep my ship from harm.
 Instruct my sailors, guide my pilot's arm.
 Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails,
 Send stiffer courage, or send lighter gales ;
 Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster,
 Direct my pilot, and be thou his master.

Object the sands to my more serious view,
 Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew ;
 New cast my plummet, make it apt to try
 Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie.
 Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care,
 Cleanse thou my freight, except my slender ware ;
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger—cut short
 His voyage—land him safe in his wish'd port.
 Thou ! thou ! whom winds and stormy seas obey,
 That through the depth gave grumbling Israel way :
 Say to my soul—be safe—and then mine eye
 Shall scorn grim death, altho' grim death be nigh.
 O ! thou, whose strength-reviving arm didst cheris
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish ;
 Reach forth thy hand—or bid me tread the wave,
 I'll come, I'll come, the voice that calls can save.

SECTION VIII.

*“ I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find
 my beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love.”*

Ye holy virgins, that so oft surround
 The city's sapphire walls, whose snowy feet
 Measure the sacred paths of sacred ground,
 And trace the New Jerus'lem's jasper street.
 Ah ! you, whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
 With your best wishes, that enjoy the sweet
 Of all your hopes—If e'er you chance to spy
 My absent love, O ! tell him that I lie
 Deep wounded with the flames that furnace from his eye.

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
 The heavenly music of your lover's voice ;
 I charge you, by the solemn faith you bear
 To plighted vows, and to that lovely choice

Of your affections ; or if aught more dear,
 By Hymen—by your marriage joys,
 I charge you, tell him that a flaming dart,
 Shot from his eyes, has pierc'd my bleeding heart,
 And I am sick of love, and languish with the smart.

'Tell him, O ! tell him, that my panting breast
 Is scorch'd, and how my soul is pin'd ;
 'Tell him, O ! tell him, how I lie oppress'd
 With the full torment of a troubled mind.
 O ! tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
 But I in earnest ; tell him he's unkind ;
 But if a discontented frown appears
 Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
 With soft and fervent words, and act the rest in tears.

O ! tell him, that his cruelties deprive
 My soul of peace—while peace in vain she seeks.
 Tell him those damask roses, that did strive
 With white, do fade upon my sallow cheeks.
 Tell him no token doth proclaim I live,
 But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks.
 Thus if your piercing voice should chance to bore
 His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh—give o'er
 To speak, and tell him, tell him that I could no more.

If your elegious breath should hap to rouse
 A happy tear, close harbouring in his eye,
 Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows
 Which neither I can break, nor he deny :
 Bewail the torment of his loyal spouse
 That for his sake would make a sport to die.
 O ! blessed virgin, how my passion tires
 Beneath the burden of thy fond desires ;
 Heaven never shot such flames—earth never, never felt
 such fires.

SECTION IX.

What has she done?—Where has she gone?

O! yes—ye good people draw near,
 My story surpasses belief;
 Yet deign for a moment to hear,
 And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
 Array'd like an angel of light,
 In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
 No snow on the mountain so white?

Silver spangles embroider'd her shoe,
 Amber locks on her shoulders are spread;
 Her waist had a girdle of blue,
 And a beaver-plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave,
 She bounds o'er the meadows so soon;
 Her looks are like autumn's fair eve,
 Her smile as serene as its noon.

Her cheek has the blushes of May,
 Her neck has outdone the swan's wing;
 Her breath has the odour of May,
 And her eye has the dew of the spring.

She has robb'd of its crimson the rose,
 She has dar'd the carnation to strip;
 The bee who has plunder'd them knows,
 And would fain fill his hive from her lip.

She has stol'n for her forehead so even,
 All beauty by sea and by land;
 And has all the fine azure of heaven,
 In the veins of her temple and hand.

She has ransack'd below and above,
 And plunder'd by land and by sea ;
 And got all we honour and love,
 And with it has scamper'd away.

Bring her home, honest friend—bring her home,
 And set her down safe at my door ;
 Let her once my own fair one become,
 And I vow she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward,
 Whose value can never be told ;
 More precious than all you regard,
 More in worth than a house full of gold.

A reward, such as none but a dunce,
 Such as none but a madman would miss :
 O, yes! I would give you for once,
 From the fair one you bring me, a kiss.

SECTION X.

Death's Apology.

His form was fair, his cheek was health,
 His word a bond, his purse was wealth ;
 With wheat his fields were cover'd o'er,
 Plenty sat smiling at his door.
 His wife the fount of ceaseless joy,
 How laugh'd his daughter, play'd his boy ;
 His library, though large, was read
 Till half its contents deck'd his head.
 At morn 'twas health, wealth, pure delight,
 'Twas health, wealth, peace, and bliss by night ;
 I wish'd not to disturb his bliss,
 'Tis gone—but all the fault was his.

The social glass I saw him seize,
 The more with festive mirth to please ;
 Daily increas'd his love of cheer,
 Ah! little thought he I was near.
 Gradual indulgence on him stole,
 Frequent became the midnight bowl ;
 I in the bowl the *headach* plac'd,
 Which with the juice his lips embrac'd.
 Shame next I mingled in the draught,
 Indignantly he drank, and laugh'd ;
 In the bowl's bottom *Bankruptcy*
 I plac'd—he sipp'd with tears and glee.
 Remorse then did I in it pour,
 He only sought the bowl the more :
 I mingled next *Joint-torturing pain*,
 Little the less did he refrain.
 The *Dropsy* in the cup I mix'd,
 Still to his mouth the cup was fix'd ;
 In the bowl's bottom then *myself*
 I plac'd—the most abhorrent elf
 On earth, that mortals hate or dread,
 And then in horrid whispers said,
 “ Successless ministers I've sent,
 Thy hast'ning ruin to prevent :
 Their *lessons nought*, now here am I,
 Think not my *threat'nings* to defy :
 Swallow thou *this*, thy last 'twill be,
 For with it thou shalt swallow *me*. ”

Haggard his eyes—upright his hair ;
 Remorse his lip—his cheek despair :
 With shaking hands, the bowl he grasp'd,
 My *meatless bones* his carcass clasp'd ;
 And bore him to the *church-yard*, where
 Thousands, ere I would call, repair.

SECTION XI.

Poor Wanderer.

Poor wand'rer, how can that weak form,
 So loosely clad in vesture light,
 Endure the malice of the storm,
 The rudeness of the winter's night ?

And does a smile that cheek illumine ?
 Alas ! that faint and feeble glow,
 Is like a flower's untimely bloom,
 Drooping amidst a wave of snow.

Why weep you, as my hand you press ?
 Why on my features gaze and sigh ?
 Would no one pity your distress ?
 None listen to your tale, but I ?

Poor girl ! you sigh, and would unfold
 The course of sorrows you have run :
 A simple story, quickly told,
 You lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

A pittance scant, alas ! I fear,
 Is all the boon I can bestow ;
 Can only wipe one single tear,
 One moment from a life of woe.

Yet e'en for this your grateful eye
 To heaven you raise—poor girl, adieu :
 To scenes of sensual mirth I fly,
 To poverty and sickness you.

SECTION XII.

Enjoy, fond man, thy feast to-day,
 The present hour is quickly past ;
 The loaded board will pass away,
 The WORM shall feed on thee at last.

Quick circles round the goblet flood,
 To-day the banquet brims for thee ;
 To-morrow HE shall pledge thy blood,
 In dark sepulchral revelry.

Rich are the dainties which HE knows,
 Of beauty's pale lip sips the dew ;
 Diets upon her velvet rose,
 And eats the heart of valour through.

HE shall impress an icy kiss,
 Where warmer lovers vain have sigh'd ;
 The secrets of the heart are HIS,
 Where never yet observer pry'd.

If yet within the sage's brain,
 Of learning past remaineth aught,
 HE'll search it through, and through again,
 And trace the labyrinth of thought.

Yet start not, slumberer, HE shall creep,
 Light as a feather o'er thy breast ;
 Nor mar one moment of thy sleep,
 A harmless unoffensive guest.

Unfelt as time's light shadow flies,
 E'en to thyself the change unknown ;
 The worm that gnaws and never dies,
 Exists in living breasts alone.

SECTION XIII.

A Paraphrase.

Bless'd is the fair who shuns the place
 Where aged maidens meet ;
 Who hates to tread unsocial ways,
 And flies the virgin's seat.

But in the duties of a wife,
 Has plac'd her soul's delight ;
 By day she leads a happy life,
 And raptures crown the night.

Fresh as a leaf, and ever fair,
 Her name and face shall shine ;
 While fruits of mutual love appear,
 Like clusters on the vine.

She like a plant, by water set,
 Shall dwell in health and peace ;
 No fruitless wish her soul shall fret,
 But happiness increase.

Not so old maids, who lie alone,
 What vain desires they feel ;
 Their charms, their hopes, together flown,
 Like chaff before the gale.

While young, this great command they spurn,
 " Increase and multiply ;"
 But, punish'd in their age, they burn,
 They languish, and they die.

The Lord delights in those who wed,
 His heart approves them well ;
 But those who die old maids, shall lead
 For ever apes in Hell.

SECTION XIV.

Ode on the Death of Mr. Thompson.

SCENE NEAR THE THAMES.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
 Our year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds,
 His airy harp shall now be laid;
 That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
 And while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in pity's ear,
 To hear the wood-land pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
 When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft as ease and health retire,
 To breezy lawn or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
 And mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthy bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail,
 Or tears which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye,
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near:

With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide,
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend ;
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

And see the fair, the valleys fade,
Dim night has veil'd the solemn view ;
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu.

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
O vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies.

SECTION XV.

Conclusion of the House of Mourning.

To-day man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
And in a shroud is wrapp'd to-morrow night :
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-morrow he's himself a feast for worms :
To-day he's honour'd, and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him :
To-day he rises from the velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead :

To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
 To-morrow can command no house at all :
 To-day has many servants at his gate,
 To-morrow, scorn'd—not one on him will wait :
 To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
 To-morrow, oh ! why turn away thy nose ?
 To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
 Ghastly and pale before to-morrow night.
 True as the Scripture says, " Man's life's a span,"
 Lord ! what a momentary thing is man !

THE END.

